NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08178733 9

ISA
Quarrie

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/withinjerseycirc00quar

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

GEORGE QUARRIE.

WITHIN A JERSEY CIRCLE

TALES OF THE PAST

GRAVE AND GAY, AS PICKED
UP FROM OLD JERSEYITES

By

GEORGE QUARRIE

Illustrated by
GEORGE QUARRIE

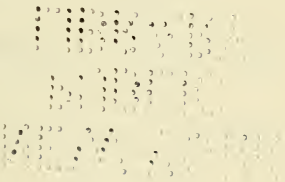
Somerville, N. J.
UNIONIST-GAZETTE ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHERS

Checked

670092

Copyright, 1918,
By
GEORGE QUARRIE.

These Sketches
Are respectfully dedicated
to his friend
JAMES P. LOGAN, Esq.
By
G. Q.



CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Hermit of Caven Point	9
Old Coaching Days	18
Romance of an Old Dutch Estate	32
A Tragedy of Long Ago	37
Dr. Vanderveer's Romance	52
Our Grandfathers' Pure Politics	60
Random Tales of Horace Greeley	75
A Legend of Pluckemin	82
A Night of Terror	89
When Talmage was Young	99
"Prince" George of Somerset	106
"Prince" George's Sons	112
Tales of the Past	118
A Romance of Old Bergen	127
A Shattered Romance	145
Calvin Corle	159
Colonel Sanderson's Mail Coaches	169
Bogus Parson Murdered his Wife	177
Dr. John Rockhill	183
The "Mayor of Pluckemin"	194

PAGE.

Judge Aaron Robertson, of Warren..... 211
John Davenport..... 217
Old Days and Ways in Patriotic Pluckemin..... 228
Dominie Frelinghuysen..... 234
Tales of the Past..... 242
Love in the Mountains..... 252
In the "Red Coats'" Power..... 260
A Haunted Meadow..... 267
The Castner Family Massacre..... 274
Em Osborn's Christmas..... 289
Indian Legends..... 297
"Do You Want to be Shaved?"..... 301
"Devil John"..... 312
The Long Pastorate of North Branch..... 327

Within a Jersey Circle.

THE HERMIT OF CAVEN POINT

"OLD JOHN'S" EARLY LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS, HIS ESCAPE, HIS WANDERINGS AND HIS FADS.

For a good many years up to 1882 a native Jerseyite who never knew himself to be possessed of any other name than "John" spent the last of his somewhat amphibious life in an old catboat moored at Caven Point, on the Jersey shore of New York Bay. There he lived the life of a hermit.

"Old John," as he was latterly known, was an interesting character and, as to his origin, a mystery even to himself. He was, however, quite communicative with the very few who gained his confidence. To them he seemed to enjoy telling all he knew about himself and of his life and wanderings, for in his prime he went to sea and visited many countries, from which he brought home many curios as mementoes. These he kept labeled and arranged in his catboat home, and to his favorite visitors he never tired of showing them.

His whole appearance and whatever he did suggested rotundity. His head and face were covered with fine, soft, white hair, except his round, snubby nose and a small, bald patch on his forehead. His eyes looked like two little circular bits of glass on this haze of white locks. No

mouth was visible until he laughed or gave vent to some other emotion. Then a perfectly round hole opened in his matted beard beneath a door-knob-like nose. He was exceedingly round-shouldered. Indeed, his body, arms and legs included, was not unlike a barrel on end. When he walked he seemed really to roll along, and even when sitting, his body generally oscillated from side to side like a sphere coming to rest by gravitation.

Most of us have seen or heard of collectors of old coins, old clocks, rare books, pictures, furniture, etc. For these and many other articles that usually take people's fancy, "old John" had no care. His passion was foot-gear. Wherever the four winds of heaven had wafted him as a sailor, John no sooner made port and got shore leave than he began diligently threading his way through the queer streets and bazars, not for grogshops, as most sailors are apt to do, but to find what kind of shoes the natives wore. As soon as he had possessed himself of a few representative pairs, he would hurry back to his ship and put his treasures under lock and key. From the coasts of Labrador to Capes Horn and Good Hope, from China to Peru, "John" had worked his way before the mast, not so much, he used to say, for the money that was in it, as to see the world and to measure the wisdom of mankind by the manner in which they walked upon the earth. For "John" was a philosopher and maintained that the folly or wisdom of men was commensurate with the thickness or thinness of the soles of their shoes.

True wisdom, he maintained, placed nothing whatever between the natural footsole and the ground. Every degree of departure from that, he argued, was a measure

of folly. He would not explain why or wherefore. That was his dictum, and that was the end of it.

Besides shoes of all nations, "old John" had a large collection of beautiful sea shells. It might be imagined that there could not be room for anything more than necessary domestic utensils in a catboat, but that all depends on the housekeeper. This one found room not only for shoes and shells, but for quaint books, and much of his time was spent in reading them. His was a most curious little museum, which many people used to walk away out to the point to see, and to hear, if possible, his interesting tales of his life.

"Old John's" life, as far as he knew it, began among the Indians. Though he must have been a mere babe at the time, he always had a kind of sub-conscious feeling, something like a horrible nightmare, of seeing his parents, sisters and brothers massacred, their home burned and himself, possibly three or four years old, carried away by the bloody-handed red men. This, he felt sure, occurred near the Delaware River and the Hakehahake Creek, in Alexander Township, for those names, to his dying day, mysteriously affected him whenever he heard them mentioned.

Whatever tribe had been his captors, they in turn moved westward, for when he first realized that he was not an Indian, but of white parents, like the people he saw murdered on many occasions, he felt sure that he and his red friends were out West and so far as he could judge in Wisconsin. It was there when about the age, as near as he could guess, of eighteen, that he made up his mind to escape. He had been taught the use of the bow and ar-

row, as well as that of firearms, and, much against his wishes, he sometimes had to participate in raids and robberies and, passively, at least, in the killing of white people.

His determination to escape was at this time brought to a head by his being chosen by his Indian "father," who was the father of an Indian girl, and chief of the tribe, to be the latter's daughter's husband. The young woman, Unahaha by name, was of much larger stature than the common run of Indian women and had as much courage and dexterity in a fight as any man of the tribe. She was a daring horseback rider. She took a prominent part in tribal fights and in plundering and, where she thought it necessary, in slaying white settlers. Besides being tall and having the graceful carriage and strength of an athlete, she had smaller and much more regular features than the usual Indian type. In fact, to any one but a man prejudiced against the race and bent on escape from them as John was, Unahaha could not have helped being looked upon as physically, a splendid, dashing and pretty girl, though she was a savage.

This was the fair Amazon, who had signified to the sachems her wish that Wamhammo (that was "John") should be given her in marriage. And as in that tribe the men usually took such choice of a woman as a great compliment, and in far less tempting cases, never dreamt of anything but cheerful acquiescence, "John" feeling entirely different, was driven to desperation and concluded that now or never he must escape. For a long time he had been secreting powder and bullets in a safe hiding place. He knew of a white settlement a couple of days

distant and he determined, at whatever risk, to make the attempt to reach it. But one thing or another had put him off night after night until the very eve of his dreaded marriage. He decided that on that night he would either get away or die in the attempt; for he knew that failure would mean death to him.

His experiences of that night, "John" used to say, haunted him forever after, wheresoever he traveled. He was never over keen to tell about it, for even when he approached his ninetieth year, more than threescore and ten years after the event, he trembled when he spoke of it.

As he lay in the wigwam that eventful night with several braves, all stretched as usual on their wolf and bear skins on the earth floor, he waited many weary hours before he felt sure that his savage companions were all asleep. He could hear his own heart beating so plainly that he began to fear it kept the others awake. At last when every one was evidently in deep slumber he knew by the slant of the moon's rays through a hole in the roof of the hut that it was about midnight and time for his daring attempt.

Rising as noiselessly as a cat he slipped his long knife into his belt. Then stepping over one of the sleepers he was reaching for his gun, when the man turned over with an ejaculation and, to John's unspeakable terror, caught him by the leg. The next few seconds were like those awful moments, which are supposed to constitute a whole lifetime of condensed agony—the few seconds, for instance, while the victim's neck lies on the block waiting for the executioner's ax to descend and sever it. "John's" first thought being that he was discovered, he was on the point

of making a hopeless dash for liberty, but feeling the Indian's grip loosen, he stood breathless and still as a statue and was rewarded by presently finding the hand drop nerveless to the floor. The brave had merely been dreaming.

A few minutes later the young fellow was cautiously creeping past the night sentry. Soon he was swiftly threading his way among the brush and big forest trees to the old stump near the brook where he had hidden his little store of ammunition. Bounding down the slope to the brook and taking the few feet of water at a leap he landed on the opposite bank within two feet of a woman. She was kneeling by the stream and the moment his feet touched the ground, she threw her bare arms around his legs and held him as if in a vise. There was no mistaking that grip. It was Unahaha's.

"Whither away so fast, my friend?" she asked, releasing one hand with which she seized the muzzle end of "John's" gun. He was in the act of pulling the trigger while the gun pointed directly at her body, but desisted only because he knew the report would raise the whole tribe.

"Wamhammo!" the maiden said, rising and transferring her grip to his arm; "I loved you and you were about to become my husband; but—," she hesitated, holding him off and eyeing him with scorn, "you are caught in the act of running away on the very eve of our marriage!

"You are therefore a base traitor to me, and you shall answer for it!"

With that she wrenched the gun from "John" with one

hand, as if he were a child, still keeping firm hold of his arm with her other hand. She then stepped into the water intending to lead "John" back to the camp a prisoner. But dragging back with all his strength to cover his movement, "John," unknown to her, whipped his long knife from his belt and plunged it through her half-naked body. With a peculiarly piercing cry, Unahaha fell dead in the brook.

"John," in deadly fear that his victim's scream would raise the braves to arms and pursuit, dashed for his life into the thick of the forest.

"Yes; I did that," John used to say, "and I ran many a mile before I dared take breath or look back. In time I reached the white people. If I hadn't killed her I would have met a death too horrible for a white man's ears to hear of.

"But I'll tell you what it is, mates," he would say very earnestly, "I've felt only a very mean kind of a man ever since. After all, she was a woman! aye, and a beautiful one, too. And let me tell you God's solemn truth: often and often I have heard that awful death cry since. Out on the wild ocean many a time, when the gale tore through the rigging with a hoarse shout like the voices of warring giants; when waves as big as mountains leaped upon us with a mighty roar, carrying timbers and masts away like matches; in the midst of it all and high above it all, again and again, I've heard that dying shriek of Unahaha's! Aye, aye, it's true; and lots of times even here in this little cockleshell, high and dry on land, I've heard the same thing."

"Old John's" eyes grew into bigger circles than ever

when he discussed this subject, and the little round tunnel-like opening in his beard would develop amazingly as he solemnly adjured:

"Oh! Whatever happens to you, mates, never kill a woman—red, white, black, yellow or whatever color she may be! God made her to be a mother of men! Never kill what was made for a tender mother. I never knew a father, mother, sister, brother or any kin in this world. I believe that Unahaha, savage though she was, truly loved me—the only love ever given me on earth—and I killed her! Ah, yes, mates, and when I die I know that I must answer for it. Never kill a woman!"

What made "John" feel saddest of all, it seemed, was that with all her martial prowess and sometimes barbarous cruelty, Unahaha, according to the lights vouchsafed to her, was deeply religious. Her visit to the stream that night, the eve of her nuptials—where death instead of Wamhammo became her bridegroom—was made for the observance of certain rites and ablutions which, according to the religious gospel of her tribe, were a necessary preliminary to the sacred union of wedlock.

When "John" reached the white settlement, which took him two nights and days, he was almost dead with hunger and weariness. He told his story and was received with kindness and afterward given work at good wages. Meeting with a lively Irishman who had been a sailor, he felt by his stories irresistibly drawn to the great deep. His first savings enabled him to reach Chicago, where on the Great Lakes he took to sailoring. But that was not enough; he soon saved sufficient to pay his way to New

"Old John," the hermit, at home.

York. Then he shipped as a seaman to China; and, changing ships, visited ports all over the world.

When he had had enough of the roving sailor's life he had bought the catboat and fished along the Jersey coast for many years. Then when his boat—like himself—began to grow old and rickety, he one day ran his craft up on a spring tide, high and dry at Caven Point, struck sail and lowered his booms for the last time. There he propped her up on an even keel by shoveling sand and gravel under her sides; then sinking his sheet anchor deep in clay, at the full length of his cable to the landward, he ended his sailing of the seas.

"My next trip will be the one by dead reckoning, over the dark river," he used to say; "and if I can only pass that 'rock' I was telling you of, I think I'll make port all right. Any way, it won't be long now before I set my jib in that direction."

One day in the fall of the year, a tremendous equinoctial storm drove a great volume of water up the bay and lashed it high up on the land at Caven Point. As night came on "old John's" houseboat was seen to be rocking, far out in the thundering breakers beyond any human reach. There was no sign of her master aboard. In the morning the old boat had dragged her stern anchor and stood with her head proudly facing seaward, ready to brave the worst the storm could do. But her old master lay quietly below. He was found dead in his bunk.

OLD COACHING DAYS.

ON THE OLD YORK ROAD, AND PETTINGER'S RIDE.

Another tale of bygone days, which old "Uncle" Waldron used to relate and which probably not two men now living ever heard directly from him, referred to old times at Reaville. He used to delight in telling about his forefathers's recollections of old coaching days, when the "Swift Sure Mail" coaches used to pass through that ancient village, when it was known as Greenville. At the time the line was started it was announced that "a saving of two days was made" by it, in the journey from New York to Philadelphia. They traveled along the Old York road, putting up all night at Centreville, on the trip each way, that village being considered about halfway between the two great cities.

One story which Waldron used to refer to as "Pettinger's Ride," involved some lively doings, and went to show that such rural places as Ringoes, Reaville, Centreville, etc., were far more subject to the mercurial influences of the large cities in those times than they are today. For undoubtedly the most seductive of all intermediaries between town and country that ever existed was that half-sporting kind of Beau Nash of the road, the gay and spectacular old stage coach.

To-day, when one stands at the principal crossing in any of these places, the village equivalent of the famous "Four Corners" of Newark, the dead stillness is actually painful. Such absolute quiet reigns that it brings to one's

mind one of the lines which the old sexton was supposed to sing in his populous city of the dead:

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone."

And when one walks away and there happens to be an occasional stone flag or some boards for a sidewalk, the sound of his footfall seems hollow and almost sepulchral. The only relief from the utter silence in the country villages is the "clink" of the horseshoe quoits of the idlers in front of the village grocery. This seems to be the only diversion, and it is perennial and perpetual as a time-killer. For even in the deepest snows of winter the men who have more time than they know how to dispose of have mats spread on the floor and continue this endless game inside the hospitable grocery store.

Now it happened that at the time Reaville distinguished itself by a departure from the commonplace and gave occasion for "Pettinger's Ride," it was at least three days a week stirred to its depths by the rousing arrival and departure of two flashing, swaggering, real stagecoaches of ye olden time, each whirled along by sometimes six and never less than four horses. Fancy the thrilling commotion in the village breast at the merry blast of the coach guard's horn, which he winded musically at intervals from some half-mile distant, as they approached the village. The jolly tavernkeeper hustled his stablemen, preparing meal and water drinks for the horses, lounging hangers-on from the bar-room were joined by dozens of the village urchins around the hitching posts, and old, bent men hobbled up from their cottage doors to hear and see what was going

on. Women holding children in their arms in their front yards, shrilly called other children of theirs from the street; others hurried to the inn with packets or parcels, or waited in the crowd for letters or packages, or for some friend expected from a distance. There was a general bustle and running to and fro across the street, when, with steaming horses, gay trappings and brass mountings that sparkled and jingled, the great gilded coach, green and red, picked out with gold, swung round the corner under the guidance of the gorgeously appareled coachman in buckskin breeches top boots, red vest and silk hat, with a gold band, the brim turned up at the sides.

"Whoa! whoa! will ye," shouted, upon one occasion, this princely looking personage, as he jammed down the brake hard with his right foot, and jerked his whip perpendicularly, presenting arms as it were, to the landlord's respectful salute.

"Mornin'! Mornin'! devlish powdery roads down this way! Got somethin' that'll wash a peck o' dust out o' man's throat? You have, eh? Then I'm yours right heartily. Tom! hey, Tom, the piper's son; say, Tom (the guard), tell the good postmistress to look lively. We're twenty minutes late already."

Thus spoke the lord of the whip. The prosperous tavern into which he followed the landlord stands in the same place still. It has been largely renovated, of course, as a frame building is bound to be that stands well into its second century; but the rooms are mainly as they were in the old time. The situation of the old bar is distinctly traceable. Most of the beams, door-jams and several of the window frames appear to be old enough to have been

contemporaries of the old coaches. In fact, there are two windows at the end of the present bar with very thin sashes and many small panes, which are said to have belonged to the first Presbyterian church ever erected in the district. It was built on the hill some distance out toward Ringoes at an early date, and has long since been pulled down. Its burial ground is still used in connection with the new church in the village. This old church on the hill is where Whitefield and Davenport preached in 1739 to two or three thousand people in the open. The village blacksmith who told me about these windows also pointed out that several letters of the old Greenville tavern sign are still decipherable, as is some of the ornamental scroll work across the front of the building. Mr. Schneider is the present landlord.

Tom, on the occasion referred to, having disinterred the leather bag from a superincumbent mass of carpetbags, boxes and banboxes in the coach boot, hurried across the street to a one-story cottage, in the window of which were pinned several letters not yet called for by their owners. Here he lost no time, but unlocking the brass padlock of the mail bag and taking it by the bottom, he emptied the entire contents, according to custom, on the centre of the kitchen floor. Being urged to haste as directed, the spectacled and becapped dame, Mrs. Stoothoff, dropped to her knees and commenced picking out any letters or small packages addressed to Greenville, putting the others, not so addressed, back into Tom's bag. Two village girls in their teens, got down also and helped the postmistress. They were smart helpers; for Greenville had attended well to the education of its children, through good pri-

vate schools, for more than fifty years, even at this early date. In perhaps fifty years more, its first public school, built of logs, was opened.

"Ah! Miss Nancy, there is one for you. Here it is," said the postmistress, handing a letter to a very pretty girl of not more than seventeen, who was seated at one side of the room, who anxiously received the letter with both hands.

"Oh, thank you, so much, Mrs. Stoothoof!" she said, and retired to a corner near the window. There she nervously broke open the wafer seal and read the letter, her fair cheeks flushing a good deal as she did so.

"Well, well! if here isn't another for you, Miss Nancy!" exclaimed the old lady. The young woman opened this also, which seemed to add to her nervous confusion. Presently she folded up several pieces of paper she had received, rolled them up, hurriedly and left the house.

Shortly after this, Tom, locking up the mail bag, and hastening across the street, had hardly time to gulp down his favorite nip at the bar, before the great autocrat of the whip, with a graceful wave and crack of its long lash, almost as loud as a pistol shot, had his four handsome bays prancing and pawing the ground like wild horses, leaving Tom just time to cry "All aboard!" and to mount his perch on the boot. At his shout of "Right!" which the horses understood as well as their driver did, the brake went off the wheels with a heavy jolt, and away rolled that magnificent institution of the past, the full fledged mail coach, with its bugle winding heroically amid the running cheers of every boy in the village.

While Mrs. Stoothoff followed Tom to her door, the

eyes of the two girls fell upon a piece of paper on the floor, where Nancy Pettinger, for that was the young lady's name, had been reading her letters. Both rushed to pick it up, and they almost gasped for breath, as they read, amid terms of passionate endearment, that Nancy was to come to Philadelphia by the following day's coach and that her "very own devoted Harry" would be there waiting, "dying," he said, to meet her.

"Oh, Margie!"

"Oh, Sarah Ann!" they cried to one another.

"It's to be an elopement!" declared Margie, horror-stricken and clasping her hand to her side, lest her heart might burst its bounds.

"All planned and ready, as sure as you live!" rejoined Sarah Ann; "well, if ever I did in my life see better than this, even in a story book!"

Peregrin Pettinger and Mrs. Oril Pettinger, Nancy's father and mother, were well-to-do people. They had been in business at Ringoes, then the chief trade centre in the county, and had prospered. Mrs. Pettinger was a sister of one of the Landis's wives. The Landis brothers attained wide fame and fortune as saddle makers in Ringoes. That business, once by far the greatest saddle manufactory in the State, is still continued by William B. Dungan, who learned the trade with Jesse Landis, the last of the name in the business. The senior, Henry Landis, built and lived in what was then considered a fine stone mansion, on the Old York road at Ringoes, and which still stands in wonderfully good repair, with a more recent frame extension, the latter having been added more than fifty years ago. The stone part was the house which

was occupied by General Lafayette for over a week. He was sick here and was attended by Dr. Gershom Craven, during which time General Washington came to the house and spent some hours with the patient. This famous house was purchased last spring by C. W. Johnson, who now lives there.

Those interested in historic relics will learn perhaps with some regret, that Mr. Johnson is on the point of making extensive alterations in the house. He is going to put a new modern roof on it; the windows are to be enlarged and the quaint dormer windows, one of which lighted the sickroom of Lafayette, are to be done away with altogether. In fact, the whole building is to be modernized, as Mr. Johnson says, to make it a comfortable, up-to-date home. In answer to my remark that he would utterly ruin the fine old relic, he replied that, "If any one wants to preserve it in its present shape, that may be done by paying me a fair price for it. But so far as I am concerned, I don't take much interest in such matters; and if any people have such ideas they'll need to look sharp before it's too late."

Nancy Pettinger was quite a frequent and favorite visitor to her aunt at this house. When her father happened to be busy with his horses, the coach made a convenient means of travel backward and forward to Greenville. It was therefore nothing unusual when Nancy some time after leaving the postoffice that day, told her mother of a plan of hers to run over by next day's coach to see her aunt and do some little shopping. It was thought so little about that Mrs. Pettinger did not even remember to mention it to the girl's father. Nancy, as an only child,

"With alarm he sent his mettled mare forward at full gallop again."

had always had her wish and way in everything; so, as a matter of course, no opposition was offered to her proposed visit. Her great fancy for Ringoes of late had given rise to no suspicion as to its real cause, which was a wild infatuation that completely absorbed her, for a gay young blade, Harry Thorndyke, who belonged to a rich and fashionable family in Philadelphia.

Every summer the Thorndykes, with many other exclusive society people of the Quaker City, made those famous pilgrimages to the then celebrated springs in the Schooley Mountains. They came in their state coaches, the doors of which mostly bore emblazoned crests, the ponderous vehicles being drawn by four, six and some times eight richly caparisoned horses. They made a three days' journey of it; the first day some made New Hope, some Lambertville, and some got as far as Ringoes, where they would put up for the night. Next day they pushed on to Pluckemin, arriving at the Schooleys on the evening of the third day. Whatever may be the present-day ideas on the subject of the whereabouts and height of the tip-top of the American social ladder, there was no possible doubt about it then. It oscillated with the regularity of a pendulum between Philadelphia and the ultra-fashionable spa of the Schooley Mountains.

It was on the occasion of one of these stops over night at Ringoes of the Thorndykes that the adventurous Harry had become acquainted with Nancy Pettinger, many secret meetings subsequently taking place at that village, which were brought about, it is to be feared, by inexcusable deception of their parents. Any one who was at all well acquainted with Harry Thorndyke's life as a

mere idler and rather dissolute young man-about-town in Philadelphia, could easily imagine the great danger the pretty and perfectly innocent Nancy incurred, in being led to meet the young man as he proposed, and which invitation the poor girl gleefully accepted, anticipating no end of romance ending in her acceptance into a high and exceedingly rich family as Harry's wife. That was the way the unscrupulous young man put it; but, alas! as the story goes, he had no such sequel in his real thoughts. Yet he was so handsome and splendid in every way in Nancy's eyes, that when he made love to her with all the artfully entrancing graces of a prince in fairy tale, she had no sense left but a delicious, ethereal bliss and, as it were, wings, ready to fly with him anywhere.

It was in such a state of mind that Nancy boarded the gilded coach the following morning, as her lover requested, bound, as she informed her mother, for Ringoes, but in a delirium of delightful anticipation of extending her ride till she should meet her fond and peerless Harry in Philadelphia. As the great vehicle rolled out of the village with sound of trumpet, prancing steeds and with the acclamations of all young Greenville in her ears, Nancy felt herself another Cinderella on a triumphant progress to her prince's enchanted castle.

Nancy's vanity had been pleased, too, by a knot of girl acquaintances, including Margie and Sarah Ann, aforementioned, who appeared to notice her departure particularly.

"Ah! if they only knew where I'm going then they would stare indeed and turn green with jealousy," she thought to herself. But in this she deceived herself, for

when she was entering the coach Mary Lott, her particular friend, in answer to another girl, said:

"She's going to Ringoes to her Aunt Landis's for a week," waving good-by to Nancy as she spoke, while the coach moved away.

"I know better," said Sarah Ann, excitedly; "she's not going to any such place. She's going to meet Harry Thorndyke in Philadelphia and get married. That's where she's going. I know it, because she dropped this yesterday, when she left the postoffice. Look! Read it for yourself," and she held up the part of a letter for Mary Lott to read.

"Oh! my good gracious, Sarah Ann!" exclaimed Miss Lott, "why on earth didn't you tell it before. What will her mother say?" and without another word Mary flew as if on wings to the Pettinger house, with the telltale paper crumpled in her hand. The first result was that the poor mother, who was not strong and happened to be at home alone, fainted dead away on reading the letter. This delayed Miss Lott perhaps half an hour, before she could leave the stricken mother to run and call Mr. Pettinger, who was some distance away in one of his fields. When the panting girl put the paper in his hand, his face grew ashy pale and his powerful fingers crushed the writing as if his grip were at the throat of the writer.

"God forbid! She surely didn't go?" he exclaimed. "Did Nancy go by that coach, Mary?"

"She did! She did! O Mr. Pettinger, I didn't know a thing about it till she was gone, or I would have come at once and told you! Sarah Ann Robbins found that

paper in the postoffice yesterday, where Nancy dropped it."

By the time she had said this, Mr. Pettinger had unhitched his horses. Leaping on the back of one and begging Mary to run to the house and stay with his wife while he followed the coach, he was gone as hard as the plow horses could go to the stable. Flinging a bridle over the head of his swiftest roadster, a big slashing mare of good sixteen hands—he was noted for his fast horses—and not stopping to saddle the animal, he seized his stout blacksnake whip, jumped on the spirited beast's bare back and in less than five minutes after the girl told him, just one hour behind the coach, he shot from his front gate in pursuit. He disappeared amid swirling clouds of dust down toward Ringoes like a whirlwind. Thus commenced what old "Uncle" Waldron often spoke of as "Pettinger's Ride," in which such a brakeneck speed was maintained, it is said, as was never before equaled in this part of Jersey. An old Reaville resident said the other day, on my mentioning the story, that he had heard his father tell about it, but that the chase, as he had heard tell, was supposed to have been made in an old-fashioned gig. However that may have been, I can only give the tale as given to me.

As the rider with unslackened pace swept past the scattered houses near Ringoes some twelve minutes later, people who happened to be at their front gates and knew Mr. Pettinger, wondering what was wrong, would hail him:

"What's the mat—?" but by the time the sentence was finished the horseman would be far out of reach of their

voices. Presently he reined up his steed at Aunt Landis's stone house at Ringoes.

"Hello! hello within, auntie! Is Nancy here?" he shouted. The lady rushed out.

"No, no Peregrin! Nancy is not here!" she gasped.

"My God!" he muttered; and leaving the woman almost petrified with alarm he sent his mettled mare forward at full gallop again without a further word. In an agony of wonder and dread, his sister-in-law watched his rapidly disappearing figure, his black beard, long hair, and his linen jumper floating and fluttering behind in the gale made by his tremendous speed.

All had gone well and propitiously with the coach as far as Ringoes, where they had taken up an extra passenger for Philadelphia, none other was it than the light of Nancy's eyes, the gay Harry Thorndyke himself, who had come thus far to meet her. There was just room for him inside, where he managed to get seated next to Nancy. It was not exactly a lover's paradise, for they had to sit in demure silence facing severe-looking elderly people, or only indulge in commonplace conversation; which is well known to be an insupportable trial to youthful people who think they are in love. But Nancy was radiantly happy; for she was by her Harry's side, and in spite of what he called the "frowning battery of ancient muzzles," under which they sat, he contrived occasional, accidental contacts of his and Nancy's hands, with cleverly administered pressures of her dainty figures, which made everything poetry and delight to her.

Nevertheless Harry felt nervous and apprehensive. Unfounded fears and misgivings are said to haunt people

engaged in evil proceedings. Just such qualms tortured Harry; but when about half-way between Mount Airy and Lambertville was reached, a sudden lunge of the coach, with many rapid "Whoas!" some shouting and then a full stop, convinced him that there were grounds for his worst fears. He was the first passenger out to investigate. There he found the outside horse of the hind team toppled over in a fit of blind staggers. The animal was struggling to regain its feet, but could only raise its fore end; and there it sat on its hind legs like a great dog, staring pathetically in the face of the portly driver, who returned the stare in blank astonishment. After half an hour or more spent in vain efforts to raise the horse, the coachman decided to loose out the sick beast and proceed with the other three.

It was at this juncture that some one descried a horse and rider, followed by clouds of dust, coming along the straight stretch of road behind them at a terrific pace. Tom, the guard, ordered "All aboard" to get his passengers out of danger. Before following the others in Harry got Nancy to look back and see whether she knew the approaching man and horse. Putting her head out of the coach window:

"O Harry. Harry! I believe it's my father!" she exclaimed. "Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?" cried she, falling back in her seat, weeping and covering her face with her hands. The next moment Tom was holding the panting and foam-covered horse, and Mr. Pettinger, springing at the coach, tore open the door.

"Ah! you are here, my poor child! Thank God! Thank God!" he said, evidently from his heart. Then, clutching

his snakewhip, with a muttered curse, he dashed for the road fence of high osage orange, which Harry Thorndyke was at that moment making agonizing efforts to creep through. That youth soon found the nether half of his body, including his shapely, silk-stockinged legs, mercilessly belabored with the rawhide whip, the enraged father hissing between his teeth:

"You'd steal my daughter, would you?" with every blow.

The terrified culprit's yells of pain, which were said to resemble the bellowing of a calf, everybody in the coach except Nancy laughed at heartily. After receiving some twenty or thirty strokes, each one of which must have raised a huge welt like a rope on his skin, the young fellow at last wriggled through the awful thorn-teeth of the osage fence, and swiftly took to his heels across a field in full view of the coach. And that was the end of "Pettinger's ride," as well as of Nancy Pettinger's dream.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD DUTCH ESTATE.

THE TEN EYCK MANSION AT NORTH BRANCH A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

In pre-Revolutionary days Lord Neill Campbell, a son of the Duke of Argyle, owned a great tract of land along the North Branch River, including that upon which now stands North Branch village. Campbell sold a great part of his holding to Dr. John Johnson, and Dr. Johnson conveyed 500 acres of his purchase to Matthias Ten Eyck, of Esopus, N. Y. Ten Eyck in turn conveyed the 500 acres to his son, Jacob, who entered into possession of the estate near the end of the seventeenth century.

About the first thing Jacob did was to build himself a good substantial stone house to live in. And this dwelling, perhaps the best specimen of the Colonial period in existence, stands in excellent order to this day and is an interesting and worthy memento of one of the fine old pioneer Dutch families who did so much for New Jersey by carving out civilization from the primeval forest.

This is the estate which, several generations later, John S. Ten Eyck in his litigious monomania mortgaged and frittered away among courts and lawyers to the last penny and then parted with it to his brother, Tunis. One cannot but marvel that any man in his senses, sitting at his ease in so fair a place, could be led by an almost childish chimera to throw away such a property and pauperize himself. But that is what John S. Ten Eyck did, and yet he was always accounted a wise man.

This old Ten Eyck house, by far the most venerable building in the vicinity, has many quaint reminders of the past. It has two stories, with a very high attic and many large windows, the sills of which, on account of the thickness of the walls, are eighteen inches deep. In the upper part of the massive front door are two large oval-shaped panes of glass set in diagonally, which when lit up at night look from the outside like the huge almond eyes of an oriental giant. An old negro, sent there one night with two dozen eggs from a neighboring farm, coming suddenly upon the weird sight, dropped the eggs and ran home yelling with fright:

"Oh! oh!" he shouted, "a' seen de debbil; sho', sho', a' did!"

There are four spacious rooms downstairs in the house, and five, including the best room or parlor, on the second floor. Around the parlor fireplace are forty-eight blue and white tiles, evidently hand-made; for although made in pairs, there are no two of them exactly alike. Each tile has figures illustrative of some Scriptural passage, with chapter and verse for reference. A few of the latter still decipherable are as follows: "Jona. 1, 2, 15; Gen. 18, 2, 15; Luc. 5, 2, 3; Luc. 8, 2, 14; Luc. 8, 2, 44; Joh. 15, 2, 25; Matt. 1, 4, 2; Luc. 1, 9, 2, 4; Matt. 15, 2, 25; Matt. 25, 2, 37; Luc. 19, 2, 4; Mark 8, 3, 23; Gen. 14, 2, 6; Numb. 13, 2, 23; Matt. 27, 25, 39; Exod. 3, 2, 4." The rest are illegible.

The mantelpieces, which are long, but not very high, do not afford more than two inches deep of shelf room, evidently not being intended as catch-alls. The front stairs are very broad and stately, with fine, solid hard-

wood balusters. The back stairs are spiral, every step being triangular. The garden is tastefully laid out and bordered with long-lived boxwood. In it are two gigantic, white mulberry trees; that is, they bear white berries. These are said to be a rare species and coeval with the house, or about two hundred years old.

In the lofty and spacious attic are many of the characteristic relics left behind by old industrious Dutch families, flax and wool spinning wheels, distaffs, etc. Among these once upon a time were mementos of martial prowess in the family. Captain Jacob Ten Eyck served his country with distinguished valor in the Revolution. His sword and pistols were preserved here with jealous pride, until the inevitable scattering of such treasures that surely accompanies family decadence or disruption.

Tunis, the last Ten Eyck who owned the old homestead, had started out West on horseback and came home a rich man—no one ever knew how rich—just in time to save the grand old property from strangers, when his brother John had squandered it all at law. Tunis took the place in hand in worthy fashion and soon added many other properties to it. In fact, whenever a farm within range came into the market, there came Tunis with the ready money jingling in his pocket and planked down the necessary price, whatever it might be, to the confusion and dismay of any or every other would-be purchaser. In these acquired places he planted one or other of his poor relations and set them up in the most generous manner, living in the old homestead himself, a great landlord, but a somewhat eccentric old bachelor withal, for he never married. He must have been easy to get along with, too.

for he had many competent housekeepers, who never left him until they got married. At these junctures he loaded each of them with presents, almost enough, it is said, to begin housekeeping with. But toward children he was charged with being a regular cranky old gooseberry, fuming and going on terribly, it is said, if they dared to pull a flower or a single cherry on his grounds.

In a general way, however, he was an amiable man, as appears verified by the affectionate cognomen of "Uncle" Tunis, applied to him by all as he grew old and feeble. As age crept upon him, all his wealth failed to avert an inevitable fate which appeared to await all members of the Ten Eyck family. A cerebral hemorrhage left him blind. Then a burglar entered his house and robbed him of $300. After that he was afraid to be in the house without protection. A nephew, Marion Vanderveer, volunteered to sleep in the house, and did so. He was a fortunate young man; for so grateful was the old gentleman for his kindness that he made a codicil to his will and left his nephew the old house and about a hundred acres of land. Tunis died and when he was buried it was the departure of the last Ten Eyck from the old homestead which had been so long associated with that name, and Marion Vanderveer reigns there now, in their stead.

To the credit of the new owner be it stated, he seems fully imbued with the laudable intention to preserve and perpetuate as much as possible the picturesque features of the old place's past. As an instant proof of this, lately when the well required repairing, Mr. Vanderveer did not have an up-to-date pump put in, but was at particular pains to reproduce the good old well sweep—as nearly as

possible a duplicate of the worn-out one of old—and the people praised it as a worthy deed.

When one of the farms belonging to John S. Ten Eyck came into the market, about sixty years ago, it was bought at auction by Cornelius Hall, the celebrated witness for Ten Eyck in the great river dam law suit. When the hammer fell some one startled old Darkey Dick, who had always lived on the place. "There, Dick, now you're done for!" the speaker said. "The old place is sold now and you've got no other home to go to."

At this old Dick set up a most dismal howl and cried like a child.

"Here, hold on Dick; we must stop this noise," the auctioneer said, with a wink at the purchaser of the farm. "Step this way, Dick, my man," he said, and jumping on his restrum again. "Now, gentlemen, how much am I offered for Darkey Dick, an inseparable adjunct, part and parcel of this farm?" he asked, looking smilingly at Mr. Hall, with more winks.

"One dollar," bid Hall.

"Going, going at one dollar. Any advance? Going, and sold to Mr. Cornelius Hall for one dollar," cried the auctioneer, with a bang of his gavel. "Now, Dick, you're all right again, ain't you?" said he, laughing. And Dick danced around in pure delight. And he lived all his remaining days on the farm, doing such light, odd jobs as he could, and was perfectly happy. This was probably the last darky ever sold in New Jersey.

A TRAGEDY OF LONG AGO.

THE MURDER OF PAUL VON TREDER ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE TO PHOEBE VANDERVEER.

Two doctors met in the road, near Pluckemin, one day about sixty years ago. One of them was a tall, fine-looking man, who was mounted on a splendid horse; the other, a little, sickly-looking man, was seated in a two-wheeled vehicle.

"Doctor," said the latter, "it does one's eyes good to see you. I wish I knew your secret of health."

"Doctor," the big man answered, "get out of that sulky and seat yourself on your horse's back. Then you'll have the whole thing—my secret and good health together."

The last speaker was Dr. Henry Vanderveer, a noted physician of Pluckemin, who generally practiced what he preached and lived to be almost a hundred years old. He was a remarkable man in several ways. Besides having a large and lucrative practise he owned an estate of about one thousand acres. Half of this was kept under cultivation; the other half was fine timberland, of which the doctor was very proud. All his work was done by negroes, of which he owned some thirty or forty. His house with its lordly entrance hall and immensely high-posted rooms is still much the same as it was when he and his sister Phoebe lived in it, and when each used to pay the other a formal weekly visit in full dress. This they did by crossing the hall, upon either side of which each had separate living rooms. The rooms are twelve feet from floor

to ceiling. Half way along the hall is a fine arch, from which a candelabrum once hung. The little pulleys, by which the ponderous mass of crystals was raised and lowered, are still there.

Bordered by trees, a quiet spot some distance from the back door contains the buried bodies of the Vanderveer slaves of generations. Elias Vanderveer, the doctor's father, was also buried somewhere nearer the house. The exact location of his grave, is however, unknown; but his gravestone, broken in halves, lies sometimes here, sometimes there, and one half of it was in the house-cellar when last seen.

Neither the doctor nor his sister ever married and both, as they grew old, became eccentric. Miss Phoebe, like her handsome and polished brother, was also tall and refined, but in her later years she was extremely faddish and peculiar. For many years, for instance during hot weather, she kept men and women slaves continually fanning her day and night. She had a large walnut cradle made for herself and slept in it. This had to be rocked without ceasing all through the night while she slept. An aged resident here saw the cradle sold at auction a number of years after the brother and sister had died.

There are two colored women still living who were Vanderveer slaves. Effie, one of them, now a servant for Dr. Beekman, of Bedminster, waited on Dr. Vanderveer until she was twenty-five years old. She is now sixty-five, and although a bit slow at comprehension, is still a good worker, according to Dr. Beekman. Her sister, Lizzie, is employed by the family of Dr. James Cornell, of Somerville. These women say Miss Phoebe used to measure

out the thread for the seamstress when she had one. She would never shake hands with a caller nor handle money, until her perfectly fitting lavender kid gloves were drawn on and buttoned without a crease. Miss Phoebe did not wash her own face. That was part of her maid's duty, and it had to be done very methodically. First one eye and then the other was washed and perfectly dried. Her nose was dealt with as a separate operation. One ear was similarly treated as a distinct study, and then the other, and so on.

In the days when Henry and Phoebe Vanderveer lived at home with their father, the young man, after deciding on the healing art as his profession, studied medicine with his uncle for some years and was subsequently given a course at some of the German college hospitals. Meantime Phoebe had been kept at the Moravian Sisters' Seminary in Pennsylvania. Henry went a second time to Germany, this time taking Phoebe with him. He was liberally supplied with money, so as to be able to fully reciprocate social kindnesses. This they did in so regal a manner that their stay proved an almost continuous round of brilliant society fetes and functions.

Among Henry's college chums there was one that clung to him from the first with an almost brotherly love. He was Paul von Treder, a tall young fellow about Henry's own age, of athletic and splendid physique. He was a rich provincial burgomaster's son, whom the father chose to make a physician. The first evening this young man met Phoebe Vanderveer he fell desperately in love with her, and quite as certainly she sincerely admired him.

Not long after the brother and sister returned home

their father, Elias, died leaving them equally interested in the paternal estate and both rich. Paul von Treder did not long delay following Phoebe to her home for the purpose of asking her father for her hand in marriage. He arrived on the very day of her father's funeral. Having come over with his own parents' full consent to settle and practise medicine in America and to marry Miss Vander veer if she would have him, he delayed not to make his plea to Phoebe's only guardian, her brother Henry. Of course, there was no possible objection on the brother's part.

"Phoebe," said Henry, "you are quite able to decide for yourself. You know what I think of Paul. He is the very finest and truest-hearted fellow I ever met. He is my brother already, whatever you say to him. Just please yourself, sister."

That balmy June evening was the beginning of a short but sweet reign of bliss for Phoebe, as she and Paul walked to and fro over the lovely green slope up the mountain side, all carpeted with buttercups and daisies, and looking out over a far-reaching landscape of unsurpassed beauty. For there they told each other the old thrilling story, which is ever new, and which, like fairy music, turns the whole world into a poetic paradise. When they returned the sun had long set. They went sauntering arm in arm down a narrow lane toward the house, passing near a clump of trees which surrounded the colored people's burying ground. Paul, who did not know that the place was so used, stopped.

"What a curious light that is over there!" he remarked, looking among the trees. "Do you suppose any one is

walking about there with a lighted candle, my sweet Phoebe?"

"I do not think so," she answered, looking intently in the direction he indicated; "but neither can I see any light. That place, however, has long been—"

Her words were interrupted by the most pitiful sounding wail that Paul had ever heard. For a moment they stood speechless and listened. Suddenly the young woman was startled as her companion caught her convulsively with one hand, and pointed into the darkness with the other, exclaiming with great excitement:

"See, my dearest Phoebe! See that most extraordinary moving flame! It now grows larger and brighter."

"It is—ach! himmel!" he cried, shrinking from a globe of fire, which he declared flew straight for his face—something which his companion even then failed to see a vestige of. She shivered at a momentary recollection of the "corpse lights" her old nurse used to harrow her young soul by telling about, and, involuntarily tightening her hold of her companion's arm, she walked forward.

"Come!" she urged, "that sound is dismal and distressing to hear. Do let us hurry home to brother; he is one of the ancient magi, I think, for he can explain everything and no doubt will do so now. Come!"

The matter was merrily laughed off with the doctor, in rooms lit up with many bright candles and good cheer. Phoebe, however, said nothing about something she herself had seen. Upon arriving home she asked Harry, their slave foreman, where the big, crazy, hunchback negro, "Ethiopia," was. Harry, after looking, returned to say that the negro was safe behind the bars of his room.

"Ethiopia," who had shown homicidal tendencies, was worked every day, and afterward fed and locked up for the night like a horse or an ox.

Phoebe was sorely puzzled, for, of course, the man could not have been in two places at the same time. In the light of her new and delicious life, which was filled to overflowing with the joy of her handsome and devoted lover's society, this fact, and almost everything else, was forgotten. For two months they visited friends far and near, riding on the doctor's fine horses, and enjoying that untrammeled lovers' bliss preceding an early wedding. Their marriage was arranged to take place in August.

Everything took on a gala appearance as the glad time approached for the nuptials of the universally beloved and pretty young mistress of the old Vanderveer mansion. The slaves, who simply worshiped their "Missy Phoebe," were granted very special privileges. A tent was provided for them in the rear garden, where old "Bandy," the Bedminster fiddler, nightly discoursed dance-compelling music, and there they danced and sang for hours every evening. It was a gala time for all save one, who could only look out through his barred window and gnash his teeth in jealous rage—the dangerous hunchback, "Ethiopia."

When these festivities had gone on every night for a week, and the wedding was just three days distant, the demented creature howled so much as to drown the music, and not until he was beaten and even gagged and bound would he be quiet. After that there was not a rebellious sound from his little room-cell, and nobody thought more of him until the evening preceding the wed-

ding day. Then Harry, the foreman, called one of the boys.

"Here, Tom," he called, handing the boy a yellow striped mug of cider, "take this up to 'Ethiopia' and tell him to drink Miss Phoebe's health. We musn't forget nobody to-night."

Soon Tom came back with the news that "Ethiopia had done gone and broke out."

About 8 o'clock that evening Paul von Treder, excusing himself to Phoebe and two of her intended bridesmaids of the morrow, said he would walk up and meet the doctor, who was a little late in returning from a professional call at Eli Smith's, who lived about a mile away. Phoebe kissed him and fondly followed him with her eyes till he turned to take the lane. Then, just as he was about disappearing, he looked back and they waved to each other a little adieu. Then he was gone.

In less than an hour, uttering a heartbreaking wail of woe, Phoebe fell senseless across the bleeding breast of her lover. He had been brought back to her door a corpse.

When it became known on the Vanderveer estate, in those days of long ago, that Phoebe Vanderveer's handsome and much respected sweetheart, Paul von Treder, had been murdered, a thrill of horror vibrated in every heart. It was regarded as such a diabolical deed that nothing but the blood of the assassin could satisfy the cry for vengeance. Nobody stopped to ask who did it.

"Where is 'Ethiopia?'" the slaves demanded, seizing, one his cutlass, another an axe, and the others whatever came handy, and one and all started out to find the powerful but demented black man.

Dr. Vanderveer, who had come upon the scene almost in time to see the murderous blow struck, saw the terrible black hunchback diving into the wood just after his victim fell. The doctor feared the worst and sprang to aid his friend who had uttered that short, sharp shout of surprise and pain which invariably escapes the man who is fatally struck with blade or bullet. Being slightly and gently raised, von Treder spoke:

"The hunchback negro—stabbed me;" he gasped. "He crept—up behind me!"

"He stabbed me," repeated the young man and falling back he expired in the doctor's arms.

"Now, Harry," the doctor said to his managing negro, after his friend's body had been brought home, "we know that 'Ethiopia' has committed this awful crime. The big brute is a maniac and should not have been allowed at large. That cannot be helped now. But we must get hold of him as quickly as possible. Then we'll hand him over to the jailers and let the law punish him."

The colored man mumbled something incoherent, ending in "po'r Missy Phoebe," and left, as the doctor suspected, in tears. But once outside that room, black Harry was king. Law indeed! No law was needed but his, he said, for the blacks, whom he ruled with an imperial rod of iron. There was a dangerous gleam in his big brown eyes, as he armed himself and started with a dozen of his men, to find "Ethiopia." A significant part of the equipment of the hunting party was a detachment with pickaxes and shovels. That night the big hunchback negro breathed his last. He was buried where he fell, his hands still red with the blood of his innocent victim, Paul von Treder.

The shock almost killed Phoebe Vanderveer. She showed no outward signs of grief, but seemed dazed or paralyzed. For months she took no account of time or circumstance, whether it was night or day, or time to eat or drink or time to sleep. She would eat a little when repeatedly urged to do so. She would lie down upon her bed and close her eyes at night, but she slept only a very little, if any at all. All through the night, at intervals, as through the day, she would rise and walk as if in a dream to the place where the blood-stained corpse of her lover was laid that fatal night.

With unstinted, loving sympathy from her brother and from every colored person on the estate, and with as many women of the latter as she desired to attend her, Phoebe managed to live, or, more correctly, to exist in spite of the sincere wish of her broken heart that she might be permitted to lay down the burden and rejoin her lost love. This despondency eventually culminated in an illness that seemed a complete collapse of both body and mind. At the beginning Dr. Vanderveer had called in the best medical aid. When a critical stage was reached and the patient lay at the point of death, the physician in charge called in Dr. Cornelius C. Suydam, of Lesser Cross Roads. Heroic treatment recommended by the latter was adopted, and the patient got well, at least, physically.

Dr. Suydam, who was somewhat younger than Dr. Vanderveer and had studied with him, had a large practise and was a man of note. Six feet four inches in height and weighing about 250 pounds, he was acknowledged to be about the handsomest man, as well as the most splendid horseman, anywhere in Bedminster Township. Rich

or poor patients were all alike to him. Wherever his aid was asked, near or far, he pointed his horse's head and in the shortest possible time, generally by a course straight across as the crow flies, he was where he was wanted. At the bedside he combined the consummate skill of the physician with a woman's gentleness. Having been born in affluence, of a highly respected old Somerset family, he was immensely popular and much sought after. And yet, like his professional neighbor, Dr. Vanderveer, he was a bachelor.

During Phoebe Vanderveer's convalescence Dr. Suydam, on one plea or another, had found himself frequently calling at the Vanderveer homestead, where, naturally enough, he was made particularly welcome. He had heard, of course, in a general way about the tragic end of Phoebe's love affair, and was honestly moved to great pity for the suffering she had undergone. Affairs like hers are always appealing to people of sentiment, particularly when the surviving party of the drama is as interesting as Phoebe Vanderveer was. Pity is proverbially near akin to love; and, behold, before the doctor had a suspicion of the fact, he was hopelessly in love with Miss Vanderveer.

As soon as that developed into an unmistakable truth in the doctor's mind, he felt called upon to declare himself, like the honest and true-hearted gentleman that he was. And as he did when called professionally, he arose and made a bee line for the Vanderveer mansion and proposed to the fair Phoebe that she should become his wife.

Thus much has filtered down through devious tradition. But how the proposal was received or what the final an-

swer to the physician was can only be inferred from subsequent events in the doctor's life. These were thought remarkable enough, even when considered apart from their romantic origin. They were considered so strange that they were written in the book of the chronicles of Bedminster Township. But how immensely more interesting are extraordinary actions on the part of a man, if we see in them the desperate consequences of a woman's "No!"

Hitherto Dr. Suydam had lived in the old family homestead with his aged mother, a sister and several slaves inherited from his father. About the time mentioned, the mother having died, his sister went to live with a married sister and he was left alone with the blacks. Soon they began to hang their heads in heaviness and look exceedingly sad at being left by the mistresses they loved.

"Away with the lot of you; out of my sight!" the doctor, out of patience, one day exclaimed, and he bound every one of them out to service elsewhere. Living now entirely alone, he turned morose and sulky. Patients sent for him, but he answered the messengers without opening the door that he would not come. He declared that he had gone out of practise. Some few poor people came and begged so hard for him to prescribe that he relented, but when he had attended them he told them they must never come again. One of his rich patients, for being too persistent after a flat refusal, received part of a pail of water on his head as a prescription.

The doctor fed his own horses, milked his own cow, cooked his meals, and, in fact, did all his housekeeping for himself. Occasionally he saddled his fastest horse in

the night and rode long journeys, never once stopping to speak to mortal man. Sometimes he hitched up a pair of his roadsters to a bolster wagon without springs, and sitting on a rough board laid across it, he would drive like a very jehu all around his former haunts. But the greater part of his time he spent shut up in his house reading the Bible and studying, especially, passages referring to familiar spirits and the casting out of devils.

Bleeding was common in medical practice in those days. Every now and again the doctor would slit the vein in his own arm and bleed himself copiously. Sometimes he bandaged the arm carelessly and more than once the vein opened again. Not infrequently that occurred when he was out on his wild rides, and the result was that he himself and the horse or vehicle was often marked with blood to the terror of people who saw him. This often placed his life in imminent danger; but he seemed perfectly indifferent whether he lived or died. There was only one man with whom he would hold any converse and that was Dr. McDowell, the man who had been invited there to take up the fine practise that the hermit doctor had so unaccountably thrown away.

One day he took Dr. McDowell more closely than usual into his confidence. In the matter of dishwashing, for example, Dr. Suydam had a plan which was all his own. He had bought a great three-bushel basket and a whole lot of plates and dishes for table use. As he used these be put them away in the big basket. When the receptacle was full he carried it to the river which passed near his house, dumped them all in and washed the whole pile at once.

"Do you see that large box doctor?" the visitor was asked one day. "Well, that box has two compartments; both are full of evil spirits—little devils! I'm not afraid of them; oh, no! I know every one of them by name. I don't fear them, though they are my deadly enemies. They raise their trap-doors and come out at night, going round the house screaming and blaspheming horribly, and trying all the time to tempt me to do evil things. But I won't! I won't!"

With his long straggling hair and emaciated frame, the once erect, broad-shouldered, handsome, graciously mannered doctor looked pitiful indeed. He was now such a nervous and physical wreck, that his uncouth look and jerkiness of manner suggested the movements of some big, moulting bird of ill omen.

"Hark!" he cried with raised finger and dilating eyes one night. "Hark! do you hear him, doctor? That's 'Darkness.' He's always out first and is rather a pleasant little devil; but he's soon followed by 'Doubt' and 'Despair,' and then the trouble begins. I call them the three double D's. There they go! Do you hear them? Aren't they enough to drive a man mad?"

"Dear me! dear me!" the visiting doctor interrupted; why do you indulge in such rank folly, Suydam? You are far too wise a man to thus deceive yourself. Those rattlings and squealings, you know, are made by common rats and not by any spirits. Why do you—"

"I won't! I won't!" the demented man shouted, seeming to forget his friend's presence and answering the demons again.

"Begone! you ugly little devil, Despair! I hear what

you say: 'Marry for spite! Marry for spite!' you tell me. But I won't! I tell you I won't!"

The recital from time to time of these and many more details of Dr. Suydam's horrible condition to Phoebe Vanderveer, plunged her deeper and deeper into mental agony. At first she believed it was merely an original plan on the part of the doctor to bring pressure to bear upon her heart.

"Alas! alas!" she would complain. "What futility it is thus to press his suit upon a bride of heaven! Paul, my dear, etherealized husband, 'tis but a narrow stream that divides us—a mere thought, a passing breath. Soon it will be over; then forever and forever we shall be united!"

But though it was impossible for her to listen to the doctor's suit, the kind soul of Phoebe Vanderveer was burdened with great sorrow for the fate of the man who evidently gave up all earthly joys because he was denied the heart which she had not in her power or keeping to give him. This ever-increasing weight of woe, added to the unquenchable grief for Paul, in time so sapped the foundations of her reason that she became the picturesque prey of supercilious eccentricity in her later life. As long as she lived, however, in all her most fantastic vagaries and pitiful whims, it is pleasant to know that she had the loving forbearance, sympathy and indulgence of that splendid type of gentleman of the old school, her loyal brother, Dr. Henry Vanderveer.

Even after all was over, when Death in his peaceful guise came and took poor Phoebe to the man she loved, her brother, faithful to the last, remembering and respecting

her little weakness as to her age and much to the disappointment of many curious ones of her sex, did not mention it on the tablet which he lovingly raised over her grave in Bedminster churchyard.

It is pleasant to relate that Dr. Suydam in time arose from his despair and once more "clothed and in his right mind," resumed his practise, married a very estimable lady, attained the highest place in his profession and died at a ripe old age, beloved and respected by every one who knew him.

DR. VANDERVEER'S ROMANCE.

SOMERSET COUNTY PHYSICIAN OF LONG AGO WON FIGHT AGAINST DEATH BUT LOST IN THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

One of the interesting tales of bygone days that were recalled by Mrs. Hugh Hartwell, of Somerville, when the writer met her recently at the old Van Nest homestead, where "Prince" George was born and brought up a family, was about a romance in the life of old Dr. Henry Vanderveer, of Pluckemin. It was a story that Mrs. Hartwell's grandmother, Mrs. Davenport Van Nest, never tired of telling, and one that my informant never wearied of hearing.

It will be remembered by readers of this series that Dr. Vanderveer lived and died a bachelor. This was not really surprising, when his many eccentricities were considered. But, after all, it seems that it was not by any means through choice that he lived in celibacy. On the contrary, at least once in his life he appears to have made truly heroic efforts to join the noble army of benedicts. It was, of course, only another of his oddities that he delayed this move until he was far advanced in life and that the lady of his choice, so far as age was concerned, might have been his great-granddaughter.

On McDougal street, only a block or two away from Abraham Van Nest's fine old homestead in ancient Greenwich, N. Y., lived a family named Angevin, a daughter of which, called Mary, was a beautiful and cultivated young woman, but extremely delicate. Mary was a niece of

Mrs. Davenport Van Nest, and often visited the Abraham Van Nests, her near neighbors at old Greenwich. But her favorite visit was to her aunt at the old Van Nest homestead, in lovely Somerset. Here at the age of twenty she met Dr. Henry Vanderveer, who was then seventy.

One evening while she and her aunt sat by the open parlor window enjoying the cooling breeze, a man on horseback rode up the avenue. He was Dr. Vanderveer.

As the wonderfully preserved doctor appeared in the hall, with fine, erect form, tight-buttoned coat, shining top boots and gilded spurs, a step as firm and buoyant as most men have at thirty, and without a silver thread in his wavy hair, he was a striking figure. Holding his low-crowned silk hat and silver-headed riding whip in one hand, with the other he handed Mrs. Van Nest some nostrum that he had come to deliver. Then with apologies for his haste and with the usual polite conventionalisms, he was bowing himself out from the entrance hall, when his hostess stopped him.

"Doctor," she said, "I would like you to see my niece. Won't you step in for a moment?"

"Ah! how do you do?" the physician said with his most courtly bow when he was presented to Miss Angevin.

"My dear Mrs. Van Nest, your niece is very beautiful," he remarked on leaving. "We must relieve that cough of hers or she will die of consumption."

On a subsequent visit and while in consultation with the aunt the doctor stood a moment looking down in silence and tapping the floor with his foot.

"I—I—that is, Mrs. Van Nest," he said, haltingly, "you've known me a long time as being always sincere, and

perhaps impetuous. The fact is, I'm an old fool, no doubt; but something tells me I shall marry this most lovely young creature! No such thought or consciousness ever before possessed me. Pray, my dear friend, be my confidant. As physician, I propose to attack and conquer what will otherwise steal away this incomparable bud of womanhood. If I succeed I shall ask her to be my wife."

Then commenced the duel between death and Dr. Vanderveer for a bride. Those who knew the doctor and his secret knew that he was a physician of deep and resourceful skill and they felt confident that his grim antagonist, though sure to win in the long run, would find a doughty opponent. The fight went on and the doctor seemed to be clearly winning until in the succeeding fall the fair prize had such a relapse that death seemed an easy victor. But the doctor, with unabated ardor, so effectually drove back his terrible antagonist that his patient came again on her annual visit to Jersey, really better in health and more radiantly beautiful than ever.

Dr. Vanderveer was jubilant. At all times fastidious in dress, he now kept pace as it were with nature's refreshing rejuvenation everywhere, and burst forth into full blossom in suit after suit of the most exquisite effects to be had in New York. Perhaps the most striking and for potent reasons his favorite suit included a blue swallowtail, silk-embroidered coat with brass buttons, yellow plush vest, ruffled shirt front and wristbands and drab shorts, or kneebreeches, with broad silver knee and shoe buckles. Miss Angevin had complimented him upon his appearance in this suit and so he wore it more than any

other. He also chose it for the occasion of his first plain declaration of his love for his fair patient.

It must be admitted, despite the disparity of no less than fifty years in their ages, that when they came through the hall on their way to the garden, after that important conversation, they were a striking looking couple. Whatever had been her answer to the doctor's proposal it certainly could not have been unfavorable, for they were distinctly more joyous in each other's society than ever before.

Dr. Vanderveer was a rich man, and now that he had declared himself a suitor for her hand, he loaded his fiancee with costly presents and sparkling trinkets.

As the summer merged into autumn, Mary again developing unfavorable pulmonary symptoms, this being her weak point, and the doctor fearing phthisis, he determined and insisted on taking her to Niagara for her health. She assented, on the understanding that she should first be allowed a few days at home, in New York. He declared it to be an unnecessary delay, but took her to her home and arranged to call for her the following week.

Sad comment as it is on a beautiful girl's sense of honor, the truth must be told. And this is it: Long before Dr. Vanderveer could have reached home, Mary Angevin had arranged a meeting with a young man—a handsome young fellow he was admittedly, and of most engaging presence, but in all other respects an utter failure, if ever one lived. Soon they were together and rapturously he folded her in his arms, almost before a word was spoken.

"Darling Mary!" he exclaimed, in the midst of continued caresses, "how cruel of you to stay away so long!"

"Poor, dear, big baby Billy!" responded she, with her brightest smile. "And so you missed me?"

"Did I miss you! Well, I wonder what you think of a fellow anyway!" he exclaimed, with an injured look. "But the truth is, I suppose, that after all your fine promises, you're going to throw me over and marry this rich old Somerset doctor!"

"No, big, beautiful Billy," she answered. "I'm bad and heartless enough in a variety of ways, but I'll never marry the old doctor. He insists on believing I will, and my aunt is as determined as he is that I shall do so, but I would not marry him if he were covered with diamonds!"

"And what about this idiotic Niagara trip?" Billy asked. "I suppose the amiable physician is getting up this grand expedition just to get you completely away from your friends and then—"

Just then Mary was seized with a severe fit of coughing, so hollow-sounding that it frightened even Billy. They were in an arbor of her McDougal street home, long after sunset, and though it was moonlight the air was damp and chilly. Mary told her companion that her uncle, Samuel Davenport, was going along with them to Niagara, and that otherwise she would not go at all.

"Run into the house, Molly, dearest; don't stay here," said Billy. "You are taking cold. But wait. Listen, Molly, just a second. Keep me posted, darling. If I can raise some money that I have in view, I'll meet you at any time and place you desire. Let it be at your aunt's, Molly, after your return. Then I'll come again to the Pluckemin tavern, but this time with my own horses and—

Hark! It's your mother, Molly. Farewell! We'll meet at Pluckemin!"

In consequence of this exposure to the night air Mary suffered a serious relapse and when she was later taken to Niagara, a trained nurse was engaged to take care of her. After a comparatively short stay there the young woman's health seemed miraculously restored again. The doctor again pressed his suit and proposed that they should return home as a married couple. Still she hesitated and dallied with her aged lover, not seeming to have the moral courage to broach the truth to him.

Finding, however, that she could no longer stave off the inevitable, she wrote to Billy full particulars of the position in which she stood. Hearing from him in reply that he had obtained the money he had spoken of and was therefore ready to fly to her side, she wrote informing him on what day she would arrive at her aunt's house near Pluckemin and urged him not to fail to meet and rescue her from her terrible predicament.

His reply came promptly. In it he begged her to possess her soul in peace and urged her on her arrival at her aunt's to say nothing and retire as usual to her room, but to look out into the night on hearing the call of the whip-poorwill, which bird Mary knew he could imitate perfectly.

"Doctor," she said one morning, "if you will promise not to mention the subject of our marriage until two days after I get home to my Aunt Van Nest's house, can you guess what I'll do now? I'll tell you, for you never could guess, I will faithfully and seriously promise you to go then and be married."

"You will?" asked the doctor earnestly.

"I will!" answered Mary seriously.

"Then, I do promise," said the doctor.

"And I do so in all sincerity." Mary said.

The subject as to the date of their marriage was therefore dropped for the time being. After their return to the Van Nest homestead and when the doctor had made his adieus to his young bride-to-be he extended his hand to Mrs. Van Nest and thanked her heartily for her vast kindness, which, as he said, had "contributed so much to bring about this great happiness." He would devote the intervening short time before the marriage, he said, to the still further embellishment of his hitherto silent and desolate house.

That night Mrs. Van Nest lay awake longer than was her wont. She felt an unaccountable restlessness.

"Dear me!" she said at length, raising her head from the pillow; "I could be sworn I heard the whippoorwill. Late in the season to hear that bird!"

Again she dozed, and again she awoke, this time with a start, at hearing a strange grating sound against the side of the house.

"There's something wrong going on about this house," the good lady said, and getting up she hastily donned some of her clothes. It was bright moonlight. She threw up the staircase window and peered out.

"Lawk a mercy on us! Thieves! Robbers! Housebreakers on horseback!" she screamed. "Sam! Brother Sam! Wake up and call the servants! Help! help, for mercy's sake!"

"Dearest auntie," said a voice in the darkness, "don't

be frightened or angry. It's Billy and I. He came a little late and so we thought we'd not disturb you. Good-by, auntie dear, and please tell the doctor that I've kept my promise; for I'm now going to be married. To-morrow I shall be Mrs. Billy Elderson!"

Then the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard on the frost-crusted ground, and in a moment the couple were out of sight.

Mary married the young and handsome, but worthless, Billy. Her career was short. It was filled with privations and pain, and she went to an early grave.

OUR GRANDFATHERS' PURE POLITICS.

A TALE OF THE GRAFT UNEARTHED AMONG THE DEMOCRATS OF WARREN MANY YEARS AGO.

It is the wail of the pessimist that everything is in a bad way and steadily growing worse. The political croaker particularly, as a rule, with some disappointment rankling in him, looks around and sees nothing but grasping cupidity and venality, or rampant "graft," everywhere among the servants of the people, and this every day increasing enormously.

"It's no use talking," he tells you; "we're a long way down grade from what our grandfathers were. People had consciences in those days and inflexible principle, upon which were established a just pride and honor which were dearer to them than their lives. Now," he avers, "we are the abject slaves of money. Every hour more and more brazenly we bow the knee to the golden calf. Those glorious twin sisters, Honest Integrity and Honor, are browbeaten, insulted and pushed aside in our wild scramble for filthy lucre. Now, there is absolutely none that can be trusted, no not one!"

All right, Mr. Sorehead Demagogue, but talking of our grandfathers, it might not be out of place to offer you a retrospective peep into political doings of those halcyon times you mention. We'll pass over the hackneyed story of iniquity of the Tweed gang in little old New York. Of course, cities always did and always will have rings of idle schemers on the lookout for money without work-

ing for it. Let the cities take care of themselves and come along, Mr. Sorehead, out into the sweet, uncontaminated atmosphere of the country of our grandsires.

Here is a county surely favored of the gods for purity for is it not elevated toward heaven upon the everlasting buttresses and bastions of the Pohatcong and Kittatinny mountains, with Mount Jenny Jump keeping her towering watch and ward in the centre? See also how it is washed clean on nearly all its sides by the stately Delaware and Musconetcong rivers, while the pleasant Paulins, winding through the once famous Walnut Valley, cleanses and refreshens it internally.

It must have been the creation of patriotic men, too, this county; for among its towns and townships we find the proud names of Washington, Columbia, Franklin, Frelinghuysen, Independence, Hope and Harmony. Here from Jenny Jump's mantling donjon let us survey this pleasant land. It is the fair county of Warren, N. J.

From time immemorial Warren was nothing if not Democratic. Generally it went Democratic to the tune of two to three thousand majority. A Democratic nomination in Warren used to be equivalent to election. In fact, at the period mentioned a Republican was literally so great a curiosity that if one was announced in town, all the women and children turned out to get a glimpse of him, really believing, it is said, that he must be exceedingly dark with kinky curled hair, or at least with a black streak on him somewhere.

All went well and merrily as the proverbial marriage bell for the sleek and joyful old, trusted Democratic family party, until one day by a mere accident the tax-

payers discovered something that proved like a lighted match dropped in a powder magazine. That is to say they found that their freehanded representatives had paid a contractor's bill of $500 twice over and had never so much as noticed the slight mistake. This set the people thinking, then to doubting and finally to looking into money matters for themselves. And lo, an explosion followed that blew open the doors of the State prison and penitentiary and swept into their cells, amid filth unspeakable, most of the honored officeholders of the Warren County of our grandfathers.

What furnished the $500 fulminate spark to the magazine was a contract for the building of a bridge over the river at Newburg. The contractor, happening to be a poor man, ordered a large consignment of pine wood to be sent along for the new bridge to be paid for C. O. D. He had arranged with the freeholders for an advance of money toward the work, and on arrival of the lumber two of them handed him $500. Notwithstanding this when the bridge was finished and taken over by the county the contractor was paid the full amount the contract called for, not a cent being deducted for the $500 advanced on account. This coming in some way to the ears of certain taxpayers, they first questioned the freeholders about it and not receiving satisfactory answers they demanded an investigation and a committee was appointed to make it.

The cat was out of the bag. One discovery followed another of fraud upon fraud and such abandoned rascality that the committee stood dumfounded. They could not easily realize that these men, their chosen representatives, their intimate friends and neighbors, could be guilty of

such crimes. But they waded through books of account, bills and vouchers and could not shut their eyes to what they saw in black and white before them. It was evident the methods used in the expenditure of the public money were through and through so grossly bad that in view of the persons involved it seemed perfectly incredible, inconceivable.

Checks were raised to many times their original amounts in the most barefaced perpetration of common theft. To give a few from endless examples, a check for $7 on account of the bridge work was raised and cashed as $70. For another similar bill, a check for $3 was put through as $300. Bills for hundreds upon hundreds of dollars for expensive carpeting charged against and paid by the county, purported to be for the court-house, while not a yard went to that building, but was all used to carpet the parlors of the officeholders. It was ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt that over several years the confiding taxpayers of Warren County were robbed by their trusted Democratic representatives of upward of quarter of a million of dollars.

As the investigation committee proceeded, unearthing batch after batch of these terrible facts, the taxpayers went wild. They demanded instant prosecution of every official on the political roster. Henry S. Harris, a rising young lawyer, was appointed public prosecutor for Warren County. His was a difficult and painful task, for all of the suspected men in office were his intimate acquaintances, many of them personal friends. But he buckled unflinchingly to the work and did his duty, facing fierce attempts at intimidation and even veiled threats against his

life. Several times on dark nights anonymous missiles bearing the gruesome skull and crossbones were pushed underneath his door, but he never swerved to the right or to the left till his work was done, and done well.

It was a tremendous sensation when every officeholder in Warren County was indicted and haled before the grand jury to answer for malfeasance in office. There were no protests of innocence heard from the accused. The proofs of their guilt were far too palpable and direct for that. But they weakly whined a request that the investigators should extend their search back for fourteen years and prosecute their predecessors in office.

"That might not clear us of blame," they pleaded, "but it would show that we are no worse than others who were in office before us; for they did the same thing we have done. We have simply followed in their footsteps," they said.

Although their plea for retrospective justice could not be granted, seeing that indictments were inoperative for offenses committed beyond the space of two years, yet the investigators did probe the accounts away back as requested, and they found the statement true, that the same rottenness of maladministration had been sapping their county's foundation for over fourteen years.

All the accused officers were arrested and lodged in jail, but admitted to heavy bail. And, of course, most of them had no difficulty in finding sureties ready to go upon their bail bonds, and were liberated pending trial. But one of them, a prominent professional man, finding himself unable to procure bondsmen, had to remain in durance. Not being disposed to submit to this indignity,

"You are my prisoner," he said.

he foolishly resorted to the vulgar plan of breaking his way out of jail, and fled through the fields and over the Oxford Mountains to his home in Washington, Warren County.

His heart yearned, however, not for his home and beloved ones there, but for his wife's pocket money. He stole into his home like a burglar, extracted $160 of his wife's savings from her little private cupboard, and, sneaking away as he had come, went presumably to New York to another woman he had been supporting there. His escape from jail nettled, as well as mystified, the court when it was found that the fugitive had not been seen at his home. But the public prosecutor was an astute man, and, being put upon his mettle, he sent for a young man of whom he had the highest opinion in such matters.

"Bob," he said, when the young man came, "you're the very man for this job. I mean ———," said he, naming the prison-breaker. "He has been foolish enough to break jail and has taken to his heels. He did not go home, I find, but is in hiding somewhere. You bring that man back here to his cake and milk, and your fee, whatever the amount, will be ready, waiting for you."

Bob, who was almost entirely without a clue, started first to ferret out the woman in the case. It was an intricate and difficult piece of dovetailing disjointed facts into one another that led him to the then highly fashionable London Terrace, between Ninth and Tenth avenues in New York. In a select boarding house, about the middle of the row, a tall, auburn-haired, elegantly attired woman had been residing about a week when she came under Bob's close observation. At the old Fog Horn Inn,

on the corner of Twenty-third street and Ninth avenue, where the young sleuth, Bob, put up, the lady in whom he was so interested was much discussed in the bar as the "strawberry blonde." She often walked up and down Twenty-third street and the "boys" over their cups were enthusiastic over her charming appearance. Bob joined with zest in the conversation, but all the time was in despair because his man did not put in his expected appearance along with the woman. Suddenly, however, the strawberry blonde, rolled away in a cab with trunks on top, and though the "boys" did not have even an inkling of it, Bob promptly bowled away in the same direction in another cab.

The result was that two mornings later when the lady left her hotel in Richmond, Va., for a walk, accompanied by a dark smooth-shaven man wearing green glasses, Bob came sauntering up behind, tapped the man on the shoulder and addressing him as ———, the man he wanted:

"You are my prisoner," he said.

The man indignatly protested that he was not the person named.

"Never mind," said Bob, coolly snapping an iron on his arm. "I'll take all the chances. This way, please." And he marched his man off to the station. The fugitive had had a long, black beard and was totally unlike the captured man, but Bob was relentless and paid not the slightest heed to the continued protestations and the excited threats of the strawberry blonde, and next day delivered the real runaway culprit into the hands of Mr. Harris, public prosecutor of Warren County, and was

highly complimented and paid double the modest fee he asked.

"And, Bob, let me tell you, my boy," Mr. Harris said, heartily shaking the young man's hand, "I prophesy that the name of Robert Pinkerton will soon have national fame." And who that knows the widespread ramifications of the great Pinkerton Detective Agency of to-day but will admit that Mr. Prosecutor Harris's was a true prophecy?

Eleven men were duly tried and every one of them convicted—all except one, and he, the master mind and arch conspirator of the whole gang, by turning State's evidence went Scott free. The eleven were drawn up in a row before Chief Justice Beasley for sentence. He first read them collectively a severe moral lecture. Then addressing by name the prominent professional man who had vainly tried to escape, after some scathing personal remarks the judge said:

"For your crime I sentence you to serve two years in the State prison at hard labor." There was a pause, and the prisoner, evidently surprised at the lightness of his sentence, took upon himself to thank the judge in flowing terms. But the justice, not noticing the interruption in any way, went on:

"And for breaking jail I also sentence you to two more years, making in all four years for you in State prison at hard labor." At which the prisoner hung down his head and offered no further remarks whatever. The nine others were also sent to the State prison, and one to the county jail. Their sentences varied from eighteen months to four years.

As might well have been expected, the smashing of the ring utterly demoralized the Democratic party of Warren County; and the next Senator, Peter Cramer, of New Hampton, was a life-long Republican. Benjamin F. Howey, also an out-and-out Republican, was elected sheriff. This was the first time in the history of Warren County that a Republican ever beat a Democrat at an election.

The prosecutor of the ring rose to well earned fame and was elected to Congress. When his first term expired he was renominated. But the men he had sent to prison were now free again and being past masters of the art of politics, and as they were banded together as one man to be revenged, they effected their purpose by defeating him and sending a Democrat in his place.

And as time, the great mollifier and mellower of all things temporal, jogged along and the horror of the old ring gradually died away, the Democrats began to come into their own again. So now, once more, Warren County usually goes, as of old, decidedly Democratic.

Warren County's plan of providing for its poor about forty years ago, at the time of the ring's operations, was and I believe, still is unique and highly commendable. A very large farm, over six hundred acres, it is said, was fully stocked and equipped with proper implements, barns, etc., and was operated entirely by pauper labor. Every pauper in the county was brought to the farm, and each one allotted his work, according to his age and strength; and they all took kindly to it, as enabling even the oldest and weakest of them to preserve their self-respect, through participating in some small way in productive labor.

Thousands of bushels of grain and tons upon tons of beef and pork were produced annually, besides much fruit, vegetables, milk and butter for market, after supplying their own needs. It was governed by a board of directors, who elected a resident steward, and was all, of course, ruled by politics. In fact, the fate of the ring hung in the balance over the election of sheriff, for which office the farm steward was the Democratic candidate. The bosses made sure that if their nominee was returned for this office they would be able to upset and prevent the then impending investigation. So they made tremendous efforts to effect their purpose.

My informant in these matters, then a callow and unsophisticated youth just arrived at voting age, was approached and made a delegate by the eager ringsters, who felt bound to have a man who would do exactly what he was told. The big boy was, of course, pleased at their choice of him, while having no more idea than one of his father's goslings what it really meant. His father was warned:

"Don't you let your boy be seen with those ——— rascals!" a prominent citizen cautioned him.

But it was then too late to prevent it. Samuel Frome, the ring's choice, had served a term as steward of the poor farm and was immensely popular, especially with the paupers. For among other amiable features of his management of the farm, he always had the traveling tobacco wagon drive up and supply sufficient of that seductive weed for all, men and women alike. Everyone that wanted tobacco could have it. In some quarters complaints were occasionally made that too much tobacco was used; but

Sam Frome always met them with the same prompt answer:

"As long as I'm steward the old folks shall have their 'baccy.' If you don't like it, choose my successor. There are plenty aching for the job."

The election came off; the boy delegate did as he was told, but alas for the ring! The public rose up in its wrath and overthrew them. For the first time in the memory of man the choice of the Democratic bosses of Warren County was beaten. The trial, as before stated, went on and the malefactors were sent where they rightly deserved to go, to State prison.

But as to that great coup it was very likely true, as very many Warren County people claimed, and as, indeed, only too frequently happens in wholesale punishment, that at least one righteous man suffered with the wicked. Simon A. Cummins, who held the office of county collector, was verily believed to have been the innocent victim of the frauds with which he was too hopelessly and incongruously mixed up ever to be able to shake off the contaminating filth and right himself. Yet, that he could have done so is pretty widely believed, though he never put it to the test; a thing that many still regret. For "Honest Simon," as he was admiringly and universally called, was held in the highest esteem. The great nervous shock and strain of the trial completely demoralized and ruined him.

Hufty Thaw, who was overseer of the poor at that time, had some amusing whimsicalities of character not out of keeping with his peculiar name. As a matter of fact, it may be noted that the country people of these parts

are particularly happy in the aptness of their choice of nicknames. Hufty was a spare little, dried-up looking man with bushy eyebrows over little keen gray eyes, a long nose with a round knob on the end and rather fat, mobile lips that were usually pushed out with a self-satisfied pucker, expressive of great importance and intolerance of contradiction. He was hot-tempered but quick to change his choler to a smile, especially when the opposition proved too strong for him.

For a time his wife lost much crockery in arguments with him, for if she crossed him too much he would attack the china and smash plates, cups and saucers, etc., to smithereens—probably some of the Thaw "brain storms" of those early days, ere yet blood and boodle had lent them lurid fame. But one day when he began it again, the wife started also and smashed away harder than he did. Stopping immediately:

"Oh, lan's sakes, Mary; let up on this!" he implored with outstretched hands. "It do look so durned foolish to see you breaking things. Do stop, Mary, and I'll never break another thing in all my life!" And he never did.

At one period he quite frequently and grossly exceeded the bounds of temperance in liquid refreshments, and after a specially wet day always used to rise from his bed some time in the night to quench his raging thirst from a crock of buttermilk which was kept standing on a stone bench behind the kitchen door. One night after a whole day of unusually liberal potations, he arose with his mouth so parched that he did not detect the least difference in the flavor of his favorite teetotal beverage, though it was very

decidedly different, and gulped down about a quart of it from the old familiar crock.

As he was returning to bed his wife woke up, who, thinking her husband had just that moment arisen:

"Oh, Hufty," she said, "are you going for a drink? Don't go to the crock, for I put the soiled clothes to soak in it. The buttermilk is in a pail on the—oh, what's the matter, Hufty? Are you ill?" she cried, springing to the floor as Hufty threw himself half out of a window, almost retching his heart out.

Tradition has not set that down as a wifely artifice in the good cause of temperance. But a decided preponderance, at all events, of masculine opinion, ascribes it to deliberate design with the qualification added that though it did cure Hufty of excessive drinking, it certainly reached the extreme limit of what might be called palatable discretion on his wife's part.

While it is of unhappy record that there were a good many unfaithful public officers in Warren County at the time mentioned, Hufty Thaw was certainly not one of them. All men's characters, good, bad and indifferent, are matters of gradual evolution. And after the toning down from crockery brain storms and his drastic expurgation with soap suds, Hufty did duly develop into a steady and shining light and very slave of arduous duty. Perhaps a beacon light would be the more apt physical interpretation. For the knob of his nose end, notwithstanding the new leaf he had turned, loomed in purple warmth over a bluish-white background of nose and cheek, that, like summer sunsets, suggested the embers of hot days that had been.

Hufty's office entailed the gathering of paupers from all quarters of the county into the fold of the poor farm. When he found new candidates he went to a justice of the peace of the district to have the proper papers made out. Justices were then called squires in Warren County. So one day early in the morning Hufty climbed the stoop and gave a loud knock at the door of the Squire of Beattytown. The Squire, who was a fine stately, well-groomed looking man, had one cardinal weakness; which was a kind of dread that sooner or later he would fall a victim to one or other of the infectious diseases, which in those days so often swept whole communities into their graves. Answering the knock in person:

"Why, good morning, Hufty," he said. "You're abroad early. Won't you step in? We're just eating breakfast. Ah, a little business. That'll be all right. But breakfast first, business after's my plan, always. Step right in, Hufty."

Hufty did step in and was pleasantly greeted by the lady of the house and her rising family, all seated around the amply furnished table.

"Take that chair, Hufty, and sit up," said the affable squire, resuming his own seat. But the faithful overseer of the poor seemed to remember something that ought to be mentioned and stood tapping the rim of his old high-crowned beaver hat against his puckered lips.

"I—I hope you'll really excuse me, squire," he stammered, "but, in point of fact, I have already had breakfast and, thank you kindly all the same, while you finish yours I think I ought to be looking to see if a wagon can be hired in the town. For, you see, m'am," he said,

bowing slightly to the hostess, "the poor people I found up at Port Murray this morning, a family of ten they are, m'am, are very sick. In point of fact, I helped turn the poor man on the bed myself, m'am, before I left the house to come here. He is dying, I think, and tell the truth, I don't know how they can be moved; for more than half of the family are down with it. I mean with the smallpox and—"

"What!" thundered the squire, jumping to his feet; "smallpox! You—scoundrel! You in that house and came straight to mine! Get out of here, or by— Away! or I'll kick your contaminating little carcass into the street! Don't touch that door knob! Confound you! for two cents I'd—" and he chased the alarmed Hufty down the stoop and half a block away, the poor little man still hugging his stovepipe hat, with his long hair streaming back as he barely escaped with his life.

RANDOM TALES OF HORACE GREELEY.

HE WAS A DEVOTED LOVER AND AN EARNEST LECTURER, BUT HIS TABLE MANNERS WERE VERY BAD.

His Wife Trained an Angel.

The little village of Lamington, near Pluckemin, was once a familiar and favorite resort of Horace Greeley. In the midst of his labors in building up the farbric of a great metropolitan newspaper—one that will always be associated with his name—from the piles of correspondence mounting on his desk, which included dispatches from the highest in the land, Mr. Greeley would often select for first perusal, a little, daintily addressed envelope which he knew came from Lamington. Then for a brief moment, forgetting the glorious grime and grind at the galleys of Printing House Square, through which he often swayed the trend of even national affairs, there would be a softening of the lines of the great man's countenance, as from all these he "lightly turned to thoughts of love."

Some time in the early thirties Mr. Greeley happened to dine at a vegetarian hotel in New York, where he met Miss Mary T. Cheney, a school teacher, a native of Watertown, N. C., at table and promptly fell in love with her. Miss Cheney, who was spending her vacation in the city, soon returned to her charge, which was at the little Foot of the Lane School, close to Lamington,

whither she appears to have taken the great editor's heart along with her.

For at frequently recurring intervals thereafter he appeared at Bound Brook in his familiar white overcoat and with a tuck on the right leg of his trousers and none on the left, and would scale the mountain; or, if coming by Somerville, would trek his way, often on foot, the ten or more miles to Mr. Kennedy's house at Vliets Mills, about half way between Pottersville and Lamington, where Miss Cheney dwelt.

For some time before Mr. Greeley and she were married Miss Cheney lived with a Mrs. Duickinck, close to the Foot of the Lane School. This woman's descendants relate some interesting things about the Greeleys. She used to say they were very fine and most agreeable people, but both full of fads of their own. From her description, Miss Cheney must have been a typically strong-mined person, with her full share of advanced ideas about woman's proper sphere, etc.

Facetious persons will say that Mrs. Duickinck has left corroborative evidence of the truth of this in the further information she supplied that Miss Cheney, who built her own fires in the school, one day most terribly alarmed a few of her early scholars by fainting dead away at the sight of a little mouse. The moment she opened the stove door the little rodent bounced out and the teacher collapsed.

After the Greeleys were married and their first baby was about a year old, Mrs. Greeley came to see Mrs. Duickinck and other old friends and to let her first born breathe the salubrious air among the well remembered

rural beauties of fair Somerset. Early in the visit she astonished Mrs. Duickinck with a minute account of the system on which she would bring up her little one—"the only rational and proper system," she declared it to be. The child was fed, not when it cried for food, but when the hands of the clock pointed to certain hours. And as soon as fed, instead of being dandled or rocked to sleep, the little thing, clad in very loose and spare swaddling clothes, was laid on the floor of an adjoining room, to cry and kick and sprottle at its own sweet will, until it tired itself and lay still, or kept on rolling or creeping and crying as it pleased. In other words, it was allowed to "develop itself," the mother explained.

Another part of the system was in operation one morning, just as Dr. Cornelius C. Suydam happened to be passing in his gig. That is to say, Mrs. Greeley was holding her screaming infant under the pump with one hand, while with the other she vigorously worked the handle, sending a flood of almost ice cold water over the little martyr.

"For God's sake, madam, what are you doing to the poor child?" the physician shouted.

"I'm going to make a perfect woman of my baby girl, when she grows up, sir," the mother proudly answered.

"You'll make an angel of her long before that; and that's more than any woman ever was! Take my word for it!" the doctor said and passed on.

When able to walk, after the pump bath the child was made to run naked a certain number of times around the table—not a lap more or less than the strict regulation number. Another phase of Mrs. Greeley's system—but

this she acknowledged to be experimental—was that of keeping her little one entirely isolated from speech of any kind from any one, so as to find what sounds it would naturally invent to make known its wants. This, according to the testimony of both the daughter and stepdaughter of Mrs. Duickinck, was carried out until the child was quite large—at least four, or probably, five years of age. Up to that age, they say, the child never uttered any more intelligible sound than "oo-oo!" whatever wants it wished to express. But the humane Dr. Suydam proved to be right; for the poor child died, while the extraordinary experiment was still in progress.

Mrs. Greeley utterly condemned the use of any kind of shortening in bread. In fact, she preferred wheat kernels in their natural state and ate great quantities. One day, on a visit at Dr. McDowell's, at Larger Cross Roads, when helped to bread she smelt of it:

"I cannot eat this bread," she said, "there's lard in it." The incident very much discomposed the hostess and practically spoiled the visit.

On January 16, 1872, the last year of his life, Horace Greeley gave a lecture on temperance in the Second Church of Mendham. He stayed over night with Rev. T. W. Cochran, of that place, who gathered a number of friends to meet his distinguished visitor. Tea was announced soon after Mr. Greeley's arrival. After a blessing was asked the host passed a plate of cold chicken to Mr. Greeley, who helped himself liberally. As the plate was passed to another guest, the host attempted to hand Mr. Greeley the bread, but before he could possibly do so

the great editor reached with his fork nearly across the table and harpooned a slice from a full plate.

"How do you take your tea, Mr. Greeley?" the hostess asked.

"Thank you, I don't take any," he replied.

"What, then, will you have to drink?" Mrs. Cochran asked.

"A cup of hot water with milk and sugar—and plenty of milk," he answered. "I left off tea a long time ago and have not taken coffee in thirty years," the great man said. "If I hadn't I know I could not have done the work I have; nor would my hand be as steady as it is."

"You don't mean to say," said the host, "that your hand doesn't shake any?"

"It does not!" Mr. Greeley declared most emphatically.

Just then noticing that his chief guest had finished his bread, Mr. Cochran put out his hand to pass him some more, but Mr. Greeley with his dexterous fork and long arm again forestalled him.

Seated in the parlor, after the meal—

"Mr. Greeley," the host said, "where do you live now, if it's a fair"—but before the question was fairly put—

"I cannot be said to live anywhere!" he answered. "My wife has been an invalid for many years and for six years has been in different parts of the world, seeking the most congenial atmosphere for her lungs—the West Indies, Florida, England, France, Italy, etc."

"Mr. Greeley," one of the company said, "I heard you twenty years ago at a teachers' institute at Somerville."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I used to come to Somerville quite often thirty years ago, or perhaps nearer forty years,

it'll be! I married my wife in Somerset County. She taught school near Lamington."

A man who attended Mr. Greeley's lecture said he was a much larger and finer looking man than he expected; and he noticed no oddity about him, except that one leg of his pantaloons only reached to the top of his shoes. On the drink question Mr. Greeley took the position that alcohol is poison.

"Don't take poison into your system," he said. "You don't take strychnine, nor arsenic, nor corrosive sublimate. Then don't take alcohol, either!"

"There are two things for temperance folks to do," he continued. "First, men are ignorant of the true character of this poison and you must teach them. Second, they won't know and believe and you must persuade them. There are thousands wilfully blind," he said, "as was the man who got up before daylight to do his fall killing. A hog was nicely dressed before breakfast, and he 'hadn't had fresh pork in so long' he must eat a pound or two to breakfast. At dinner, spare-rib and pluck of course made the meal. For supper his good wife thought something lighter would do; but no, he 'hadn't had fresh pork in so long' he must have some for supper, too. All went well so far, and about 9 o'clock he topped off with a couple of baked apples and went to bed.

"In the night he had—as he richly deserved—a violent attack of cholera morbus, from which he just escaped with his life. His comment was: 'Well, it was them baked apples that like to have killed me. I'll never eat any more baked apples!'

"So kidney complaints, inflammations, nervous weak-

"For God's sake, madam, what are you doing to the poor child?" the physician shouted.

nesses and a thousand other ailments are all mysterious visitations of Providence. No, they ain't" the lecturer shouted. "They are far oftener visitations of rum!"

The lecturer held the close attention of his audience for an hour and a half. In his delivery there was frequent hesitation, or waiting for the right word, my informant says, which in one so used to public speaking seemed remarkable. But that the thoughts and deductions were worthy of the great and good man that delivered them was the unanimous conclusion of his hearers.

At breakfast, next morning, allusion was made to the unveiling of Franklin's statue, which was to take place that same day, January 17, 1872, in Printing House Square, in New York. Of this Mr. Greeley remarked:

"As a member of the press I must be there. I don't mind that; but the dinner after it is the trouble—I hate public dinners!" he said.

On the twenty-ninth of November of the same year Horace Greeley was dead; just thirty days after the death of his wife. She died on the thirtieth of October.

A LEGEND OF PLUCKEMIN.

THEIR TRYSTING PLACE ON ECHO LAKE SAW THE DEATH OF THE INDIAN MAIDEN, WINONA, AND HER LOVER.

The visitor to Pluckemin would miss its most romantic attraction should he fail to see Echo Lake with its Buttermilk Falls. This charming spot is at the base of the northern termination of the First Watchung Mountain, between which and the Second Mountain is the notch opening into Washington Valley. The limpid little lake received its name doubtless on account of its remarkable manipulation of sounds; for through some peculiar acoustics of the beetling mountain brow, with its shelving and perpendicular rocks on one side, and the dim, cloister-like windings of the other shore, from certain points the human voice is echoed and re-echoed as many as seven distinct times.

As might be expected, this spot has traditions of its own, some of them of Indian origin. The same never-failing spring, which, on account of its healing virtues the red men came from afar to drink, still gushes from their old Father Watchung's side into Echo Lake and is today tapped at what is known as the Culm Rock Spring. Nor were the Indians free from superstitious beliefs in the wonderful curative effects of its outward application, when made with certain forms and ceremonies, one especial virtue being its supposed power to quench the pangs of misplaced or slighted love.

One legend bearing on this property of the waters to

the Indian mind has it that Cannackanuck, one of the last Raritan Kings, was grievously weighed down with trouble, in that his beautiful and only daughter, Winona, loved Thingerawso, an inferior chief of their own, the Delaware nation.

"Thingerawso shall never wed thee, my daughter," the King said. "That he is a comely youth and well favored, I grant; but he is not of thy station. It cannot be. Of this distemper thou shalt be relieved. For by advice of my faithful medicine man we shall journey into the wholesome land of the persimmon and thou shalt partake of the cooling waters that flow from old Father Watchung's bounteous springs, and peradventure thou may'st be restored to salubrious sanity. Up, let thy maidens make ready, for to-morrow at sunrise we shall set out."

With a bodyguard of threescore braves the King next day moved his family and court to the Watchung Mountain top, overlooking Echo Lake, and encamped there. Each morning Winona and her favorite maid descended the mountain and according to the medicine man's prescription the King's daughter, strewing persimmon leaves on the surface, lifted water from a spring in a natural cup in the rock with her hand and drank, uttering a short incantation between each sip and turning her face to the east.

"I thus perform my hard task, my Senseta, as you see, faithfully," Winona said to her maid, "because my revered father wishes that in this way I should renounce my own Thingerawso; but, alas! the purpose is at war with my heart, for I only love him still the more."

Meantime the King, who seemed to have had the royal instinct of matchmaking, came home from the hunt one day with a handsome young brave, whom he had casually met in the chase, and presented him to Winona and her mother as Connosota, the warlike son of Unawanda, a powerful Seneca chief of the Mengwe nation, beyond the Delaware. The elder woman directed a startled glance of inquiry at her husband, which he perfectly understood and answered, by announcing that their guest's puissant father, though wielding the highest power among a people not over friendly to the Delaware nation, yet was a tried and true friend of the Raritan Kings.

"Therefore I do truly delight to honor his son," the King said, and filling two richly chased horns from a little rill that trickled from a fissure in the high rock that formed a side of the wigwam, and handing one to his guest: "Let us drink," said he, "from Father Watchung's unequaled vintage to the health and unending glory of thy right noble sire."

The young chief and his company were lodged in one of the State wigwams, and had such distinguished entertainment that they stayed many days and were frequently joined by the King in their hunts along the North Branch River. The young man's presence there was really brought about by the King's special and pressing invitation, who judged that the presence of so princely a youth might aid in his design of turning the unfortunate current of his daughter's thoughts from Thingerawso, even better perhaps than his medicine man's prescription could; and, further, such a union would go a long way to cement the

friendship which he so much desired with the powerful and domineering Mengwe tribesmen.

Meanwhile Thingerawso, being a fearless and adventurous young chief, and fully assured of Winona's love for him, he let no opportunity slip of meeting her. Having learned of her enforced observances at Echo Lake, he soon gained the connivance of her maid to his beloved spending some precious time each day in his company. To this end a trysting place was arranged between the lovers, which was at the top of a high rock that rose prone from Echo Lake on the south side. The same rock is there still, but considerably lower, and whereas its top is now shaley, with only a few scrub oaks around, at the time mentioned it had a fort-like crown embowered by stately forest trees, wherefrom a lovely view was obtained of the opposite shore and the lake beneath. Here the fair Winona and her cruelly forbidden lover met almost daily and basked in the sunshine of each others smiles. This was until the coming of Connosota. After that event, as the young guest plainly showed a deep interest in the beautiful girl, by her father's directions her visits to the lake were fewer and of shorter duration and soon terminated altogether. So that Winona's Rock, as their meeting place was ever afterward known, often had now the disconsolate Thingerawso waiting alone and lingering long for his love in vain.

It was not long before the impetuous guest asked the King and was readily promised his daughter in marriage. Then was Winona in great tribulation, for she could no longer go to the lake at all, but was continually called upon to contribute to the entertainment of their guest,

who though of fine manly form and martial bearing, had the proud and somewhat contemptuous manner invariably in vogue among the Mengwe toward all the Delawares without exception. She was not consulted, however, and had to take part even in rejoicings over her betrothal to one man while passionately in love with another. Every day now she felt unspeakable woe to think of her true lover vainly waiting and watching for her coming, and having to go away without a word of explanation and perhaps doubting her fidelity.

At last, on the brink of despair, one day when her father and his guest were again in the hunting field, Winona contrived a meeting with her lover. Nothing, she told him wringing her hands in anguish, could now rescue her from the detested Seneca chief's son, but his death.

"Would that I could meet him in single combat. I would lower his proud crest or perish in the attempt!" exclaimed her lover.

"Thou shalt meet him, my braye Thingerawso! Tomorrow an opportunity shall be given thee to prove thy love in prowess and to rid me of this insufferable burden." Then shading her lustrous brown eyes with her hand in hurried scrutiny that they were unobserved, in a tense whisper she unfolded her plot. On the morrow, she told him, she would lure Connosota to come to the spot where they then stood, on Winona's Rock. "And," said she fervently clasping her hands and looking upward, "may the Great Spirit deliver this, our mortal enemy, into thine hand!"

She further explained that the exact hour when her

lover might expect his victim was beyond her power to name, but just as he should start out to see her favorite seat, which short pilgrimage she would exact of him in proof of his devotion—then she would spill milk into the stream that ran near their camp and which fed the falls. "Therefore," she said, "let my beloved Thingerawso tarry by the falling waters and what time they turn white, even with the milk, then may'st thou walk straight to the rock here and find the enemy who must be slain and cast over the precipice into the lake, to the end that thou and I shall be made happy."

Next day at the prearranged signal, when Thingerawso saw the water running over the falls white with milk, knitting his brows and clenching his teeth, he made for the place of deadly tryst. Arriving at the spot, there, gazing at the fair scene, in obedience to his enforced betrothed, stood Connosota. Grasping his tomahawk in a hand of iron the Delaware swooped down the slope.

"Death to the miscreant! Thingerawso, a Delaware chief, decrees it!" Thingerawso shouted, and swung his weapon to dash out his enemy's brains. But quick as thought the wily Connosota whipped something from under his cloak that no Delaware had ever heard of, and shot the advancing chief with a white man's pistol. Thingerawso fell, calling Winona's name, and by his own impetus rolled over the cliff, a dead man, into the lake below.

From the mountain top the waiting Winona ran to meet her lover, though terrified at the awful sound of the unknown firearm, which she mistook for thunder and which echoed and re-echoed, not seven but seemingly sev-

enty times seven times among the mountains and distant hills. She ran on until she reached the fatal rock, where she had promised to meet her victorious lover and had likewise but faithlessly promised to meet Connosota, neither wishing nor expecting to see him again alive. But, alas! there stood, not the man she loved, but her hated betrothed, with a ghastly stream of blood beneath her feet; whose blood! Pointing dramactically at the tell-tale gore:

"What hast thou done, oh, murderous Mengwe?" she screamed, on the point, as it seemed, of flying at his throat like a lioness robbed of her whelps.

"I have slain the cut-throat Delaware, Thingerawso," he answered. "That is his blood; be it upon his own head; his body is there," and he pointed to the lake.

Speechless she passed him, and peering over the cliff saw the dear dead face she loved so well in the water far below. So near was she to the brink of the dizzy precipice that Connosota, brave man as he was, covered his eyes and called in abject fear for her:

"Winona! Oh, Winona!" But she neither heeded or heard him.

As she gazed down in rapt agony, the dead face sank out of sight just as weird, answering echoes came back over the water, calling pathetically, "Winona! Winona!"

"Thou callest me, my love," she said with a smile of sweet contentment, "and I come to thee!" and she plunged over the precipice to death with her lover.

Thingerawso fell, calling Winona's name,

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD BY "DICK" LOUD IN THE SO-CALLED HAUNTED INN AT CHERRYVILLE.

Things left undone that we ought to have done are often brought home to us in this sublunary sphere. It ought to have been and was intended, but forgotten, to be mentioned in my last article, that I was indebted to two aged men for the bulk of what was said about the old Cherryville tavern, namely, to J. Rutsen Schenck, of Clover Hill, and old Garret Docherty, the constable, of Montgomery. The latter, who gave me much of the data, I regret now to learn, died several days ago. In fact he seems to have told me his story and died almost with the last words of it upon his lips.

Long before he became a constable himself, "Gat" even as a boy took great interest in the tales of men who had grown old and gray in that office. One of these, Constable Durham, had a seemingly inexhaustible fund of story about all sorts of queer things in his own and others' experience. Among many other stories he told "Gat" about some happenings of a ghostly kind at the Cherryville tavern, while it stood empty, after old "Abe" Skinner's somewhat dramatic end there.

Naturally, after what happened there, a kind of awesome feeling among the neighbors made them stand aloof from the premises; so that grass and weeds were soon springing up in the yards and between the bricks and stones of the pavement in front of the house. In the late

fall, when the wind has final tussles with the trees for possession of their last leaves and the sun begins to sulk behind cold, leaden clouds, almost making night of it about 5 P. M., it is a pretty bleak place around Cherryville. If a man has ridden far and has had little to eat since an early breakfast, he's apt to feel hungry and cold up here; something like the wolves did of old when they used to skulk down from these hills in great numbers, to the level where Flemington now stands so gracefully, or father on, down the sheltered vale of the South Branch River, for their suppers.

Not unlike one of these in the demands of his inner man was Richard, or "Dick," Loud, as he was called, an extensive cattle and horse dealer from Pennsylvania, who happened here one bleak day as he was passing through the State. It was one of "Dick's" boasts that he knew more of tavern life than any other man in New Jersey. "Big Bill" Armstrong and his tavern were a combination after "Dick's" own heart. He knew them both well, though he had not seen one or the other for some years. On this occasion he rode eagerly toward the inn and finally reached it.

"Hallo, the house!" the rider shouted as he reined up in front of the tavern. Then he noticed the closed blinds. "Hey! my man," he called to a farmhand passing, "What's to do here? Has Armstrong put up the shutters for the night already?"

"Armstrong, said ye?" asked the man; "why he's been dead more'n two year. Another falla, Abe Skinner, kept place since him. He's dead, too. Place has been shet goin' on six months."

"Here! don't be in such an all-fired hurry!" demanded "Dick" as the stranger walked on. "I want supper and bed for myself and horse, and I'm bound to have it."

"There was light in the tavern last night," said the stranger, walking on. "Mebbe somebody's a-kepin' it again. Ye might get in if ye tried."

The fact was the young man thus questioned, Tony Trimmer by name, was so filled with superstitious fear of the inn that no money could have bribed him to stay longer. He really suspected that the mounted man was only a phantom of the haunted place.

"Well, I like this—over the left!" said "Dick." "Tom, my friend, this is tough," he murmured, addressing his horse as if he were a human companion. "Come, get up with you to the barn, Tom. You're the first to be considered, anyway. We'll storm the old place for a night's lodging whatever comes."

Having found everything necessary and stabled his horse comfortably, "Dick" next thought of his own needs, and, with his big stock whip doubled up in his hand, he marched across to the inn he had known so long and liked so well. First he tried the front door, but, getting no response to his knocks, he went 'round to the back.

"By Jiminies!" he cried, at last, "I wonder if the old string arrangement is here still!"

He found that it was. Then he pulled the bobbin and "open sesame!" in he walked, just as he had done many a time in former days.

All was quiet and as dark as pitch in the house, but out from "Dick's" capacious pocket came his portable tinderbox and steel, and a light was struck in no time.

Candles of all lengths were there in their candlesticks, just as they had been blown out long months before. After lighting a couple of these he lost no time in making for the bar. There on the counter and tables stood stone and pewter mugs, covered with dust and dried-up dregs of long ago potations. Each vessel, when lifted, left a little circular island of clean wood amid the dust that covered everything. "Dick's" eye, however, wandered in search of something more potent than stuff usually slopped out in stone and pewter pots.

"Aha! here she is!" he exclaimed, bringing out a high-shouldered, green bottle from the dark recesses of a closet. Pulling out the cork, he sniffed at the contents and smiled. With this and a couple of silver-mounted horn noggins "Dick" made his way to what used to be his favorite table, where he and "Big Bill" Armstrong had sat many an hour together. He pulled up two chairs, for a strange fancy got hold of him to imagine that his old favorite, "Bill," sat there facing him, as of yore. Having wiped the thick of the dust away with his sleeve, he put on the table the candle, the green bottle and the two drinking vessels. Then, filling both measures to the brims, he raised one, tipped its top and bottom in a convivial way against the other and nodded smilingly across the table.

" 'Bill' Armstrong, mine old friend and host," he said, "your jolly good health." Then he drained his noggin to the dregs.

"You see, 'Bill,' we're mostly great fools in this stupid old world of ours," Dick went on pleasantly, refilling his glass; "but to me, now, the trifling fact of your having kicked the bucket needn't interfere at all with our socia-

bility to-night. This house without you is an impossibility— quite out of the question. If you've thought proper to change your coat, what of it? You're there, all the same. I cannot see you as plainly and distinctly as before, but that's my fault and not yours. Here's to you again, my good old host, and may your shadow never grow less!" and again Dick's glass was emptied.

Then there came three loud knocks on the door or under the floor—Dick hardly knew which. But he went to the door and opened it.

"Come in, good friends," he called, being anything but averse to one or two more for company; but nobody was there, and the only response to his invitation to enter was made by a great gust of wind and pelting rain. It took all his strength to close the door again against the blast which whistled and whined through windows and keyholes like voices of goblins.

"That must have been old Simon, your cellarman, that knocked, 'Bill,'" Dick said, returning to his imaginary host. "I remember his knock full well, when he used to summon you below stairs. Never mind, 'Bill' just keep your seat; I'll run down for you. I'll wager Simon just wants you to stand me a magnum, eh? What! Excuse me, 'Bill,' I'll return anon." And away went Dick with the second candle.

"What, ho! Simon! Didst knock, man?" he called, but he got no answer.

"Out on thee, thou baron of bungholes!" he shouted. "I believe thou livest and growest fat on the mildewed cobwebs and dust of thine ancient and fruity treasures down here."

Then seizing the wooden hammer used by cellar-men, he hit a half-empty hogshead a few resonant bangs, singing what was probably the fag end of some old bacchanal's sentiments:

O never a church bell sweeter rung
Than the sound of his hammer on a brandy bung—
His old wooden mallet that so long he's swung—
Sing ho! for old Simon the cellarer!

Walking forward he saw and seized a goodly sized wine bottle.

"See, mine host 'Bill,'" he shouted; "a magnum, with the jolly old Simon's compliments. Good old port; imported port, of Oporto! Selah!"

By the time he had finished the port—all but the one glass duly set before his invisible host—"Dick" had jabbered himself tired and somewhat sleepy. About midnight, with many apologies for leaving what he called his "entertainer's very agreeable company," he took his candle and started upstairs.

"I know my old bunk, 'Bill.' Don't move a step!" "Dick" said at parting. "It's like going upstairs in my own home. I never had a real home in my life, though; but that's the very reason I know so well what a home should be. A fair good-night to thee, friend 'Bill,' and happy dreams."

"Dick" Loud seemed to hugely enjoy his merry conceit of thus conjuring up his old host for company and chuckled over it as he shambled a little unsteadily toward the hall leading to the stairs. He held in utter scorn all

tales about ghosts and had many a time gloried in telling of things like what he had just done as a proof that all such beliefs were fit only for weak women and children.

From the room where "Dick" was to the hall, there was a drop of about two inches in the floor. This to most people is worse than a clearly apparent drop of three times that depth; and it proved somewhat of a pitfall to "Dick," for he stumbled to his knees and let his candle fall, extinguishing his light. Scrambling quickly to his feet, an imprecation died on his lips as he beheld a lighted candle in the hand of a thin, bent old man who was slowly mounting the stairs. Grabbing up his broken candle he hurried toward him.

"Hallo, there! friend Simon; stop and give us a light, won't you!" cried Dick; but the man took no notice and went on up the stair.

"Deaf as a doornail!" thought "Dick" as he rattled pell-mell up the stair in pursuit, "but I'll make him hear me!"

He reached the top step only just in time to see the old man disappear through a door a few feet away, leaving the hall in utter darkness. Lighting his candle in his own way, "Dick" determined to see more of the unsociable old man and proceeded to pound on the door. Stopping to see if there was any response and putting his ear to the door, he couldn't hear a sound within. Then reaching down to shake the latch, he found there was none there; and more, a cold shiver ran through him to find that it was no ordinary door at all, but a dummy or blind door that had been nailed up and not opened for scores of years.

"By my halidom, Dick Loud; brave man as thou art,

this seemeth to down thy proudest philosophy!" Dick muttered to himself, considerably sobered. "Through the very timber of this door that old man passed, as sure as I live and breathe the breath of a mortal man. Humph! methinks port on top o' brandy and no supper withal doth unman me! Sleep—sleep only will correct this brainless phantasy."

Another surprise awaited him, for as he approached the room he had formerly occupied, the door, which had been closed, slowly opened with a long "sque-a-k," of its own accord. "Dick" stared hard at the door, looked behind it and everywhere, to find if anybody had moved the door and hid afterward, but he could see nobody and nothing to account for it.

"Humph!" said he again in a dissatisfied way. "Enough of this. I'm in my own room of old now and there's my bed. A truce to this humbug!"

With that he banged the door shut, locked it, set the candle down on a chair and flung himself, all as he was, on the bed. He couldn't sleep, however. An unaccountable restlessness so pervaded his whole system that sleep was impossible, excepting little cat-naps, out of which he woke every few minutes with a start.

This astonished him greatly, but it might not have done so had he known that the floor and walls of his room were stained with spatters and splashes of human blood. Of course he knew nothing of it, but that was the room where old Skinner's housekeeper was said to have been murdered. The very bed where he lay had been saturated with blood and remained as it was left after that

"Bill Armstrong, mine old friend and host," he said, "your jolly good health."

tragedy. But a half-drunk man with a broken, sputtering candle for light is not very discriminating.

One shadow on the white wall "Dick" had been watching for some time. He thought it grew larger and larger, and he could have sworn he saw it move.

"Only the flicker of the candle," he thought at last, and dozed again.

Presently he awoke with a spring. Half conscious, he had heard a moan for some time; and now that shadow had turned into a crouching woman, evidently in an agony of fear at the sound of approaching footsteps in the hallway. Then, before "Dick" could collect his wits, the old man he had seen on the stairs burst into the room and while the woman dropped on her knees with clasped hands, he raised a heavy cleaver and dashed out her brains.

With cold beads upon his brow, "Dick" sprang from the bed at the ruthless murderer; but he grasped only empty air. His rage and horror turned to dread. He seized the candle and held it down to find the woman. She, too, had vanished; but there, where she fell was the mark of a pool of blood. Holding the light to the dark smudge on the wall, he saw that that was blood, too. Other stains were everywhere.

"Even on the bed where I've been lying; Zounds! it's a human shamble!" he exclaimed, backing out shivering and aghast. But once outside the door he stopped in breathless astonishment.

At the other side of the passage the same old man, now with a noose of stout rope around his neck, was in the act of tying the other end to the stair banister. The man then deliberately flung himself down the stairway. Dick

was filled with horror. He rushed to cut the man down, but neither man nor rope was there; everything was still as the grave.

The first gray streaks of morning discovered a man on horseback, riding with all speed away from the haunted Cherryville Tavern. It was "Dick" Loud, and it was the last time he was ever seen in that vicinity.

WHEN TALMAGE WAS YOUNG.

INCIDENTS IN THE FAMOUS CLERGYMAN'S LIFE WHEN HE ATTENDED GREEN KNOLL SCHOOL, NEAR SOMERVILLE.

In the year 1817 only one lonely house stood facing the sea on that part of the Jersey coast now occupied by Long Branch. The inmates of the house, being fisher-folks, always cast their eyes to seaward with the first streaks of daylight, for they knew it was a treacherous coast, that often proved fatal to ships that tried to pass in the night.

One of the first of this family to be out on this morning was the old grandfather, who had been a sailor for many years. On a level spot commanding a good sea view he would walk up and down studying the wind and weather and watery horizon, just as he formerly did on the slippery deck of his vessel, and he as faithfully reported each passing craft to his family in the house, as he was wont to do to the captain in his cabin, when he kept larboard or starboard watch aboard ship.

"Ahoy, below there, shipmates! Slip your cables!" he sung out one morning before the others were astir: "Ship dismasted and driving ashore, going down fast by her head! Wind east, blowin' a whole gale!"

The son and son's sons were soon rushing down to the shore where the mighty breakers came bounding, roaring and hissing in. What were their little fishing boats among such raging billows? They could do nothing!

670022

But there was no signal of distress nor other sign of life on the ship. The waves broke in seething mountains over her and rolled her hull like a huge log before them. Evidently all on board had perished.

Presently a man was seen in the surf, buffeted by the waves, but clinging tenaciously to a broken spar. After many disappearances and reappearances, each time flung by the waves nearer land, he was finally seized and hauled ashore. Then it was found that he was lashed to the spar with a stout rope and that he was to all appearance dead. They, however, bore him to the lonely house, where kind, expert treatment restored him to life.

The rescued man proved to be Francis Hastings, about twenty years of age, a native of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. Having lost everything he possessed in the wreck, the young man, when recovered, was given food and clothes; and as he was of superior education, he soon set about maintaining himself by teaching school. As time went on he enlarged his work and later he taught a goodly number of pupils in a building which stood near where the Green Knoll school now stands, about half way between Pluckemin and Somerville.

The late Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was one of Mr. Hasting's pupils in that school. Living with his parents in the house now owned by Frederick Potts, on the Talmage road out of Somerville, until he was about fiftten, the doctor used to go across lots to the Hastings School. Dr. Talmage was born on a farm near Somerville, on the Pluckemin road. When he was about ten the family moved to and lived in the toll-gate house, on the old New Jersey turnpike from Easton to New Brunswick, where

they kept the toll-gate. The boy, who afterwards rose to fame, used often to relieve his father by keeping the gate and taking the toll money.

For these and many other interesting facts I am indebted to John A Powelson, a cousin of Dr. Talmage and a nephew of Francis Hastings. Mr. Powelson has a fine farm and a pleasant residence about a mile and a half out of Pluckemin on the Somerville road. Being intensely interested in the folklore of his native State, and of this section in particular, he desired some years ago to verify the statement as to Talmage and Hastings, and wrote the doctor asking if he remembered going to the Hastings school. To this a manuscript reply was received. It is said to be the last autograph letter that the doctor ever wrote. The missive is dated at Washington, April 10, 1901, and is addressed to "John A. Powelson, Esq." In it the doctor wrote:

"Your letter received concerning Mr. Francis Hastings. Yes, I remember Mr. Hastings as my teacher in the schoolhouse on the road between Pluckemin and Somerville. It was then called Herod's school, a man by the name of Herod living near. I remember Mr. Hastings opened the school every morning with prayer, putting his foot on a chair and his elbow on his knee and his hand before his eyes, but often looking through his fingers while he prayed to see if any of us were behaving badly, so that he literally fulfilled the injunction, 'Watch and pray.'

"I am glad to know that he is being held in remembrance, for he was a good man and faithful. Yours,

T. DeWitt Talmage."

"Big Jim Quick," as he is called, one of Talmage's

playmates and school-fellows, is now eighty years of age, and a resident of Somerville. "Big Jim" is six feet three inches in height and of proportionate build. He and DeWitt, as Talmage was called in those long ago days, attended the "Herod" school at the same time.

"He was a good boy, was DeWitt," Jim says, "but he was full of harmless mischief just like most other boys. He was a born leader, though, wherever he was."

It seems that old "Herod," who lived near the school and had a nice apple orchard, was a lame and crusty individual. It is broadly understood that this dangerous combination, coupled with a stout cane, such as lame men usually carry, probably impressed the cruel name of "Herod" upon many another boy's mind, as well as on that of the lad who, after rising to world-wide distinction, so well remembered him.

The old man's name was not "Herod," however, any more that it was "Old Gooseberry," which the boys also called him. His real name was Herriot. But the nickname "Herod," even in the great preacher's memory, seems to have outlived all others.

One night "big Jim" and his favorite playmate, DeWitt Talmage, were left alone at the former's home to amuse themselves, while David Talmage and Mr. Quick senior went to make a call. After many games and tricks, the irrepressible DeWitt inserted a lighted candle into his mouth and then dared Jim to do it. Not to be outdone, Jim grabbed the candle and did the same thing, intending to quickly withdraw it as DeWitt had done; but the latter, really with much greater force than he intended, struck Jim's hand and sent the blazing candle

into his throat, quite severely burning his tonsils. That was one of the many Talmage stunts that old Somerville residents still talk about.

Another man who remembers Dr. Talmage's boyhood, though he was much younger than the doctor, is Van Nest Garretson. He well remembers a trip that DeWitt made with him and Mr. Garretson to North Branch in a wagon drawn by a team of oxen. The trip was made to get a load of wood. On the return journey the oxen became unmanageable and ran away. DeWitt and Van Nest were much alarmed, but the latter's father, who was quite calm, laughed at them.

"Never mind, boys!" he shouted. "We can ride as hard as they can run! Hold fast and let them go!"

At a turn in the road, however, the wagon was upset and they all went rolling into a ditch, but no one was injured.

When the Talmages kept the tollgate, the women folk sometimes took the money. One day when Mrs. Talmage was on duty, a Mr. Gaston came through. He happened to be carrying a cat in his wagon, intending to drop it somewhere to get rid of it. He was a droll man and exceedingly fond of a joke, and so when Mrs. Talmage had politely opened the gate and reached out for the money, much to her horror, Gaston dropped his cat in her hand and drove off. Upon returning, however, he paid his proper dues and said the laugh he had had was good interest on the money. The old wooden cradle in which Dr. Talmage was rocked in his babyhood came into this Mr. Gaston's family and is still carefully preserved by them.

Francis Hastings, who so pathetically landed in this

country, stripped by the merciless waves of all but life, had been given a liberal education before he left his native England. This was done in preparation for a high station which he was almost certain to succeed to, and it stood him in good stead in the profession he immediately took up—that of teaching. After working at this calling for fourteen years he purchased a small farm in Bridgewater Township, on the Pluckemin road, and married Ann Powelson, who was a great-aunt to my informant, John A. Powelson. Hastings was a man of the deepest piety and never engaged in any undertaking without first seeking the Divine guidance in prayer. He was chosen one of the first elders of the Pluckemin Presbyterian Church.

There was an additional pathos added to the life of Francis Hastings in the fact that, through powerful opposition and malfeasance brought to bear against his interests in England, his legal heirship to titled revenues and valuable estates there was overridden and lost.

On the death of his uncle, the distinguished nobleman and soldier, Francis Hastings, Marquis of Hastings, Baron Rawdon, Earl of Huntingdon and Moira, etc., in the year 1825, William Hastings, brother of the deceased Francis and father of Francis Hastings, who taught school here, became the just and legal heir to the baronies of Hastings, comprising the earldoms of Huntingdon and Moira, but in consequence of the malversations then made use of he was deprived of his rights.

The claim stands recorded in the College of Heraldry in London and was prosecuted to the utmost of the heir's ability. It, however, failed, probably for lack of sufficient

funds to set in motion the very cumbrous legal machinery necessary to be moved in his behalf. There were many personal letters on the subject from Lord Lyon, and all of them went to show the validity of Mr. Hastings's just claim. These letters are still among Mr. Hastings's papers, which are now in the possession of his grandchildren in the West.

After his father's death, Hastings made several visits from his American home to England in the hope of establishing his rights as direct heir, but these trips were all in vain. His first trip over on this special quest was made in the well-known first leviathan steamship Great Eastern on her first return voyage from New York to England.

After the death of his wife in 1854 Mr. Hastings moved with his family to Fulton County, Ill., where his children and grandchildren still reside. He returned to this State and died in Jersey City about fifteen years ago at the age of ninety-seven years. His remains and those of his wife are buried in the Pluckemin Cemetery.

"PRINCE" GEORGE OF SOMERSET.

PICTURESQUE CHARACTER WHO WAS WELL KNOWN IN PLUCKEMIN AND WHO FOUND A BRIDE IN UPPER NEW YORK.

In his time George Van Nest, or "Prince George," as he was commonly called, was unquestionably one of the most picturesque figures of Somerset County. Born in 1736 he was the son of Peter Van Nest, after whom Peter's Brook, near Pluckemin, was named. He was also a great-grandfather of the Rev. Dr. Talmadge. Peter's father, also named Peter, was the original, or pioneer, Van Nest in America. He emigrated to this country from the Netherlands in 1647 and lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Peter Van Nest, the second in America, was the first of the family in New Jersey. He owned a large tract of fertile land along the north branch of the Raritan River, between the village of North Branch and Somerville, and in time his estate was portioned off among his sons, whom he left all well to do.

George, especially, lived so sumptuously, dispensed such a royal hospitality and moved at all times with so much pomp and dignity, that nothing short of the title of prince seemed to fit him. Naturally, it rose to people's lips in speaking of him. When he went out driving, one of his many slaves in high hat and stiff "choker," held the reins; another in equally correct garb sat by the driver with folded arms, bolt upright, ready at all times to get

Catherine was then swinging on the garden gate

down and open gates, brush off stinging flies from the horses, or clear away any obstruction, alive or dead, from their path. Alongside the lordly master himself sat his little darky page, who always followed close at his master's heels at home or abroad, ready to fill his pipe, hold his great coat and cane, open and close doors and perform the thousand little offices of personally and obsequiously waiting upon him.

"Prince" George's picture hangs in the fine old homestead of his great-grandson, Henry Van Nest Garretson, near North Branch, where a number of Talmage's youthful years were spent, and where the old-time upper and lower half doors are still to be seen. Over the latter of these the doctor (Talmage) used to swing when a little boy and look longingly down the road for the return of his parents from church. At the height of his fame the great preacher delighted in going over this and other familiar scenes of his early youth, in company with friends from the great cities.

Any one who knew Dr. Talmage, and who looks at the portrait of "Prince" George, can hardly fail to see a striking family likeness between the two. The doctor was taller and his countenance showed greater mentality, but in his great-grandfather's face in the picture the same strong lines of intellectual individuality and force are plainly discernible.

With all his magnificence, "Prince" George fell an easy victim to the charms of Catherine Williamson, an attractive young woman who lived with her parents in Seneca County, N. Y. His parents had taken him there on a visit when he was a mere lad, and he and Catherine

played together with other children. Young as he was, however, George was deeply impressed with his playmate, and more than once he told her with what must have been comical gravity that he considered her a very nice girl and that when he was big enough he would come all the way from Jersey on a prancing steed to get her for his wife.

"And," said he one day, "I'll bring a fine horse and a side saddle for you, so that you can ride back with me."

Catherine was then swinging on the garden gate. She stopped her swinging to listen and stood demurely looking at her little cavalier. Suddenly her mother burst out laughing just behind her:

"Oh, for goodness sake," the mother cried, "look at George and Cattie sweethearting!"

Instantly and without a word Catherine hit George a stinging smack on his cheek and ran into the house crying. That was the last George and Catherine saw of each other for more than ten years. But George had not forgotten her. When next they met his face was protected by a beard, and the red marks of Catherine's fingers seemed to have been transferred to her own cheeks. The chubby little boy was now transfigured into the handsome, rich and regal-looking "Prince George." The girl had become a charming woman.

This time she did not smite him upon the cheek, although he had the temerity to repeat the very same proposal that he made to her that other time, when she, in a dimity pinafore, was swinging on the garden gate. It is freely admitted that her mother did not make fun of her on this occasion.

As a result of the talk that the couple had on this occasion "Prince George" rode away to his Jersey home as happy as a lark. He had Catherine's permission to bring to her that horse and side saddle, and in his heart he knew that she would return with him as his wife. Early in the following summer—that eventful summer of 1765, just when the news was permeating the indignant colonies that the British Parliament had passed the stamp act—"Prince George" appeared at her home once more, and they were duly married. Catherine, an expert horsewoman, vaulted to the back of the shining and fiery bay mare which George had brought for her, and dashed out over the meadows for a preliminary or trial spin. There were ejaculations of wonder and fear from the town-bred visitors for Catherine's safety. After a number of evolutions and sprints, with the mare under perfect control, she rode back at a canter, patting and stroking the arched neck of her mount. Then, reining the horse, the young woman jumped to the ground.

"George!" she cried to her husband, "I'd follow you on that mare around the world! She's my queen! And the saddle like herself, is second to none. It is the blue ribbon of perfection!"

The long wedding march from the young bride's home in New York was commenced immediately and continued daily until the travellers finally reached their home, within about a mile of Pluckemin. The only roads to follow were bridle paths or Indian trails. As the Indians were then plentiful and in an ugly mood, the "Prince's" escort of four mounted and armed blacks in advance and four

following his wife and himself and their two pages, was no more than the case called for.

The red men had been growing more and more dangerous since the termination of the French war in 1760, until in 1763 that able and warlike chief, Pontiac, arose and fell upon the English in the Northwest, capturing all their posts west of Oswego, except Niagara, Fort Pitt and Detroit. Following the tremendous prestige and daring this gave them, the Indians were scouring the country in bands far and wide, plundering, murdering and burning all before them, determined, as they said, to exterminate the white grovelers, who were increasing and multiplying so alarmingly.

If the wedding party had delayed setting out just one day longer, in all likelihood it would never have reached the "prince's" home, but would have perished as so many other parties did in those perilous times, leaving no record behind of what had befallen them. As it was, at the end of their first day's ride, "Prince" George and his fellow-travelers put up for the night at a little settlement village called Painted Post. They left the next morning at daybreak, continuing their journey by forced marches along the Susquehana River and through Pennsylvania. It was well for them that they did so, for they just escaped a desperate gang of more than fifty savages, who the very next night surrounded Painted Post, killed every white person they could find and burnt the place to the ground.

Fortunately, "Prince George" and Catherine's honeymoon in the saddle ended propitiously and all arrived at the old homestead in safety. If, as so nearly happened, it

had been otherwise, the whole Christian world would have been the loser, for it would never have known T. DeWitt Talmage.

"PRINCE" GEORGE'S SONS

HOW THE OFFSPRING OF A FAMOUS SOMERSET COUNTY MAN PROSPERED IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

When George Van Nest, otherwise known as "Prince" George, and his fair bride, Catherine, arrived at his ancestral home in Somerset County; it may be assured that he was ignorant of one thing, and that was that his great-grandson, John Van Nest, would live in that same old homestead, and would have the distinction in this, our day, of being a near neighbor of Tunis Melick, the far-famed and hilariously popular "Mayor of Pluckemin."

Were the present Mr. Van Nest disposed to shut his eyes to this fact—which I feel sure he is not—his ears would inevitably remind him of it, for the jolly Mr. Melick has a singularly far-reaching and pleasing baritone voice, which floats on the ambient air to incredible distances, especially when, with reassuring and resounding laugh, he declines some proffered favor with his famous recitative: "Later on, boys! later on!! later on!!!"

"Prince" George and Catherine had seven sons and two daughters. According to a family tradition one of the daughters, Jane, was always terribly afraid to go up to the garret of their home, because of a peculiar forehandedness on her father's part. He owned much timber of the finest kind, but prided himself particularly in his great store of black walnut. One tree pleased him so well that he had a number of slabs carefully sawed from it, and these, after inspection, he labeled, "For my coffin."

Then he stored them away in the garret. Jane dreaded to enter the garret on this account, and whenever unavoidable duties took her there she kept a wary eye on those black boards, usually finishing her visits by scudding from the room as if the slabs were following her.

All the "princes's" sons became rich men. This, however, was not due to the proverbial "silver spoon." Abraham, the most pronounced success of them all, ran away from home when he was twelve years old and with only one dollar in his pocket. Like many another adventurous boy since his day, little Abe landed in New York, but unlike most runaways of these latter days, he was not fired with dime novel ambitions.

On the contrary, Abe set out to find employment. He soon obtained a position, and, going earnestly to work, he saved what remained of his scant capital. Soon he had his dollar back again, and then he began adding bit by bit to it from his small pay as errand boy in a harness supply store. He stuck to his work, never once asking for a day off. His pay grew with his stature, up and up, until at last he was made manager of the concern. Then he worked harder than ever, and in time he became proprietor of the business.

In 1819, when he was forty-two, and had been thirty years in New York, he bought the old Warren mansion, which, surrounded by beautiful grounds, stood in what was then a rural hamlet on the outskirts of New York, and was known as Greenwich Village. He paid $10,000 for it. This house was built in 1740 by Sir Peter Warren, vice-admiral of the English navy, who at that time was in command of the British fleet in New York. It

was the admiral's summer home, his town house being on Bowling Green. Long years afterwards, when the city eventually crept up and absorbed Greenwich, Mr. Van Nest's property formed one whole block, surrounded by Bleecker, Fourth, Charles and Perry streets.

When Mr. Van Nest bought Warren House it was two miles beyond the city limit. The family, according to Mr. Van Nest's daughter, Mrs. Ann Van Nest Bussing, used to go to it every summer from their city home, the latter being where the Corn Exchange Bank now stands on William street. Kip & Brown's stage coaches then ran every hour between Greenwich Village and New York, and those desiring to take the trip were obliged to give notice at the company's office, so that the coach might call for them. So lonely and dark was the road from the city at night, Mrs. Bussings says, that when her father was detained later than usual her mother anxiously awaited the return of his carriage.

The house stood in a perfect forest of grand old horse chestnuts, willows, poplars, sycamores and locusts, forming in places an impenetrable shade. Besides these, there were cherry, apricot and peach trees, always laden in their season with delicious fruit. The garden, which extended the whole length of the two-and-a-half-acre tract, was in summer a very fairyland of flowers of the good old kinds—hollyhocks, coxcombs, sweet William, bleeding hearts, ragged sailors, maid-o'-the mist, bachelor buttons, wallflowers, old man, mignonette, lilies, clove pinks, phlox, poppies, larkspurs, strawberry shrub, etc. All the old favorites were there in abundance, in boxwood-bor-

dered beds of fanciful shapes. In June the whole garden was pink with the loveliest roses.

The carriage drive which at one time wound gracefully through the extensive woods of the Warren estate in later years ran straight through from one street to the other. A wide hall extended from the front to the back of the house, and on the first landing of the broad, old-fashioned staircase a tall and very ancient clock sedately checked off the passage of time.

Many changes had the old sentinel seen from its station in the hall during its stately tour of duty through nearly fifty years. It had heard voices of gladness and moans of sorrow. Four times it heard glad marriage bells rung for one after another of four happily married daughters. It also heard many other rejoicings. Oftener, however, it marked the heavy presence of grief and woe, when the dread reaper came beckoning for the infant, the child, the youth and man and woman, and bore them off.

The Christmas gatherings, when children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren—in later years numbering nearly fifty—met at the old homestead and clustered around the beloved patriarch with "Merry Christmas" greetings, the house rang with joy. In those days the little ones loved to stand by "grandpa" and see in answer to his gentle "coo-coo!" clouds of pigeons—thousands of them, a relative says—fluttering from their houses to pick up the handfuls of corn that were showered among them. John A. Powelson well remembers seeing these things on his visits to his great-uncle. His mother often anticipated with delight that outing of outings, "going to Greenwich to see Uncle Abraham." Their last visit there

was made in 1863, when Mr. Powelson helped the old gentleman to feed the myriads of pigeons, and saw the cow and many chickens as peacefully feeding, as if they were out in the balmy and far-off country, instead of being in that marvelous oasis in the very heart of New York. Mr. Van Nest was then in his eighty-seventh year and rather feeble, but he was as kindly genial as ever, especially to his young visitors.

Always the doors were thrown open to clergymen who were welcome and frequent guests. Closeted with his clerical friends in the quiet retirement of his library, Mr. Van Nest spent many of the happiest hours of his life in taking counsel in devising and perfecting plans for promoting the welfare of the Reformed Dutch Church, the best interests of which were so dear to his heart.

An interesting reminder of the past was often to be seen at the old homestead, in the person of the old colored "Aunty" leaning on the Dutch half-door that opened gardenward. "Aunty" had lived as a slave in "Prince" George's family and afterward served nearly forty years in that of his son Abraham. Her descendants were with him to the end of his life.

Abraham Van Nest was especially blest in his choice of a wife. She was Miss Margaret Field, of Fieldville, near Bound Brook, where she was born in 1782. She was married when she was nineteen years of age. Beautiful in character, as she was universally acknowledged to be in person, for fifty years she looked well to the ways of their household, and as wife and mother she as nearly approached perfection as it falls to the lot of humanity to be in anything.

Mr. Van Nest was one of the founders of the old Greenwich Savings Bank of New York, and served as its president a great many years. He made his will in the year 1807, which was fifty-seven years before he died. At the same time he wrote beautiful letters to his sons and daughters, sealing them and laying them away with his will, with instructions that they were to be handed to each at such time after his decease as his executors might deem expedient. The letters were couched in most affectionate terms of advice, breathing forth the deepest piety. They were duly delivered by the executors and have all been preserved.

Mr. Van Nest died in 1864 in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Shortly afterward the old homestead, which cost him $10,000, was sold for upward of $500,000. Soon the fine old trees fell, the house was demolished and the garden was blotted out. Then the last long lingering relic of old Greenwich, a place which was filled with sacred associations to many a heart in New Jersey, was known no more.

TALES OF THE PAST.

REALISTIC MANNER IN WHICH A VENERABLE HILLSBOROUGH COUPLE RECALLED THE DAYS OF THE LONG AGO.

It was my privilege, and certainly my pleasure, to be present the other evening at a very unusual and most interesting gathering. Unfortunately my admission as a guest was circumscribed by certain conditions, among these being an exacted understanding on my part, that neither the names of the host and hostess nor those of any of their guests should be given in any printed reference I might make to the function. It was also understood that I was not to give any more definite designation as to place than to say that the house where we met is an old-fashioned and well-preserved homestead in Hillsborough Township, of Somerset County, in this State.

The idea occurred to the proprietor and his wife, both aged and excellent descendants of some of the first settlers in these parts, that it would be pleasant to recall old associations and memories in a realistic way. They accordingly began their preparations by pulling out the fireboard which had been so many years papered out of sight like a dead wall, and again exposed the wide old open fireplace to full view. Then they refurbished a long disused, old iron pot, hung it up by its pothooks from the sooty beam and crossbar in the chimney, put in place the andirons, piled upon them a goodly heap of logs and when the proper time came set them ablaze.

Ancient candelsticks, tall and short ones, the latter with trays and snuffers, real tallow candles alight, many pewter dishes, old-fashioned blue plates, dish covers and mugs, a brass preserving pan and copper teakettles adorned the tall mantelpiece. Depending therefrom was a pair of bellows and at each end of the expansive grate stood the poker, shovel, tongs, etc., that had seen many a year of active service where they were now reinstated.

The room was also given over to high-backed chairs, long hair-seated sofas, old pictures, several samplers and quaint ornaments. In the room there were two spinning wheels, one for flax and the other for wool. At the latter, as I entered the place on the long-to-be-remembered occasion, a grand dame in "tallying" ironed cap, brocaded gown, little shawl and mittened hands, sat and spun woolen yarn. It was no make-believe attempt. The worker made the wheel whirl merrily and the bobbin hum with the genuine purring sound of real spinning. The host in a great oaken arm chair, sat smoking a long-stemmed Dutch pipe. He wore the same kind of knee breeches, white silk stockings and buckled shoes, and the same cut of high-necked, broad frocked coat that were used by his grandfather over a hundred years ago; the grandson being, himself, now a great-grandfather.

The hostess wore a cap with lavender-colored bows and ornaments, such as adorned married women's heads some fifty years ago. In fact every woman present wore a cap befitting her age. Besides the aged matron presiding at the spinning wheel, three other venerable dames wore the old-fashioned white caps with fluted borders. Which appealed most to the eye, the very old ladies in those ador-

able white caps and ancient gowns, the middle-aged matrons in most becoming colored caps and rustling silks, or the several maidens in very good imitations of the old-time short-waisted homespuns—it was hard, indeed, to decide, for all were interesting in their several ways.

After a while the spinning wheels, embroidery reticules and knitting kits were laid aside, and two old colored men, for the nonce supposed to be slaves, laid the shining, homespun linen tablecloth and supper, setting out all the pewter ware and old delf that was to be had. On the table, which was liberally supplied with tall candles, were heaps of brown bread, johnnycakes, cookies, home-made cake, doughnuts, baked beans, fruit tarts, gingerbread horses and men. Cider was served in pewter and old china mugs.

Supper over, in lieu of a dance, a grand-daughter of the host played a slow march, using the muffled, low pedal of the piano in imitation of the harp. The host drew the arm of the senior dame through his own and was followed by the rest of the company in couples in a procession around the room, giving one a very interesting glimpse, as it were, of the past. After several turns, chairs were arranged in a wide semi-circle about the fire, and as if nature itself seconded the idea in hand, a storm seemed to work itself up as a background for the entertainment. The wind rose high and began to roar through the trees outside. It whined and whistled through the keyholes and rumbled in the chimney. Then the colored man brought in word that a big snow storm was in full swing.

"Let it come, Uncle Tom, my hearty!" cried the host. "How seasonable it is! Pile on more logs, Tom, and

'Sing ho! the green holly!
For this is most jolly!'

"And now, my dear friends," the ruddy-faced old gentleman went on, "let's be seated around the fire and be comfortable; for Tom is making it outroar the storm itself, and nothing beats good spruce logs for a merry crackle of a welcoming fire!"

Then settling himself cozily in his ancestral chair and making an elevated, acute angle of his meeting finger tips, with his elbows resting on the chair arms, thus displaying to great advantage the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists, and also airing his silver shoe buckles and tights by crossing his legs, the jolly host, his face beaming and rosy with good humor, set the ball rolling in what he said was decidedly the most important of their evening's amusement. He explained that each person present should tell some tale of his or her own experience, or something each must have heard others tell of their long past—let it be an old song or sermon or sentiment, legend or ghost story, anything, long or short, tragic or comic, of the years gone by.

"And," said he, "as example, however poor it may be, is ever better than precept, I will tell you that very early in life I heard a story about one Theophilus Thistle:

"Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter in sifting a sieve of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistle thorns through the thick of his thumb. What did Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, do with the three thousand thistle thorns thrust through the thick of his thumb?

This the young folks had never before heard and great

fun resulted from their unsuccessful attempts to say it quickly as it had been given. The Thistle story, with several other meaningless compositions of the kind, the host said, used to be given to children to test and improve certain difficulties of English pronunciation.

"And now," said he, "having exposed my own weakness in ancient lore, and as any one can easily beat me at it, I propose that we all take turns around the circle as the sun goes.

"Therefore, my charming and very dear friend," he said, with a graceful inclination to his next neighbor, the oldest woman present, a woman in her eighty-eighth year, "this gives me the honor and pleasure of calling upon you. Permit me to suggest, 'Aunt Jane,' that there must be some subtle secret whereby you so wonderfully preserve your youthfulness. That, now, would be the most interesting of all things to tell us."

Mrs. D., the venerable but sprightly dame thus addressed, said she would gladly tell them that secret, and to do so she would give the very words her mother used in answering a precisely similar question put to her just 101 years ago as follows:

> When hungry, of the best I eat,
> And dry and warm I keep my feet;
> I shield my head from sun and rain,
> And let few cares perplex my brain.

That, the old lady said, equally applied to her case and very completely set forth the only secret as to her own health.

The next one called upon in rotation was another Mrs. D., aged seventy-eight. She related some facts that seemed of considerable interest and which probably missed getting into histories of Readington church.

"Casper Berger," she said, "was stolen from Holland when a little boy, early in the seventeenth century. He was brought to New York, and, like many other helpless people in those early times, was sold as a slave. A farmer on Long Island bought him, and with him the boy worked until he had bought his freedom, after which he hired himself for good pay and soon laid by some money. Then he migrated as one of the earliest settlers in what was afterward called Readington. There by great industry and enterprise he became a rich and prosperous man. He built the Ten Brook Inn, which soon became a thriving hostelry, and in time attained considerable celebrity as a house of call for coaches and other vehicular traffic between Easton and other Pennsylvania centres to Newark, New Brunswick, Elizabethtown, etc. He owned several hundred acres of land and donated to the village of Readington the church land on which the present Reformed church stands, as well as the greater part of the surrounding cemetery.

"While breaking in a colt Casper Berger had the misfortune to break his leg, and he made a phenomenally bad patient, being so self-willed and excitable that nobody could do anything with him. The doctor said that he should keep to his bed for a length of time, but Mr. Berger treated such advice with scorn. He insisted on being out and about and hobbled around with two canes before the bone was properly set. In doing that he fell and

broke his leg again. This brought him to his senses and he lay quietly on his bed until the bone was properly united and became as gentle and tractable as any man need be."

Subsequently inquiry among old Readington people confirms the statement as to Mr. Berger's benefactions, and points him out as having been to all intents and purposes the founder of that village. He seems to have owned nearly all the land which the village now covers and was unquestionably the most generous friend that the church there ever had, not only in the granting of land, but by liberal contributions toward church expenses. I have frequently heard remarks of astonishment that these facts seem to have been generally overlooked in most annals of that rural retreat.

The next call was upon Mr. A., who gave his age as seventy-six. He was, however, a long way from looking it. He said that one thing he could recall was about the way a minister many years ago got a call to old Neshanic Church. In his father's time, Mr. A. said, the pulpit of the Reformed church at Neshanic became vacant through the death of their much beloved pastor. The congregation invited a young clergyman to preach on probation and they liked him. But having had a pastor for many years so exactly to their liking, they were inclined to be jealously exacting about choosing another. Some of them argued that it was hardly a sufficient test, to bring a man there and judge him on the delivery of a few sermons from texts of his own choosing, doubtless all cut and dried and well rehearsed for the occasion. They said they would like to see a text chosen for the candidate, then let

him preach an extemporaneous sermon therefrom. To this the minister signified his ready agreement.

"If you will allow me a suggestion," the young man said, "I propose that I now withdraw from this meeting. You are all here; suppose, then, that you agree upon a text among yourselves; then just mark chapter and verse on this piece of paper and have it laid on the pulpit on Sunday morning. Whatever is there set down I shall do my best to preach from."

This being acceptable, the minister left them to their deliberations. But they were unable to agree on a text. So when Sunday came one of the deacons folded the blank paper and laid it on the pulpit. When it came to sermon time the minister unfolded the paper and found it perfectly blank. Taking the paper up and examining one side of it,

"Here is nothing," he said. Then turning it over: "And there is nothing," he added. Then after a moment's pause, he said:

"Brethren, out of nothing the Lord created everything;" and using that as his text, the young man went on and preached an eloquent sermon. The result was, Mr. A. said, that the young man was unanimously given the call; and in a long succeeding pastorate fully justified the people's choice.

Others told tales of the past and then Miss V., who was quite elderly, knowing the next and last turn to be hers, did not wait for her call, but without preliminary, started off with this:

"Seven brave maids sat on seven broad beds, braiding seven broad braids. I said to the seven brave maids braid-

ing seven broad braids: 'Braid broad braids, brave maids!' "

This was rattled off rapidly without a single slip. If any reader tries it, as some in the room did, it will not be found as easy as it might appear at first sight.

The same lady said her father used to point to the icicles hanging from the eaves of their house and say:

"As long as the icicles down from the eaves,
So deep will be snow yet before there are leaves."

A ROMANCE OF OLD BERGEN.

THE SEVEN JENKINS SISTERS, OF JERSEY CITY, AND THE PRANK CUPID PLAYED ON ONE OF THEM.

At the old homestead gathering already mentioned Mr. T., a middle-aged man, occupying about the centre of the large circle surrounding the blazing log fire, in answer to the host's call for something about old times, said he did not know exactly whether a story would be acceptable if it began in that vicinity and ended, say, in Timbuctoo. I don't suppose it would, he said. But there's a tale of rather unusual happenings, which commenced in Somerville and continued in Jersey City, that might not be considered quite so remote; so, if it is not too long I'll give it for what it may be worth.

I am somewhat at sea as to the exact date of the occurrence, Mr. T. said, but as near as one can come at it by a sort of dead reckoning, it must have been some twenty-five years after the Revolutionary War, or roundly, say, about a hundred years ago, when Somerville began to assert its claims as a trade centre, that one Abraham Van Clief had a flourishing general store there.

Besides many other kinds of merchandise, he dealt largely in hats, which he bought of Jeremiah Jenkins, a Welsh hat manufacturer of Jersey City. The manufacturer and his good Somerville customer were both prosperous and fine-looking young men; and in their frequent meetings at the latter's store, where Jenkins came on his rounds

for orders, they used to joke one another about getting married.

One day the two men when about to part stood just inside the store door. At that moment a young woman passing in the street stopped to look at some article in the window.

"By Jove!" Jenkins exclaimed, "that's a fine looking girl;" moving up close to the door the better to see her. "Now, if I were really in the market," said he, coming back, "that's about the kind of dainty goods I'd be apt to consider," He did not seem to notice that Van Clief colored a little and rather dryly changed the subject. The truth was that the young woman happened to be the very person of whom, after a long acquaintance with her, Van Clief not only held a precisely similar opinion, but he had latterly been telling himself that as some convenient season he might ask her to be his wife.

Although the details are unknown, a romance undoubtedly followed; for in the course of a year or so from that time the affable Mr. Jenkins came to Somerville, courted and carried off as his wife the pretty girl with whom Mr. Van Clief in his over-confidence had been too long dallying, and made her the proud mistress of his fine suburban homestead in what was then the village of Bergen, now known as Jersey City Heights.

Thirty years after these events, Mrs. Jenkins died, leaving her husband and seven daughters. The widower and his motherless girls, with two faithful colored servants in the kitchen, lived together a long time; in fact, until the youngest girl Frankie was twenty-five years old, and the eldest thirty-five. Most people remarked how

fortunate Mr. Jenkins was to have his house so well looked after when he lost his wife; but there were others who said that sooner than live in the same house with seven "old maids" they would live with seventy-seven cats. For that opprobrious title was already freely applied to the whole seven sisters. Frankie was rather under the usual height, small boned and had what many would call a pretty face and figure, as well as a youthful and engaging manner. The rest were just well bred and well educated, pleasant young women. But, though each and every one of them was eminently suited to make some man a thoroughly good wife, strange to say, not one man, so far as known up to that time, ever seemed brave enough to face that battery of seven marriageable spinsters all in one house, and risk proposing to one of them. Nor should it be forgotten that the father was well known to be what was then considered a very wealthy man and well able to portion them all off in a highly creditable maner for his enviable station in life.

For five years after Mrs. Jenkins's death the family lived mostly to themselves in quiet, refined happiness, with no disturbing thoughts about matrimony or any other subject. But a surprise was in store for the seven beautiful daughters. If they had exchanged ideas and bits of gossip with the people at the one grocery of Bergen, who called the girls proud because they did not do so, they would have heard shrewd guesses that would have intensely surprised them as to the reason why their father had lately been so frequently out of an evening. They shared the usual fate of many an exclusive and home-centred family. That is, something which

was quite rife for a long time among the gossips of the place came upon the seven sisters very much like a clap of thunder from a blue sky.

To explain, one day Mr. Jenkins, in sitting down to dinner, laid a packet of legal-looking papers by his plate and appeared a little more thoughtful and taciturn than usual. After the meal was over, laying his hand on the packet, he invited his daughters to come with him into the drawing-room, for he had something important to tell them.

"My dear daughters," he said, "you are all now of full discretion and quite competent to judge as reasonable and right what I have decided to do. Mary Eliza, my dear," said he, addressing his first-born, "to you first, but to you all, my dear, good girls, equally, I wish to say with the proudest love of a father's heart, that no daughters that ever lived could surpass, none could equal the perfection with which you have acquitted yourselves, every one of you, since the cares of this household devolved upon you; nor can your most affectionate and untiring devotion to myself ever be sufficiently praised. It has been perfect, and quite beyond the power of praise to do it even partial justice."

Then he told them that he had built seven detached houses in a row, each of seven rooms, and each having a pretty lawn and flower garden. It was the first row of houses ever built in Bergen. They stood on the brow of the hill, commanding a wide and pleasant view of the far-reaching meadows, Jersey City, the noble North River, with its moving panorama of white sailed clipper ships,

forests of masts and what was even then the imposing sky line of the great metropolis.

The seven houses and gardens, situate near what was then the junction of Washington, Palisade and Hudson avenues, later called Jewett, Summit and Storm avenues, were exactly alike and they are to this day called the "Seven Sisters," though now probably few if any there know the origin of the name. Mr. Jenkins told his daughters that he had caused the houses to be furnished completely and precisely the same. Here, he explained, he wanted to establish each one of them in a home of her own.

"But why, dear father, do you wish us to leave you?" several of his daughters pleaded with astonished and tear-filled eyes.

Then he told them that he was going to marry a young widow whom they all knew and who was younger by several summers than some of themselves. At first there were bitter tears and anger, but the daughters soon thought better of it; for never, never could one of them be made to live with a stepmother, especially with Mrs. ——— in that odious position.

After the first little storm subsided, the father put into the hands of each the title deeds for their several houses, as well as government bond certificates or other gilt-edged scrip, to each $10,000 worth. And soon the seven sisters packed up their belongings and took possession of their seven pretty houses. The father married and settled down with his young wife in the old homestead, and after the proverbial nine days' talk everything went on

as naturally and quietly as if they had never lived any other way.

The sisters even sooner than might have been expected became wonderfully reconciled to the pleasant novelty of each being absolute mistress of her own house. They seemed to play at housekeeping, having pleasant afternoon teas and evening parties among themselves, as well as occasionally entertaining a few select friends.

Death is said to have a way of sparing some families a visit; but once he makes a call he is apt to come soon again. Much the same is said to be true of that far more agreeable visitor, the little rosy-cheeked, chubby chap with wings, who wounds people so painfully but pleasantly with his arrows.

Now, one winter evening, Frankie, with one of her sisters, went to the store to make some purchases. Any of them could go alone anywhere except Frankie. She was still the baby; and even now, with a house of her own, for her to have gone alone to the store would have shocked the sisters from one end of the row to the other.

This night the eldest, Mary Eliza, accompanied the "baby" to what was still the only grocery store. It was on Bergen square. After their separate small purchases were made, the elder sister politely declined having the orders "sent," and each took up her own parcel. When leaving the store, Frankie, who was in front, stopped short to look at some fruit on the stand outside.

"'Ave a happle, Miss," a tall, lanky ruddy-cheeked, rather long-nosed young man in charge of the stand said, offering her a very fine one. Frankie, instead of taking the offering, tittered a little and affected not to see the

movement; but the stately sister condescendingly took the apple and thanked the youth, who blushed very much at the "baby" sister's rebuff.

"Oh! Isn't he the funniest greenhorn!" Frankie giggled, loud enough to be heard by the young man.

"Hush, Frankie, instantly! I'm ashamed of you!" said the severe sister, hurrying her charge off homeward.

The fresh-complexioned young man who bit his lip and looked after the retreating customers, was indeed a greenhorn in America, for he only a few days before landed at Castle Garden, in New York, from England, and this had been his first day in his present position as grocery clerk. Knowing not a soul in all this new world to him, he felt strange and awkward, for whenever he spoke people couldn't help laughing in his face just as Frankie had done. Yet this positively gawky-looking stranger in a strange land muttered, as the prettiest of the sisters after snubbing him hurried away:

"My word! how pretty she is! I'll marry that girl as sure as my name is Lilly." George Lilly was his name. But when one of her sisters told Frankie the young man's name she screamed with laughter.

"Mr. Lilly!" cried she. "Nobody could ever call that man lily. Mr. Poppy you mean!" And Poppy she insisted on calling him, too, for a long time.

It was only a short time—a month or so—when the scattered residents of Bergen were astonished to see a brand-new sign over the grocery store bearing the name of George Lilly as proprietor. Evidently the young man had brought a little money over the water with him and had bought out Mr. Meyer, the late proprietor. For in

time the latter left for parts unknown and in his place behold the florid Englishman, assisted by a tow-headed German boy apprentice.

In his bashful way Lilly, at once after seeing Frankie, had tried to gratify his burning curiosity to learn her name and where she dwelt. But what with his difficulty of making himself understood to the German Meyer and the big, round grocer's massive stupidity, the result of the inquiry was very disappointing. Making the best of such information as he got, Lilly's nearest approach to a definite conclusion was that the girl he had hastily vowed he would marry must be Selina Schmock, the daughter of a junk man living near where the old glasshouse then stood.

"Not a very pretty name," he thought, "and I may have to break my shins over a yardful of scrap iron and old junk to find Selina in a dog kennel, keeping accounts for a fright of a father. But Selina, if that's her name, I'll find, and Selina I'm going to have, wherever I find her."

The worst of it was that, with all his vigilance, for a long time the ardent youth did not lay eyes on the two customers he so feverishly longed to see. The fact was that the eldest sister had felt so scandalized by the apple incident that she was ashamed to go again to the store, or to allow Frankie, to do so, until their most unseemly encounter with the strange clerk there should have time to be forgotten. So the alpha and omega of the sisters stayed at home and had their groceries bought for them by the others. And poor Lilly, as yet, knowing nothing of the family, was left to the forlorn conclusion that he

would probably never again see the face that continued to haunt his thoughts.

His new sign had been up some time, and his predecessor's customers came to him in gratifying numbers, but George Lilly was an unhappy young man, for Frankie came not. One evening, with a miserable, drizzling rain, feeling tired and dejected, he determined to close rather earlier than usual, and delighted the heart of young towhead by saying:

"Louis, you may put up the shutters and then go home." The boy, with a glad look of astonishment at the clock, bounced open the door, and, "Ach himmel!" he ejaculated, running into some one, while a lady exclaimed:

"Dear me, boy! Why are you so violent?"

Lilly came forward instanly. Berating Louis for floundering against people, he held the door open, and was politely closing it behind the lady, with many apologies for his boy's awkwardness, when he felt a gentle push at the door, as he thought, of the unlucky towhead to get in again.

"Can't you let the door alone, blockhead?" he hissed in a wrathful undertone. But before crashing the door shut on the supposed towhead, the irate master, happening to look down, saw by the store light a dainty bracelet on the wrist that pushed against him.

"I humbly beg your—oh!" the poor fellow exclaimed. His first words were to ask another lady's pardon for obstructing her entrance; the "oh!" was his exclamation when he was confronted by the very young person he had been so fervently longing to see.

Around the blazing fire in the old Hillsborough homestead Mr. T. and his auditors sat in sudden silence. It was just after he had finished his story of the seven old-maid sisters of Bergen—now Jersey City Heights—the narrator having stopped at the point in the tale where my last article left it, saying that his throat felt dry.

Doubtless he had his own suspicions about the dangerous combination of so good a fire and prolixity. At all events, the moment he ceased speaking he slyly glanced along the line of his audience and, I feel sure, saw as I did, plainly, that several drooping heads suddenly bridled up, very much as if their owners were coming out of a cat-nap. So suddenly did he stop that the silence seemed to command attention, and after moistening his lips with a sip of cider he continued his story, evidently enjoying his little ruse to have his listeners all safely awake again.

"When I stopped," Mr. T. said, "I was telling you how George Lilly, the fresh-complexioned young Englishman, who had bought the grocery store in Bergen and had fallen in love with a young woman customer the first time he had seen her, was at last assisted in his diligent inquiry as to who she was, and so forth, by finding her in his store again. In fact, through an accident he found himself unintentionally almost swearing at her for pushing open his door when he was closing it, he thinking it was his erring apprentice, Louis, that so opposed him. When he discovered his mistake he uttered a loud 'oh!' of genuine surprise and actually staggered back a pace or two.

To any one but himself, there seemed no call for such a shock as he appeared to receive; but only he himself

"'Ave a happle, Miss,"

knew how absorbing had been his thoughts about the girl, and, of course, he couldn't very well explain that he had hardly thought of any other person, place or thing but herself since she so coldly snubbed him by ignoring his offer of an apple from the stand some weeks before. Although Frankie could not help coloring a little at her theatrical reception, she evinced no other sign of noticing it, but walked demurely up to her eldest sister who stood at the counter. The latter thought it necessary under the circumstances to be even more starchy and frigid than was her wont, and gave her orders for both herself and sister as if she spoke from an iceberg a hundred miles out in the Arctic Ocean. In vain Mr. Lilly begged to be allowed to deliver the ladies' purchases.

" 'No, indeed! Thank you!' the elder and taller and much the primmer of the two answered at last, and the two customers departed without another unnecessary word.

" 'I really wonder if that girl is Selina Schmock, an old junkman's daughter, as I've been told?" Lilly thought, after closing the door behind them. I'd give a whole lot—Louis! come here!"

" 'Louis,' said he, hastily getting into his coat, 'I must go down Bergen Wood avenue. Look after the store. I'll be gone only a few minutes.' And out he strode with steps about two yards long. Once outside the drizzling rain reminded him that he had no hat on.

" 'Why didn't you tell me I had forgotten my hat, Louis?' he said, coming back and seizing his headgear. 'You're an absent-minded rascal, Louis!' and out he darted again on no other errand than to follow the two

customers he had just served and see where they, or, at all events the smaller and prettier one lived. They carried a lantern and were still in sight as he turned out of the square and soon he discovered that whoever they were the taller one entered and probably lived at the first, and the other in the fourth house of the row of seven houses on Palisade avenue.

" 'Well,' thought he, as he returned to his store, 'I didn't see any sign of a scrap-iron yard near where she evidently lives. That's one consolation. And I don't suppose her name is Selina, after all. I hope not, for really I don't fancy the name.'

"He was not much longer left in the dark as to the whole history of the rather remarkable family that he had become so deeply interested in. For a smart young Irishman, James McConnell, who was farmer for a New York merchant in the vicinity, and who was a customer of his, told him their name and all about them. McConnell, like almost every one else, thought and spoke of the seven old maid sisters as the best joke of the neighborhood. Among other things he told Lilly that in their really clever management and peculiar arrangements about their houses, the seven sisters had shown themselves so original as to produce a kind of uncanny feeling in people's minds.

"For instance, he explained that the seven houses were all connected by a system of strings and bells, arranged in such a way that any one sister could secretly call up any other or all the others, at any time, by a regular code, entirely of their own invention. By this contrivance, if any stranger, especially a man, called at No. 1, in less

than no time sisters from Nos. 2 and 3 would walk into the room, exactly as if they lived in the house. It was really, however, by a quiet little jerk of a certain string that they were summoned from their own houses and came through the gardens and in by the back door. Everybody admitted that this was a wise and prudent plan; but the neighbors thought it was almost superhumanly clever for ordinary, natural women to concoct.

"Then, again, there was a finished dovetailing about the way they managed their help that almost took one's breath away. Their ideas of economy did not admit of employing more than one woman servant for the seven houses, and their selection of their several domiciles was made with a strategic eye, particularly, so Lilly was told, for offensive and defensive tactics against male humanity. The two wings of the maidenly camp, the end houses, No. 1 and No. 7, were tenanted by Mary Eliza, the eldest in No. 1 and the next eldest in No. 7; in Nos. 2 and 6 the two next eldest lived; in Nos. 3 and 5 the two next, and Frankie, the 'baby' sister, lived in the fourth. By this formation the tender fledgling of twenty-five and upward was flanked on both sides by three sisters, whose ages increased as they approached the outer or skirmishing points of the north and south wings.

"Now, the able-bodied woman who served them all as a servant always slept at No. 4, in Frankie's house. On Monday she worked at Mary Eliza's, at No. 1; on Tuesday in No. 2, Wednesday in No. 3, Thursday in No. 4, Friday in No. 5, Saturday in No. 6, resting on Sunday in No. 7. Then she would work in No. 7. on Monday, No. 6 on Tuesday, No. 5 on Wednesday, No.

4 on Thursday, No. 3 on Friday, No. 2 on Saturday, resting at No. 1 on Sunday, commencing work again on Monday at No. 1. Thus she went the same round week in, week out, with the regularity of the sun.

"The same nicety of cut-and-dried co-operative, economic and tactical discipline ruled in everything in the seven sisters' row, the complete details of which would fill a small volume. The enumeration of them was a common theme of conversation in the village and was said to strike a kind of superstitious awe to the breasts of men in general. But George Lilly's faith and interest were unshaken.

" 'Frankie,' he conned over to himself, after McConnel had told him these things and left him alone, 'Frankie! What a nice, sprightly kind of name! And so exactly appropriate to the very prettiest little thing I ever did see. Heigho! I only fear she'll never have me. However, it will not be my fault if she don't. I'll try, anyway; "faint heart never won fair lady!" '

"Then the young man, surveying his features in his six-by-eight-inch looking glass, ran his fingers through his fair hair, patted his quite promising side whiskers and slightly smiled a little encouragement to himself.

"The sisters came and went to the store, as had long been their wont; and beyond allowing Lilly in a distant way to feel that they appreciated his assiduous business efforts to please them, there was neither in word nor look any attempt at bridging over the gulf that, at all events in the elder sisters' minds, must forever yawn between them and any tradesman. That there was an exception in some manner, either in her eyes, speech or

some mysterious way, in Frankie's case, might be inferred from the fact that as time wore on, her sincere admirer plainly gained in good spirits and hopefulness.

"When Christmas came this assumed practical shape, in the good old custom of Christmas boxes. And though he was a trifle green and awkward-looking, when Lilly did a thing of that kind he did it well. He sent all the sisters beautiful, seasonable presents. Young tow-head had to toil all the way to the row seven times with them, and the last box, which the donor took good care should not be the least, almost proved the proverbial last straw to Louis. It was addressed to Miss Frankie Jenkins, at house number 4, of the Seven Sisters' row.

"Thus did treason first insinuate its daring front within the battlemented ramparts of the immaculate row. Frankie, being courtmartialed about it, read her sisters a declaration of independence, and declared further that 'Mr. Poppy' should have an invitation to call at the New Year, even if she had to extend the request herself. With more sorrow than anger, Mary Eliza, to save the family escutcheon from utter disgrace, conceded the point, and Mr. Lilly called on New Year's Day at No. 1 and received the thanks of the seven sisters, then and there convened for that purpose. Once the awful trial of entertaining a man was over, and after the room had had a thorough cleaning and the windows had been left open for two whole consecutive days, the ordeal was considered over and done with, and a struggle was made to forget it.

"Things were again passing along in the ordinary way in the row, when one day, perhaps a week after Mr.

Lilly's visit at No. 1, that martinet of spinsterhood, Mary Elisha, happened to run in at No. 4 with some fond and trival message for Frankie. As soon as she entered the hallway she sniffed around with an exceedingly wry face.

"'Sister Frankie!' she cried, horrorstricken, 'there's been a man here!'

"'Yes, Mary Eliza,' answered Frankie, 'it was only Mr. Pop—Mr. Lilly, I mean. He very kindly brought me my unbrella, which I had forgotten in his store. That was nothing to be alarmed at, was it?'

"The elder woman could only express her feelings by a shudder and a suppressed moan, as she dropped weakly into a chair.

"'Yes, sister,' Frankie continued, 'and do you know, Mr. Lilly has asked me to go to church with him. I saw no harm in that either, so I said "Yes," and that I had no objection; and he's going to call for me next Sunday morning.'

"Mary Eliza got to her home by a great effort; exactly how, she never knew. No suddenly dethroned and disgraced monarch ever more completely collapsed than she did. Her rule was over; her prestige trampled in the dust; her scepter had passed from her into other hands —into a man's hands! and that man a plebeian, country grocer! It was too, too much! She immured herself in her north-wing redoubt and was ill and unapproachable for several days.

"Meantime the persistent 'Poppy,' now, however, no longer so dubbed, but given the full benefit of his own proper name, Mr. Lilly, duly appeared at No. 4 on the

following Sunday, arrayed in what he had considered in England his unimpeachable Sunday-go-to-meeting best. It was only to meet another rebuff, even more stingingly humiliating than that at his first meeting with the damsel of his choice. For Miss Frankie had a decided will and mind of her own, and withal, certain definite ideas of the proprieties. The result of this was that the moment she set eyes upon her would-be cavalier, in his imported, tall, narrow and almost rimless stovepipe hat, flaring, checked trousers and a coat that seemed to have been made for his grandfather, she was completely shocked, and frankly told him she would never go to church or anywhere else with such a hat and coat as she then beheld. The poor young man blushed crimson and went home, utterly crestfallen —and 'never to come back again!' some would probably say. But those who thought so did not know Mr. Lilly. He was irrepressible, indefatigible.

"Not in the least offended or discouraged, he turned up at No. 4 on the following Sunday, dressed from head to foot in brand-new New York clothes of the very latest cut and pattern. And Frankie accompanied him, as she had promised, to church.

"Furthermore, in due course of time, with several of her elder sisters as bridesmaids, she met him at the same old Dutch Reformed church that stands in the same place still, and became his wife. Then, as I have hinted, once the rosy-cheeked little Cupid got in some of his handiwork, he looked around for other victims. And in this quest Brother-in-law Lilly became his right-hand man and sworn ally among the sisters.

"In the first place, with good common sense and

liberally broad, democratic views, and a very modest and persuasive way of expressing them, Mr. Lilly completely won over all of his six sisters-in-law to a more reasonable and kindly estimate and regard for their natural, best friends and helpmates, men. Not only this, but he held briefs, as it were, for other young fellows like himself—not rich and high-minded swells, as he said, who thought only of themselves and knew nothing but how to spend money—but honest-hearted young men who were ready to work and make money, and who made also, he declared, the best husbands in the world.

"Furthermore, quite accidentally, as it seemed, he brought just such young fellows to his house, and without any palaver or preparation, introduced them and his wife's sisters over cups of tea and cards, and in evening walks in the summertime, and lo, the result! Weddings became the rage in Seven Sisters' row until, to the joy of them all—yea, even of the dethroned queen of spinsterhood—of Mary Eliza herself—they were every one of them mated and made happy wives, one of the husbands being James McConnel, the very youth who had all unwittingly but sadly misrepresented as good and true a lot of women as ever were misunderstood and underestimated by their neighbors."

Mr. T. added that Frankie was the only one of the seven sisters surviving when he was a small boy. He remembered her perfectly, he said. She never had any children, and when he knew her she did not live in the somewhat famous row. In fact, the seven houses, although still there, had long before his time passed into other hands.

A SHATTERED ROMANCE.

DRAMATIC TERMINATION OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN'S LOVE-MAKING ON WHAT IS NOW CALLED JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

After the members of what has come to be known as the Reminiscence Club had exchanged greetings at their regular gathering, and had taken seats around the cheery fire at the old Hillsborough Homestead, Mrs. S. was called upon for a story of bygone days.

"Twenty years ago," she said, after a moment's thought, "I lived in a haunted house at 91 Storm avenue, on Jersey City Heights, which in my young days was still called Bergen. The house long ago disappeared and now a trolley line runs over the place where it stood. On the lawn were a few large, old cherry trees which bore very fine and delicious fruit. One day as I sat under the biggest of the trees enjoying its cool shade, an old, white-haired, well-dressed man, stopping at the garden gate, wished me a good morning and said he would very much like to taste the cherries that hung in ripe clusters on the tree over my head. He added that his wish was really only a sentimental one. He had planted that and most of the other trees around there when he was a young fellow in his teens, he said. Having been down at that time in Virginia he had brought back a lot of young trees of very choice kinds. Among them were several 'lady heart' cherries, all of which he planted; but, he explained, the tree

underneath which I sat was the only one of them that had lived."

"'My father built this house,' went on the stranger as he sat down and began to eat some cherries; 'it must be a hundred years old. My father was John Mandeville. He's been dead these many years. I'm his son James.'

"Now, thought I," here is the very man to ask about the things I have heard in this house. I had been thoroughly frightened at night several times by the most inexplicable sounds, and without loss of time I asked my visitor about them.

"'Well,' Mr. Mandeville answered, 'I cannot say that I ever had direct proof of anything unusual about the house. But I'm not going to deny that such things have often been told about it by very credible and level-headed people. For my part, I was born here and I spent my childhood and boyhood here, but I cannot say that I ever saw or heard anything out of the common. But that does not gainsay others' experiences. There have been great changes here, and everywhere else, since I was a boy. That's a long time ago. I'm eighty-one now; and many, and some of them peculiar, people have lived here since those days. By the way, do you happen to know crazy Gussie?'

"'Well,' he continued, when I replied in the affirmative, 'poor old Gussie was born in this house. That fact of itself hasn't much to do with the subject, but there were some pathetic incidents in her life, poor thing.'"

"Being urged to proceed, he told us that his father had sold the house and lot we then occupied, together with much more land, to a well-to-do man, named Everett.

When they went there, the Everett family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Everett, one son and five daughters. In the first year of their tenancy one more child was added to the family. It was, according to my visitor, the tiniest, sweetest little doll of a girl baby that ever was seen. The little thing was perfectly formed, but so small that she could lie at full length on her father's slipper. Her advent created quite a sensation and people went miles to see her. Perhaps no baby ever born before or since in Hudson County had so many callers and admirers. Her big brother and sisters became very fond and proud of her, and as she began toddling about, she was beloved and petted by all.

" 'She was an apt pupil at school,' continued the old man, 'and there as elsewhere everybody admired and gave way to her, as if she were a little fairy queen. She had refined parents and a happy home, and by the time she reached her sixteenth year, she was a lovable and pretty little thing, but in appearance she was like a child of twelve. As she approached her seventeenth year, Augusta, or as she was affectionately called, little Gussie, looked out upon the world through the eyes of a woman and fell in love.

" 'A young doctor having appeared upon the scene to begin practise, there was a flutter of excitement among all the marriageable daughters and their mothers in the growing village. There was much speculation as to which girls said he thought her nothing but a mere child, and at once look out for a wife. Gussie's parents were not, however, among those given to speculations of that kind. They were the old-fashioned, prudish kind of people, with

a horror for 'bringing their daughters out,' or having them in any way invite the notice of men. Their diminutive and pretty daughter, however, had her own ideas of these things, but kept her own counsel, and though none of her own people suspected it, she was 'just dying' to meet the doctor, whom she had already seen several times.

" 'At last Gussie's dearly wished for opportunity came. One of her girl friends had a birthday party, to which she was invited, and at it she met the doctor. To her supreme delight he paid her marked attention. The other girl said he thought her nothing but a mere child, and they were, perhaps, not far astray. When men find themselves cornered in a tight place and clearly in for it, among many fair ones, all over-anxious to please, they will sometimes make a "dead set" in the most frivolous and unmeaning way in some perfectly safe quarter. Whatever may have been the doctor's ideas that evening, and however childish-looking the object of his particular notice was, his blandishments entirely transfigured the quite womanly and all too susceptible heart of little Gussie Everett, and the result was that she went home "head and ears in love" with the young physician.

" 'Her time being quite her own—for her tiny, delicate hands had never been soiled by work of any kind—she soon learned the doctor's office hours and made up little fictions of errands, so as to meet him in the street. And in time, seeing plainly the complete conquest he had made, the budding physician, like many another young fellow, encouraged the girl and really fostered the flame he had kindled. He thought it an excellent joke.

" 'Unquestionably there are great numbers of both

genders of the human race who, though they may be perfectly alert and circumspect, in all other ways, are utterly irrational and apparently blind as soon as the heart is involved. Pretty little Gussie was clearly one of the number. For nothwithstanding her practical common-sense bringing up, all the usual shrewdness and judgment for which she had been remarkable on all other matters were seemingly cast to the winds at the very first show of the young doctor's preference for her. On any other subject she would have confided in and advised with her fond parents or sisters, or at least with her girl friends. But the moment the heart's great realm was invaded she was deaf, dumb and blind to all else but a headlong pursuit according to its yearnings and dictates. The doctor unscrupulously continued to humor her, giving her flowers and bonbons—just as he would do with any other pretty and interesting child, he told himself—yet knowing quite as well as she did that in doing so he was really toying dangerously with a woman's heart.

"After a lapse of a year, and when the young man had established a fairly promising practise, he announced his intention of going to his former home on a visit. It was the balmy beginning of June and the evening before his departure. He was strolling along a favorite walk of his out toward Claremont. The robins were in full song, the air delicious, with that delightful modulation of light and heat, so refreshing at the close of day. His terrier gave a short bark, then, wagging its tail, the animal ran to some one it knew, and the doctor saw, only a short distance off the path, Gussie Everett, seated under a leafy canopy, making a nosegay of flowers she had gathered.

"'A little fairy in her bower!' he exclaimed, and seating himself on the log beside her, he said many other fond and pretty things which Gussie, many a year afterward, used to recount. They exchanged little keepsake flowers, and the young man declared he would treasure and preserve the delicate exotic forget-me-nots which she unpinned from her dress and gave to him. The two parted, poor little Gussie's head swimming and her eyes dimmed in the blissful conviction which she rightly or wrongly entertained that the doctor was her own true lover and that he was coming back from his vacation to make her his wife.

"The weary month of his absence, though appearing an age to Gussie, was but a prolongation of painful bliss to her. Every carol of the robin, every tuneful anthem of the thrush, every delicious roundelay of the oriole seemed Nature's accompaniment to the all-absorbing love-song of her soul. The weeks had dragged heavily past until one more only remained. Then came an invitation to all the leading families from the absent man's landlady to a little reception which the good lady was getting up as a surprise for the doctor on his return.

"The little ripple of interest, as to this home-coming, among her girl friends rather offended Gussie at first. She wondered why any one but herself should aspire to welcome the doctor back again. Soon, however, she was made happy by the usual make-believe policy so successfully practised on children and for the remaining few days of waiting she composed herself into a serene assurance of her pre-eminent position among those who were to surprise the home-coming doctor with a welcome.

"At last, at 8 o'clock in the evening, when the doctor was expected, a goodly company of heads of families and young people sat around the large parlor of his boarding-house, waiting to greet him. As usual, the village pet and favorite of every one, little Gussie, who this night, all agreed, looked radiantly beautiful, was the centre of attraction among them all, and she was given the seat of honor, among a bevy of pretty girls in the middle of the wide circle facing the door.

"Soon a carriage was heard to stop. The door knocker rapped out a brisk summons and then footsteps were heard in the hall. The company rose to greet the returning traveler. The landlady threw open the door and the doctor, accompanied by a lady, stepping over the threshold, stopped and glanced in astonishment around the circle.

" 'Why, bless my soul!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, now I see! Well, truly, my friends, this is beautifully kind of you. It gives me the greater delight to receive such a very agreeable and genuine surprise as this, because I have now somebody here to help me in the appreciation of it.

" 'My dear friends,' he added, motioning to his now blushing companion, 'let me introduce to you my wife!'

The last words had but left his lips when a low moan of pain was heard and a girlish figure dropped senseless to the floor within a yard of the doctor's feet. It was Gussie."

" 'The heat was too much for her,' said the doctor as he raised the slight figure in his arms. 'Please open the door and bring me some water!'

"Then he carried her out to the little lawn. Gussie

soon recovered consciousness. She, however, greatly astonished her anxious friends by a somewhat dramatic procedure. The doctor, still kneeling by her side, was sprinkling her face, chafing her hands, etc., to restore animation, when the little patient, suddenly rousing herself, fixed dilating eyes upon his face, wrenched her hand from his and, in a high key, dared him ever to lay a finger on her again. He looked seriously at the girl's father and mother and, rising to his feet, he told them in an undertone that Gussie had better be taken home and put to bed. The carriage in which he and his wife had but a few minutes before arrived at the house was still at the gate, he said, and he urged that it be used for taking the patient home.

"This advice was followed, and soon Gussie, under the influence of a composing draft, dropped quietly to sleep in her own room in the so-called haunted house. The Everett family, though seriously concerned about Gussie that evening, thought the worst was past, and about the usual hour all retired. But they were doomed to a rude disappointment. About 2 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Everett, who had been somewhat wakeful, at last awoke her husband, and, trembling in every limb, told him she was sure some one was walking on the roof of the veranda, which was very flat and went completely around two sides of the house. Mr. Everett pooh-poohed what he called his wife's imagination, and said it was only the result of her disturbed nerves. But as they thus whispered, their very hearts stood still on hearing a girl's scream, and then footsteps running swiftly along the ver-

Mr. Everett dashed to the window, flung up the sash and got out, just as Gussie, in her night robe, took a flying leap from the roof to the ground.

anda roof. This was followed by a wild call for help and a girl screaming that a man was going to kill her.

"Mr. Everett dashed to the window, flung up the sash and got out, just as Gussie in her night robe took a flying leap from the roof to the ground. Without searching for any man, the father rushed back through his window and down to the lawn, where he found his daughter, moaning and shivering, in a perfect frenzy of fear, but, marvelously, with no broken bones. At first she only shrieked and shrunk away from her father. But when he took her up in his arms and put his face against hers soothingly, kissing her forehead and disheveled hair, all wet with cold beads of terror, she suddenly knew him and became calmer. Then she was carried back and quietly laid in her bed like a tired child and soon she fell asleep.

"Awaking in the morning Gussie gazed for some time in a dazed way from one to another of those she loved. Then burying her face in the pillow she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break. For over a week she continued in bed, spending most of her waking hours either in tears or in fits of uncontrollable laughter.

"When in the course of some weeks she was again able to be about, she showed unmistakable signs that her mind was unbalanced. So pronounced was this that her girl friends began to shun her, and the doctor finding his name publicly associated in a more or less compromising way with her mental state, soon gave it out that because of his failing health he was going to leave the neighborhood. It wasn't long before he departed, and when he had gone most of the villagers said: 'Good riddance.'

"In the course of years the harmless vagaries of the

erstwhile pride and pet of the village were so persistent as to gain for her the title of 'Crazy Gussie.' As she grew older she seemed particularly fond of children. Almost every fine day when school was dismissed she was to be seen awaiting the little ones coming at her front gate. Her head barely reached above the palings and her hands were at such times always full of decayed fruit, faded flowers or trimmings from vines or shrubbery. These she would hand in a kind of surreptitious and cautious way to the little ones.

At other times she would invite the children inside the gate, and having arranged them in a row on the bottom step of the front stoop, with many warnings to be very quite lest her sisters should come out and be upon them, she would tip-toe around as if in the garden of Bluebeard, and come back chuckling and whispering over the prizes she brought. These would be only some worthless flowers, shriveled berries or the like. The children were amused and pleased, for child-like they knew by instinct that Gussie meant well and dearly loved them.

"At Christmas or on some child's birthday Gussie would manage in some way to make her little favorites presents of one kind or another. Once a lady was sorely grieved over the loss of her canary. Gussie, who was very sorry for her, purchased a young chicken and brought it to the bereaved lady to put into the empty cage. As the years went by and when Gussie's hair had silver threads, the village girls of fourteen or fifteen used to find great amusement in teasing her about her beaux. At times they would have her in their homes and while they played the piano she would sing and dance for them.

Then while they would put up her thinning locks in curl papers she would chat gaily about her approaching marriage, generally giving broad hints that the unmarried doctor of the village was to be the happy man. Again, when her professional choice married some one else, as her first love had done many a long year ago, she would fume about it terribly and threaten dire vengeance.

"One doctor in the village was twice left a widower and often he was annoyed very seriously by Gussie, who made it a practise to ring his door bell and send him threatening letters. Once she hurled a piece of brick through his window. It smashed the glass to shivers and narrowly missed his head. At length he was driven to apply for police protection. That was a blow to Gussie, for it dispelled her last hope of matrimony in that quarter.

"And then began the breaking up of the family. The mother died. Very soon afterward the son was disowned by the father and went West. He wrote for money, but got no answer. Then a stranger wrote to Mr. Everett informing him that his son was dead and asking if he would not send money enough for his burial. The father sent the sum named. After another year or two he received a second request for money to bury his son. This the father answered by requesting his correspondent to see that young Everett was buried and send him (the father) the bill. No such bill came and that was the last ever heard about the son.

"Then the father died, and from that time not a blind or shutter of the house was ever opened. The sisters kept house as best they could. Louise was the only one who could cook. Matilda and Euphemia did the shopping and

attended to other outside matters, among which was the marketing of their crops of cherries, quinces, berries, etc., which brought them in many dollars a year. Gussie just roamed about wherever she listed and was a well-known figure in the streets of Bergen for many years. Always with a happy smile and a kindly greeting for everybody, ever hastening to somewhere which never was reached, she made a round of errands that never ended. The two elder sisters seldom left the house.

"Eventually Louise died. Then, as no one else could cook, and the family exchequer was getting low, the home had to be broken up. It was then that the house was offered for sale. The sisters went boarding; but they were difficult to please. They would eat nothing cooked on Sunday, even if the gravy was warmed they would refuse their dinner. Not long after the home was vacated, the doors were all found open and on the floor in one of the rooms was the body of a man. The man had evidently been murdered. There were evidences of a fierce struggle. The body had many stab wounds while the head was beaten almost to a pulp. No clue was ever found to the identity of either the murdered man or the murderer.

"Even before this gruesome discovery the house was looked upon as haunted. From that time, however, school children ran past it on the further side of the street, and neighbors declared there were lights and peculiar sounds in it at night.

"One night for long hours a dog seemed to be dying of strangulation in the cellar. The next door neighbor was unable to sleep because of the noise. Procuring the key he went into the cellar, but in it he found no dog. Then

he searched the rambling empty rooms upstairs with no better result. But he felt his flesh creep several times, for it seemed that an invisible dog ran at his heels. He heard it perfectly trip-tripping after him, but try as he would to throw his light on it he could see nothing. He left everything locked up, yet in the morning every door in the house was open.

"Gussie, who at that time was about fifty years old, went regularly every day to the house and locked the doors, and just as regularly the next morning they were found wide open.

"That," Mrs. S. continued, after a pause, "was the condition of things when I came from a distance, knowing nobody in Bergen and nothing about the house which I hired from an agent. Our family consisted of my husband, daughter and myself.

"Before we had lived there many days we found that we might close the doors between the kitchen, dining-room and parlor as tightly as we chose when retiring, but they would be open in the morning. One night my husband, being out later than usual, and my daughter having gone to bed, I sat by the dining-room stove waiting Mr. S.'s return. On the parlor door close behind me, which was shut, I heard three distinct knocks, as if made by the knuckles of one finger. Thinking it must be my daughter, I said, 'Come in.' I got up and opened the door. Nobody was there; but from the farther darkened end of the parlor I heard a deep sigh and the rustle of a dress, as if some one passed out into the hall. Taking up the lamp, I followed as quickly as I could, through the parlor into the hall, but I could see no one. Going up-

stairs to my daughter's room I found her in bed. The bedclothes were pulled over her head and she was all of a tremble. She had heard three taps on her door, exactly as I had heard on the door below, and from the silk-like rustle that followed the taps she was certain that some one had entered the room. We made a careful search, but could not find any one.

"Another night, after we had all retired, there were sounds of merriment down stairs in the dining-room. These were followed quickly by a quarrel and a heavy fall. My husband crept down stairs, but found everything in order and everything perfectly quiet. But beneath his feet, in the cellar, a dog was howling, evidently in great pain. The howling ceased as he descended the stairs, but no dog was to be seen anywhere.

"Gussie sometimes called at her old home to see us, but she always seemed ill at ease and nervously watched each door that opened. Pleading haste to finish her imaginary errands, she would soon hurry away. At last she went on another real errand and returned no more; for she found, surely if ever any one did, what she and many a wiser head have vaguely searched for and which this world cannot give, that peace which 'passeth understanding.'

"Matilda, Gussie's next older sister, who outlived her and who was the last of the family, boarded and grew old and gray with an aged couple. At last the man's wife died. Then when Matilda was over eighty years of age, she and the venerable widower married and cared for each other to the end."

CALVIN CORLE.

HOW HE PLAYED A PRACTICAL JOKE ON HIS COUSIN IN THE DAYS WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG.

The venerable Calvin Corle, mentioned in my last article as having overstepped by nine good years man's allotted days, must by no means be understood as having always been a strait-laced disciple of all work and no play, which, as has been truly said, makes Jack a dull boy. Far from that, he and his cousin, John L., the inseparable "old boys," had their share of youthful fun and frolic.

Though the two were so undivided all their lives, in their young days they were never slow to take advantage of favorable circumstances to play practical jokes on each other. Calvin, especially, was much given to this kind of fun. In those days, though not as large as many youths of his years, he was of a clean-cut, athletic figure, and lithe and supple as a cat. He was also full of sparkling good humor and of nimble wit. His particular chum, on the other hand, had an almost comical gravity of manner and great deliberation of speech and movement. Although one might suppose that butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth, he was deep and astute and had a keen relish for fun, with a dry way of expressing himself that was the essence of comedy. But he was always so earnest and unsuspicious that Calvin found him an easy victim for many a joke.

One fine moonlight night an opportunity of this kind

occurred in one of their expeditions to see their sweethearts. There were in those days no such things as buggies or runabouts, in which a man might take his best girl for an outing. He rode his horse instead, and his lady love, poising herself on the horse-block, if there was one, or in lieu thereof on the rails of some convenient fence, sprang nimbly on the horse's back behind him.

A great degree of satisfaction is said to have inured to the young lords of creation from this arrangement, inasmuch as the fair one's sidewise seat behind the saddle usually proved sufficiently precarious to produce a certain clinging dependence upon the superior horsemanship of her escort that was highly agreeable to him. It has been claimed, indeed, to have been one of the most favorable of all possible situations for those irresistible little, timid appeals for help and protection on the one side and the gratified vanity and fearless rescue promptly rendered on the other, which always did and always will go, the old folk say, so far toward warming and welding together the hearts of pretty maids and valiant men.

On the night in question the two cousins, having arrived at the house where Martha, John's Dulcinea, dwelt with her prosperous parents, they dismounted and were received with the greatest good-will. Having propounded their project, they found it quite agreeable to the family. Their plan was for Martha to accompany John on his horse to the home of Calvin's sweetheart, where all were to spend the evening together. This being settled, Calvin suddenly bethinking himself of an errand he had to make for his father to a place about half a mile farther

"Oh! Marty, if you only knew," he was saying,

on toward their intended destination, excused himself to host and hostess, and moving to the door, called back:

"You and Martha come along, John. I'll trot on ahead as far as Brokaw's and after delivering dad's message I'll meet you at the road end."

Assenting, John and Martha's father began chatting, while she and her mother stepped out on the porch with his cousin. "Don't be long, Mart," John requested as the young woman neared the door, "and put a shawl about you, for it's a bit chilly to-night."

Martha replied that she would so array herself and would be ready in a moment. Then she closed the door. As John sat talking he heard the mother and daughter laughing at something.

"One of Calvin's jokes," John thought. "He does tell such good stories. He makes every one laugh as no one else can."

Then he pursued the thread of his argument and for some little time, it must be confessed, he was oblivious to how really long Martha was in merely donning a shawl. But suddenly the mother rallied him in a way that made him jump almost out of his skin.

"Fie on you, John Corle!" she cried excitedly. "How long will you keep our Martha standing out there on the horse-block awaiting her escort? A cold night like this, too! Upon my word, sir, when Martha's mother was her age I doubt if she'd waited half as long for any man that ever breathed!"

But John didn't wait for the rebuke at full length. It was about the liveliest piece of work he ever did the way he dashed out through the kitchen, jumped on his

dappled gray and came bounding around the house to the horse-block, where, sure enough, his fair partner for the ride, wearing a shawl and a large bonnet, demurely awaited him. If there was any anger of impatience in the face above the shawl the bonnet hid it, and John began honestly to tell his girl of his heartfelt sorrow for his remissness.

"Well, now, Marty," he began, "it was very stupid of me and I ask your—"

"Oh! for goodness sake, John, don't ask anything of anybody; but let Martha get on the horse!" broke in the mother with considerable asperity. She had followed to the mounting place, evidently quite cross about things, and, as John inwardly remarked, put herself to quite unnecessary trouble about Martha, who, poor girl, seemed so hurt and embarrassed that she said not a word.

"And now, John Corle," continued the matron as a parting word, "you know Martha's my only child. Be very careful, and bring her safe back to us."

With this the two rode away, John not unreasonably indignant at what he felt to be most unusual and uncalled-for excitement and the upbraiding of himself by Martha's mother. He could not understand it.

"And here's Marty, poor thing, crying, I suppose, or she'd never be silent like this," he thought bitterly as he rode on and on, really afraid to break the silence for fear of another rebuff. The longer the silence continued, the harder it seemed to break. At length they were actually drawing near to where the merry Calvin would meet them, both as dumb as if they were chief mourners at a funeral.

"This is something awful!" John thought desperately. "What villainous fun he'll make of us! I must do something. Oh! how I wish I had only Calvin's ready wit and knack of saying the right thing in the right place!"

Dozens of times he had turned stealthily around and tried to peep under Martha's bonnet, in the hope that she would make some little remark to break the ice for him. But it was all in vain, for she only appeared to cover her face with the one hand that she could use for that purpose as if actually weeping. In fact, the devoted and almost distracted young man would have sworn he heard her sniffing and sniveling and that he positively saw a quiver of suppressed emotion the last time he looked. She must be heartbroken! And here he was approaching the trysting place, where Calvin would see his distressful plight and would laugh at him for the next year about it. Something must be done! At last, feeling himself to be the most cruel and utterly heartless man that ever lived, he decided to speak.

"Heigh-ho!" he sighed very audibly, and turning as far as possible around to his partner, in a very timorous, pleading voice he ventured to ask:

"Marty! Marty! W—won't you speak to me?"

Not a word of answer did he get, but there were more sniffs and plainly more spasms of grief. Then, nerving himself for a last heroic appeal for reconciliation, John, almost crying himself, tried to take hold of his sweetheart's hand.

"Oh! Marty, if you only knew—," he was saying, when, with a screech wild enough to petrify the very heart of the bravest man, his companion sprang down and com-

menced a wild, high-stepping dance, with such unmaidenly gyrations of limbs as almost paralyzed John's senses to behold.

Just as the horse, which was almost as terrified as its rider, seemed gaining the mastery and was on the point of running away—which in truth John himself was about ready to agree to—the mad dancer, from sheer exhaustion and suppressed laughter, unable to keep it up any longer, fell against a tree for support, and with the unmistakable voice of a man, roared with laughter.

"Oh! oh!" he laughed. "Oh, help! or I'll die!"

And with apparently the last breath left in his body, Calvin, for no other was the dancer, cried:

"Oh, John! John! I fear this will kill me!"

Then did that wicked cousin betake himself swiftly to the woods, whither John could not penetrate with his mount in pursuit. And thus did Calvin save himself from being ridden down to the earth in John's fiery indignation.

The next day those two faithful cousins laughed loud and long in unison, as they continued to do for fifty-odd years thereafter over that and many another frolic of the days when they were young together.

The cousins worked as well as played together. Those were the days when the many large grist mills dotting the South Branch River used to gather in the bountiful wheat and corn crops of their farmer customers and afterward hauled the grist products to New Brunswick, which was then the shipping port for a wide stretch of New Jersey, including Somerset and Hunterdon counties. Mr. Corle senior did a large business in this way, and it just suited

his adventurous son, Calvin and his cousin to do the hauling.

Mounted on their immense wagons, loaded high with multitudinous sacks of wheat, bags of flour, bran, middlings, corn, cornmeal, cracked corn, oats, oatmeal, crushed oats, buckwheat, buckwheat flour, etc., etc., all built firm, like bricks in a wall, and covered with tarpaulins, roped around stanch and strong and lashed to the vehicles like the halyards of a ship, Calvin and John, each with two or four horses in front of him, were in their element. At 4 o'clock in the morning they gathered up their lines and cracked their whips for the start. They liked the work, not because it was easy, for it was not. In the late fall, when the business really began in earnest, the weather, then as now, was often made up of blustering bastings of rain, hail and snow and keen, biting frosts, that made travel anything but child's play for man and beast. But it was full of blood-stirring action and excitement that just suited brawny young fellows of spirit.

Outward bound they had to be expert drivers to navigate the imperfect roads of those days, and had to guard their valuable loads from free-handed plunderers, many of whom then infested lonely roads. Many stops at roadhouses along the way were necessary to breathe their horses, if for nothing else. It was a hearty relief of the long tedium of the journey, to pull up at any hour of day or night, where a big sign invited all and singular to come in out of the rain or biting blast and be warmed and refreshed. And every man who has tasted the bitters and sweets of such travel will readily admit that a foaming tankard of good nut-brown home-brewed helps amazingly

to thaw out one's limbs, and sends the blood tingling into his fingers and toes on such occasions.

No hostelry door was kept shut in the face of a weary or shivering traveler at any hour in those days. Were it the posting horseman, in need of a fresh mount and a hasty meal, or one of the roving tin peddlers, or any of the horse traders or cattle dealers then continually moving hither and thither before dawn, at high noon or black midnight, the clatter of horses' hoofs or the rumble of wheels, with a halloo from the driver, always brought prompt answer, a wide-open door, inviting warmth within and a cheery word of welcome.

Thus would young Calvin and John, even before the half-awake crow of the earliest rooster, pull up on the first leg of their voyage at Flagtown and brace up with an eye-opener from the cozy and glittering bar of the hail-fellow-well-met landlord, Will Hall.

The next stop would be at the justly famous Wood's Tavern, a landmark even to this day, but only a milk-and-water-dead-or-alive affair, compared with the all-day, all-night warmth, good cheer and bustle of the place, when the prosperous and jovial old boniface, Isaac Van Fleet, smiled broadly his welcome to his many patrons.

Early risers would be literally "striking a light" from steel and flint into their tinder boxes and lighting therefrom there tallow dip candles to dress by the time the cousins arrived at Millstone, with the river in front of them to ford, for there was no bridge over the Millstone River at that time. A word as to the state of the ford from mine host, Captain Wilson, was of course, but natural and reasonable. Who knew, as the merry captain did,

the height and breadth and strength of the current of the Millstone River? No man that ever lived. Nor did any exist that knew as he did its every twist and bend and every creek that fed it, from Kingston and Rocky Hill (places immortalized, he would tell you, by their association with the name of the Father of His Country) down to the Raritan and on to New Brunswick. Woe to the misguided teamster, whoever he was, that, in the season of freshets, took other word than that of the stanch old pilot with the rosy nose and foghorn voice, mine host of the Millstone Inn!

Cornelius Williamson, an old friend of Mr. Corle's, once did that. He asked a woman, who stood at her door, if other drivers were able to go through, and, being answered that they were, for she had seen them, he made a dash for it, and just missed losing his team and his life. Had the old captain been asked, he would have warned the questioner of his danger, for in but a few minutes the river had risen more than two feet.

"A trick of hers—quick up, but mighty slow down, is the Millstone River," the captain would sometimes say. "Her twin sister is getting my supper yonder!" he would add with a wink, after a careful look over his shoulder, to make sure that his wife could not hear what he said.

Across on the other bank John Bellis's house of call was visited by the cousins and other drivers, sometimes going and always coming homeward. The next stop was at Middlebush, where Landlord Fisher's sign held out it's welcome. Then came the last stop at Dick Demont's, about two miles from their destination.

Arriving at New Brunswick, the travelers, thankful

for their safe journey, put up at the Bull's Head, on Burnett street, which was kept by the genial Henry Smith. This old hostelry still stands, among other ancient houses, on the same little narrow, winding, old-fashioned street, with sidewalks not much over a foot in width.

COLONEL SANDERSON'S MAIL COACHES.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S METHOD OF CRUSHING A COMPETITOR, AND A TRIP TO CONEY ISLAND.

There is nothing, perhaps, short of a journey in one that could conjure up the genuine stage coach of the olden time better than meeting a man who has so traveled —not one who did so for the fun or novelty of it, but a man who paid his fare and rode in earnest, thus using the only means then available for transporting himself from one place to another across the State. I had the pleasure of meeting such a man lately. He is Henry Vanderveer Van Liew, now of Clover Hill.

Leaving, when he was fourteen years of age, the school that he had been attending at Easton, Pa., young Van Liew took the stage from there to Somerville. As he is now seventy-four, that was sixty years ago. He remembers that he was the only passenger in the coach on that long ride. He thus saw a plain evidence of the sure decadence that had already set in for the old mode of travel, and he has lived long enough to see the good old stage a thing of the past and all but forgotten.

The coach Mr. Van Liew sat in and the man who drove it were types of the passing age—an age when men of standing and large means thought it not beneath their dignity to own stage lines, as well as to drive their own horses. Colonel D. Sanderson was the owner and driver of that coach. He was the proprietor of the main stage line then connecting New York and Philadelphia, and

he owned six subsidiary lines as feeders thereto. The most important stage, that from Elizabeth to Easton, Pa., he drove himself, and long before Mr. Van Liew's ride with him home from school and long after the colonel was famous for his splendid horses, and also for having cut down the record in crossing the State to a trifle under two days.

In the earlier and more prosperous part of his coaching career, Colonel Sanderson had personally superintended the travel over his line of such illustrious men as Lafayette, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Taylor, Richard M. Johnson and other notables, as they passed to and fro between the two great cities. In the election of President Taylor, Colonel Sanderson took an active part. He voted for Jackson in 1824, and though the latter was then defeated he was elected President four years later.

Besides his stages, the colonel was interested in other enterprises, particularly hotels. The old Union House at Elizabeth belonged to him for over twenty-five years and was justly celebrated at that time as a first-class hostelry. When New Jersey was crossed only by stages the single trip cost $7. This the colonel reduced to $5. Mr. Van Liew paid $2 for his ride from Easton to Somerville. The stage then carried the mail under government contract. It also transported express matter and baggage.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the earlier Western stage routes had made fortunes for their proprietors, Colonel Sanderson eventually lost heavily by his enterprise here in the East. By the time he finished with the business he found himself out of pocket over $25,000. In the heydey of his coaching, when his horses

were the admiration of every one for beauty and speed, he had the distinction of selling a superb pair of bays to the French Emperor for the handsome sum of $4,500. The transaction resulted in all probability through his pleasant and intimate relations with the Marquis de Lafayette.

Colonel Sanderson's was a well-known and genial face, and his figure a commanding one as, seated on his raised "box," with fares to right of him, fares to left of him and more on a second seat behind him, he swung into view on the front of his glistening coach. Added to these passengers would generally be six or eight "insides," and two or three more alongside the conductor, perched up high on the "boot" behind.

Thus came the great chariot, tearing down the street of the town or village, behind magnificent, foaming horses spurred on by the blasts of the bugle. The crash of wheels of the towering equipage—the splendid connecting link between the two great cities of New York and Philadelphia—was inspiring and electrifying to everybody. And as for the brilliant captain of all this, the prince of good fellows, the fearless, dashing jehu, whose hand was on the reins, the gallant colonel, who hobnobbed familiarly with great soldiers, statesmen and noblemen, he appeared to the country townsmen—especially to the flourishing tavern keepers, whose houses he filled with distinguished company, as little less than a god.

To the passengers, whirled along by those mettled steeds, there was a sympathetic thrill of admiration and a sort of heroic fellowship with the noble animals, in their breasting of terrific steeps and their breakneck thun-

dering down duplicate rock-bound descents, with, all the time, a delectable kaleidoscope of pleasant, pastoral scenes, forests, mountain gorges, crests, crags, tumbling floods, sparkling rills and fairy dells. Then there was the exhilarating clatter of hoofs, the rattling, banging and swaying of the laboring vehicle, the merry whistle and crack of the driver's whip, with his horsey quips and quiddities of stableisms, which the fuming chargers understood perfectly and responded to with the strength of fiery demigods and the docility of children.

With all these tingling the blood in the veins and making fresh and ruddy the cheeks of travelers, top coats were buttoned high; rugs were reefed tight, hats were jammed down hard against the stinging gale and pelting showers of the driving blast, and all sat snug as the great stage coach, like a resistless juggernaut, swept along in the old days through the State.

Starting from the Old Union at Elizabeth, the outward journey was by way of Plainfield, Bound Brook, Somerville, skirting the Cushetunk Mountains to Whitehouse, then on to Clinton and Perryville; then over the Musconetcong Mountains to Bloomsbury, Springtown and Shimers, with many a short stop at welcoming roadhouses between, arriving in good time for an early supper at Easton on the second day. Here they were met by another of Colonel Sanderson's stages that traveled from Easton to Philadelphia.

On the colonel's return journey some of his passengers would branch off at Bound Brook to another of his stages that ran to New Brunswick. Mr. Van Liew accompanied his father on this branch line when he was a

boy of six. Arriving on that occasion at New Brunswick, the coach was met by old Commodore Vanderbilt, who then ran a ferryboat from there to New York. Waving his hand to the passengers, he cried:

"This way! This way, all of you for New York! My boat is ready. Have a free sail to New York!"

The secret of this touting was that another boat had been started in opposition to the commodore's ferry. The new boat had had the audacity to lower the ferry fare to six cents. When it did this the peppery commodore met it by taking passengers free of any charge at all. He not only did that, but he provided all his patrons with a substanial dinner. Mr. Van Liew says he perfectly remembers the commodore's figure as he saw him shouting from the deck of his boat to the people on the wharf and vigorously waving his arm:

"Come on! Come on!" he cried. "Every one of you! This way for a free sail to New York and a good dinner!"

This soon had the desired effect. The new boat, unable to fight on such terms, was before long taken off, leaving the commodore an undisputed field.

Another man, who many a time rode in Colonel Sanderson's coach and who knew the colonel well, is Calvin Corle. Not only did Mr. Corle know the colonel intimately, but he has still sundry bottles of champagne which he received from Mr. Sanderson. These were known to be of very mature age when they came into Mr. Corle's possession. They are now estimated to be over a century and a quarter old.

It seems truly difficult to quite realize how far back in

history this combination of ages and acquaintances brings us. Here are Mr. Corle and Mr. Van Liew, neither of whom looks a day older than sixty-five, who have been on intimate terms—at all events, Mr. Corle was—with the famous coachman, Colonel Sanderson, who several times had Lafayette on his coach, and who, no doubt, "talked horse" with the famous Frenchman in that intimate way that horse-lovers always fraternize. And here, to-day, can be seen in Mr. Corle's hands some of the complimentary wine with which the generous Frenchman loaded the colonel on his return from delivering the horses to his august purchaser in Paris. Lafayette was a distinguished contemporary of George Washington, as well as of Colonel Sanderson. And here is Mr. Corle, who knew the colonel intimately for a number of years. It may not strike others so, but it does appear to me to be the nearest that I have ever approached to those two great generals who co-operated so well in laying the foundation of the American nation.

It is doubtful if many men like Messrs. Corle and Van Liew are left; that is, men who made their adieus to the departing stage and to the gallant colonel as the last true type of Jersey coaching days of old, and then stepping across the breach, welcomed the new era of railroads.

The formal transfer of Mr. Van Liew's allegiance was when he took advantage of the offer of the South Branch Railway of a free ride to New York and Coney Island at the completion of its line in 1864. The ride itself was all right and would have been enjoyable but for a defect, so to speak, in its trimmings. At all events

there was this qualification necessary in speaking of his own particular experience.

Putting $100 in his pocket and taking every one of his workmen for a nice treat, Mr. Van Liew and his party started from home at 4 o'clock in the morning for a day's outing at Coney Island. After a very early and imperfect breakfast they had the long ride and then the sail from Jersey City, and by the time they reached the now famous watering place they were all in great trim for their dinners. This Mr. Van Liew was determined should be the very best that money could buy. They had little difficulty in selecting the tavern for their feast, for there was only one to be seen, and that was not of the most promising appearance. Indeed, there was no other house of any kind but that solitary, ramshackle one. Half a dozen little bathing boxes, not unlike coffins standing on end, were stuck up here and there on the sandy beach. This completed the accommodations of that day at Coney Island.

As may be supposed, the eager party quickly surrounded the only visible table at the inn; but their hungry chops fell and their hearts sank when they were told that they could get nothing whatever to eat, not a drop of anything but "soft," very soft stuff—mere luke warm emetics—to drink. There they were, out for a feast and, hungry as cormorants, landed on an almost desert island. On one side was the broad, hungry ocean and long stretches of beautiful white sands, whetting their already voracious appetites into an agony of hunger, and nothing, not even a pretzel or a cent's worth of peanuts, to eat! On the other side was a trackless wilder-

ness of wild weeds, sand dunes and swamps, and no mortal means to escape till 6 P. M.

They wandered up and down all that long day by the sea in a state of suffering that not one of the party ever forgot. Nor did any of them ever forget the painful eagerness with which they cast lots—not to determine which of the party should die and be eaten—but to settle which should be the fortunate man that should devour an oyster, which in parsimonious mercy the sea gave up to them.

Then when at last the steam packet got up steam and took them away from that place of torment, their hearts leaped within them at the thought of what they would do at a restaurant at Jersey City. How they longed to be once more back on dear old Jersey soil again! Then they'd be happy again! But, alas! for the vanity of human wishes. No sooner had their faltering feet touched the wished-for soil of Jersey than a stentorian voice came from the railroad station gate:

"Train for Elizabeth, Plainfield, Bound Brook, Somerville, and all stations on the South Branch Railroad. Step lively!"

By a truly heroic spurt they reached the train just as it moved out of the station and secured only standing room. It was 10 o'clock at night, when Mr. Van Liew, with the $100 still unbroken in his pocket and with his famished men, disembarked at Neshanic Station, wiser, perhaps, but certainly hungrier men than they ever were before or ever were again.

BOGUS PARSON MURDERED HIS WIFE

MARY HARDEN, THE TEETERTOWN MILLER'S DAUGHTER, DONE TO DEATH WITH A POISONED APPLE.

About sixty years ago, "Rev." Jacob H. Harden, a young man of fine appearance, very engaging manner and great eloquence, preached a few times on probation in Somerville. For some reason he was not chosen. A dark rumor of bogus credentials floated among a limited few, but little was said and the candidate soon after received a call to Mount Lebanon, in Morris County. There his remarkable power in the pulpit attracted immediate and absorbing attention and he was widely hailed as the most brilliant speaker in the county or even in the State. Especially was this the case among the fair sex, who, all in a flutter of excitement, elevated the young Apollo of a preacher to the very pinnacle of their most exuberant admiration.

The church filled and flourished and for some time the poor little hearts were legion that went pitapat through long vigils of soulful agitation and alluring artifices, conning speculations as to who, oh which of them all was to be the happy girl to be glorified to the seventh heaven of bliss as his chosen one? To some natures this kind of wholesale adulation is the sweetest of incense, which they would fain prolong over all their lives. To others, and happily they are in the majority, it is painful in the extreme and they are miserable and impatient to undeceive such of the fair as have been too indulgently

kind in their judgment. Jacob Harden, though a born wholesaler in that line, saw the plain necessity to evolve from general suavity his particular attention to one, in order to socially save his face. But the truth really was that one or two motherly dowagers cogently impressed that upon his mind as an absolute necessity, and at length he took their advice.

So one evening, bracing himself up to what was an unpleasant as well as a serious step in life, he walked out to the Teetertown mill and engaged himself to Mary Darling, the miller's daughter. Sam Darling, the miller of Teetertown, owned several farms, besides the mill, and was well known to be in very comfortable circumstances. When consulted about the minister's proposal: "All right, Mary, lass," he answered in his kindly, gruff way. "If thee like the domine and thou'st sure he likes thee and thou'st sartin he's good sound grain an' not chaff, why go ahead, lass, and hitch up wi' 'im. Wind jammin' ain't much in my line," he went on. "As the man said, 'I hardly ever open my mouth but I put my foot in it;' but some can talk the hind leg off a cow and coax millions out of people's pockets, and this domine chap seems like one on 'em."

As time went on and on and the preacher made no show of carrying out his promise of marriage, seeming instead rather more than ever infatuated in other quarters, old Sam Darling thought it about time to remind him that he was unfairly neglecting his daughter. The young man was penitent, renewed his proper attention to his betrothed and in due course married her. She was a beautiful girl, both in character and person and, though

at first not quite as accomplished and at her ease as some in society, she was so lovely and good that any trival deficiencies were amply compensated for, and if she had had a sympathetic and true man as husband, as everybody admitted, she would have been one of the brightest ornaments that society could boast.

Her marriage was the cause of much bitter enmity toward her and, as her husband still continued, or rather increased, his blandishments among other women, married as well as single, the poor wife soon keenly felt her dishonored position, but never complained. At last it was supposed some desperately wicked scheme brought on a crisis. He was then preaching in Andersontown, Warren County. One Sunday evening, just before church time, he came hastily into his home, telling his wife that a member of the congregation had sent her a beautiful apple.

"I have one, too," he said, "and I feel just like sampling it," with which he commenced eating his own.

"My! but, wifey, they're fine fruit," he remarked with gusto. "No, no!" he answered to her request for a bite of his, "just to taste." "No, you must eat your own," he said, "they're simply delicious."

Although not caring much for the apple, she ate it, really because she saw that he wished her to do so. That was ever her one thought, just to be agreeable and please him. They had barely time left to hurry into the church in time for service. He climbed to the pulpit and she sat facing him in the third seat from the front. His sermon, on a text chosen from the Beatitudes, was more eloquent and touching than usual, with fervid appeals

to the hearts of his hearers for the exercise of all the benign virtues, which ought to reign in their lives, he told them, so as to culminate in the beautiful chaste life of truly Christian homes. It was particularly remarked that on this occasion the gifted preacher often turned his eyes devotedly upon his wife. Several fair ones, who at other times flattered themselves that the minister, as it were, sought inspiration in their bright eyes, felt chagrined and neglected. So pathetically pleading was this discourse, however, that the congregation was deeply moved, many of the ladies being in tears.

At the height of his pathos, when the very atmosphere seemed vibrant with tense feeling, he paused. A few stifled sobs were heard. His eyes were calmly regarding his wife. He had noticed a pallor come over her lovely face; he saw her whole frame quiver and her eyes turn up white and deathlike. But without further notice and with a beautiful smile he raised his face and hands for the benediction. At the same instant his wife moaned: "Oh, father, I'm dying," and fell to the floor.

"Bless her," her husband unctuously remarked, as many hands bore her from the church, "she will soon be better. She is an intensely receptive hearer; that is all."

His wife was carried into the house of a Mr. Ramsey, where in about twenty minutes she died. Harden appeared shocked, but next morning he could not be found. Suspicion was aroused. Dr. Enos T. Blackwell, of Stephenstown, assisted by Dr. Crane, of Hackettstown, made a post-mortem examination, suspected poison and sent the stomach to Philadelphia for analysis of its contents. It was found to contain sufficient of a deadly

poison to cause death. Then detectives were put on the case and the country was notified. The suspected preacher was traced to Virginia and captured within a week. He readily surrendered himself.

"I am glad you've come," he said. "Take me to prison and hang me, for I am guilty, guilty of murdering a good, beautiful and loving wife. I dare not ask even my God for forgiveness for so heinous a crime. No matter where I go I hear her innocent, dying moan—the wind, the brooks and trees all continually repeat it: 'Oh, father, I'm dying!' Ah!" he half groaned, "I've often tried to define hell. I know it now! I have lived its worst torments from that awful moment when in her dying agony she called, not to me, her natural protector, but to her good father, whom she knew she could trust, for help. She knew that I, vile beast that I am, wanted her out of my way: but like an angel, never spoke it. I poisoned the apple which I pressed her to eat before entering church that evening, and it killed her."

He was tried at Belvidere, Warren County seat, and on his own confession of wilful murder was sentenced to be hanged. Executions were then in public, and never before was there such a mighty throng at Belvidere as came to see the hanging. Even the day before, people began to pour into the town by hundreds, even thousands. By the early morning of the appointed day the place was packed, housetops, barns, fences, trees, every available point, literally swarming with sightseers. Lines of wagons extended, it is averred, for miles in every direction on the highways, filled with people, who had not the remotest hope of seeing the scaffold. So

great was the crush and so many were there who ought to have been cared for in their homes, instead of fighting their way for twenty-four hours in such a place, that there were no less than three deaths and four births amid the surging crowds.

The culprit at once after capture began writing a long, detailed confession. But it was so morbidly frank, and involved so many reputations besides his own, that it had to be suppressed. He had never been ordained, it transpired, and had cleverly imposed upon everybody—except the circumspect Somerville folks. After making a clean breast of it, he died an abject penitent.

Over poor Mary Harden's grave, in Pleasant Grove Cemetery, in Morris County, is still to be seen her memorial stone. In the stone the sorrowing father, old Sam Darling, had a space chiseled out, four inches deep by six inches square, in which he placed his beloved Mary's picture. My informant tells me that, whenever he finds himself in that vicinity, he never fails to go and look at that pathetic memorial of a great tragedy.

DR. JOHN ROCKHILL.

ADVENTURES OF HUNTERDON COUNTY'S FIRST PHYSICIAN AND HOW HE WON THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE INDIANS.

One day, a good many years ago, a sturdy Indian suddenly and mysteriously appeared at the home of Dr. Rockhill, in Hunterdon County.

"Papoose! papoose! Kup-paum-unum-woo!" cried the man, making wild gesticulations and evidently asking medical aid for a child.

For a moment the athletic young doctor thought it was an intended decoy to lead him into ambush and murder him. But young though he was, his varied and sometimes thrilling experiences as the pioneer physician among the wilds of the then sparsely settled Hunterdon County, made him able to read human nature better than many an older man.

He saw in a twinkling the yearning sincerity of a parent in the red man's behavior; and in a very few minutes, with a small materia-medica and a few instruments in his saddle bags, sufficient to meet any ordinary demand in medicine or surgery, he was plunging along through the woods following the fleet-footed red man he knew not whither. The Indian amply made up for his lack of mount by slipping through thickets and beneath branches which frequently almost tore the white man from his horse.

After a ceaseless swinging trot of several hours, every

foot of the way being through seemingly pathless woods and uncultivated wilds, the untiring Indian at last stopping in front of a wigwam, signed dramatically for the doctor to enter, again crying, "Papoose! papoose!" and then fell exhausted upon the ground. Inside the hut the squaw-mother was supporting the head of their daughter, a really pretty little girl of twelve, on her lap. She looked up as the doctor entered, the picture of hopeless despair. It required only a cursory examination to prove that the child had smallpox. That disease had wiped out whole families and even villages of the red men. They claimed that the white men had sold them that terrible disease along with the match-coats given for their land.

The little sick girl was the apple of the Indian father's eye. He had several sons, but this was his only daughter; and, as he had seen that the medicine men of his tribe could do nothing to fight the deadly malady, he had footed it more than thirty long miles to enlist the skill of the white man to save his child—the first known instance of this kind, perhaps, in all Jersey. Through the agency of a tribesman, who knew more or less English, the doctor was enabled to prescribe and give directions as to treatment, and left promising to come again in a day or two.

This was Dr. John Rockhill, the first man to establish himself in practise as a physician in Hunterdon County. After studying medicine under Dr. Thomas Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, he had migrated to Pittstown, Hunterdon County, and in the year 1748, when twenty-two years of age, began practise there as a phy-

sician to the Society of Friends. Tradition says he was a man of fine physique, with an iron nerve and great endurance, and was therefore well equipped for the toilsome and frequently hazardous journeys he was called upon to make to see his patients.

The red man's call for medical aid was a novelty. Hitherto the doctor's acquaintance with the Indians had been anything but agreeable. It was the time of their greatest unrest, when they began to realize the seriousness of the white man's encroachments upon their domains, with the gradual destruction of their only means of living—their hunting grounds. He had often been attacked on his errands of mercy, which at one time covered great distances; for when he started practise there was not another medical man from the Delaware as far east as New Brunswick, or from Trenton to the Blue Mountains on the north. All the paths along the Delaware and near the mountains were unsafe from the roving hordes of exceedingly hostile Indians that came over the borders from Pennsylvania and New York State, infesting the fastnesses on New Jersey's boundaries. But the doctor, who was as handy with his sword as with his scalpel and also a dead shot, was soon known as a dangerous customer to interfere with.

Passing on one occasion by the path leading through what later became Spring Mills, he suddenly found himself almost surrounded by red men, who greeted him with a perfect shower of arrows. One of these picked a piece of flesh from the back of his neck, another went through the rim of his hat and a couple stuck in the saddle, one on each side of his leg. In reply to this he shot two of his

assailants dead—one while his horse was going at full gallop through a group of them. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and hit back so effectually when attacked that before long the white "medicine man" was marked as one that was better to keep clear of than to attack.

As good fortune willed it, the doctor's first Indian patient, the little girl—who proved to be the daughter of an influential chief—responded splendidly to his treatment, and when he paid his second visit the child's parents were so over-powered with gratitude and admiration that they literally kissed the hem of his garment and sent men laden down with presents to his home. Moreover, Chief Shackamaxo, whose daughter the child was, sent out runners in every direction advertising the inestimable goodness and god-like powers of the great white medicine man of Pittstown and making known that he was the red man's best friend and hence must be protected at the hands of all good Indians thenceforth and forever. After that Dr. Rockhill's life was much safer on his travels; yet, nevertheless, he was afterward fired upon by more than one of the roving gangs of mountaineer red men who for years harassed the northern and western boundaries of the State.

In those days there was also more or less danger from four-legged marauders. The few families then settled where the prosperous little town of Flemington now stands had to guard themselves and their children and live stock from the wolves that in the winter came prowling down the valley from the big timber of the Round Mountain and Cherry Hill. There is a tradition that Dr. Rockhill was once hard pressed by a hungry pack of these on his return from visiting a family, supposed to be that of Abra-

ham Van Horn, near Whitehouse. Leaving there early on a winter night, he was making his way with a clear, full moon in the sky, to visit an Indian village on the Minisi Creek, about two miles above the present Flemington. His way lay along the skirt of Cushetunk Mountain, which was well known to harbor many wolves. There had been a long spell of very severe weather, with a deep coat of snow on the ground, and the doctor had been cautioned about the danger of attack if he took the path he did. But, as he said, the snow was hard, he was well armed and well mounted, and really enjoyed risking it.

The physician soon perceived, after proceeding some distance, that several wolves were trotting behind him; but they kept too far off for him to get a shot at them, though he tried more than once to draw them within range. As the Round Mountain loomed against the western sky, deciding to push on, the doctor put spurs to his horse for a spin across what appeared a nice open space. But before he well knew what had happened he found himself unhorsed and partially stunned at the bottom of a deep washout, with the horse overturned on its back partly overlying him in deep snow and plunging madly to regain his feet. Fortunately the hole into which they fell being at the base of a giant oak tree, a hollowed out recess, big enough to admit his body, extended inward below the roots of the tree. He had just got into this hole and saved himself from destruction from his horse's wild kicks, when a wolf sprang on the prostrate animal, burying its gleaming fangs in the fleshy part of the beast's hing leg. The doctor's pistol rang out sudden death to the intruder, and it fell limp and dead into the hole at his feet. But the bite

had so maddened the horse that, with one frantic effort, it gained its feet and went snorting away at full gallop for its life.

With a second pistol cocked ready for the next wolf, the doctor was about to peep over his entrenchment when the glaring eyes of another of his hungry followers met his. Over rolled that one with another well aimed bullet in its head, and, while several of its brethren sniffed at the dead, licking its blood preparatory to devouring the body, the doctor clambered from the roots to the branches of the oak to a place of greater safety. Perched on a branch, just out of reach, and after emptying his pistols into one after another of the animals with deadly effect, as they slunk up at the smell of blood, he kept on reloading and firing away at his leisure, until dead wolves lay thick on the blood-bespattered snow all around him. Not before his powder-horn began to feel light and almost his last ball was gone, did it ever occur to the sport-loving doctor about the precariousness of his situation. But almost as soon as he thought of it he was saved from anxiety, for he even then heard the friendly whoops and halloos of men evidently seeking him.

The doctor's horse galloping up without a rider to Samuel Fleming's stables, at the Flemington House hostelry —the first house, and then the only house, in what is now Flemington—created quite a furor. The horse knew the stables and was known, having been put up there on former visits of Dr. Rockhill in the neighborhood. Fleming, having notified Philip Kase, the nearest settler, as well as Chief Tuccamurdan, who happened to be at Kase's at the time, the three, having with all haste

mounted horses and leading the doctor's runaway by the bridle, set out as a search party to find the physician. Following the horse's tracks they were not long in finding the treed doctor with a record slaughter beneath and all around him.

As it was to Tuccamurdan's village Dr. Rockhill had been journeying, he was now escorted thither by the chief, who was overjoyed at the wonderful healing of the child of his brother-chief, Shackamaxo. He assured the doctor that he had bespoken all his tribesmen's hearts and hands in whatsoever way it might be possible to serve him. Immediately on arrival at his village, Tuccamurdan dispatched several of his braves for the teeth of the wolves the doctor had slain. These he ordered his men to drill and string up as beads as a commemoration of his guest's prowess, and afterward he presented to him the unique memento of the event. It was on one of these professional visits of Dr. Rockhill to Chief Tuccamurdan's village that that typical grand old man of the Delawares made some philosophical observations which became historical.

Kase being exceedingly thoughtful and taciturn, was a warm friend of the chief's and delighted at all times to hear the sage enlarge upon the old traditions and glories of the Indian people, merely answering in appreciative monosyllables. Fleming, on the other hand, could not help indulging in the dry humor for which he was justly celebrated as the entertaining landlord of his famous "castle." Answering one of his good-natured jibes, the stern old chief, who, like all his race, was utterly incapable of

understanding jest of any kind, replied, addressing himself, however, to Dr. Rockhill:

"No; much as we admire the white people, we cannot admit that they are superior beings. The hair of their heads, their features and the various colors of their eyes plainly declare that they are not as we are, Lenni-Lenape—an original people, a race of men that hath existed unchanged from the beginning of time—but that they are a mixed race and therefore a troublesome one."

After a few meditative puffs at his long pipe, and without the slightest change in the sober gravity of his commanding features, Tuccamurdan's eye, with that steady, eagle-like dignity of gaze peculiar to him resting again on the doctor, went on:

"The white race are my friends and I love them. But wherever they may be, the Great Spirit, knowing the natural wickedness of their disposition as a race, hath found it necessary to give them a great Book and hath taught them to read it, that they might know and observe what He doth wish them to do and what to refrain from. But the Lenni-Lenape have no need of any such Book to know the will of their Maker; for they find it engraved on their hearts; they have had sufficient discerment given to them to distinguish good from evil, and by following that unerring guide they are sure not to err. Such are our Unamis and Unalachtgos, the peaceful dwellers of the plains, who love and are beloved of the white men. But like the white man's great Book telleth of, we have our descendants of Cain, who slew his brother, among us. The Minsi are of our kindred, but are turned to ravening wolves. They are gone out

from the fold, a lost and bloodthirsty people. We abhor and reject them."

It was but a short time after this meeting that Dr. Rockhill was summoned in great haste by a white family in woful distress, more than forty miles distant, between what is now Marcella and Split Rock Pond, in Morris County. A man named Wedge living there had had his house sacked and burned to the ground by Minsi Indians, who came suddenly down upon them from the Copperas Mountain. On the approach of the savages the family fled to the woods, being fired upon as they ran. Only one shot took effect. Their little daughter of ten, Elsie, fell, shot through the lungs. Thinking the child was dead the parents hastily covered her with leaves and continued their flight, intending to bury the body on their return. But behold, when they came early next morning, Elsie was breathing and even recognized them. The overjoyed father bore his child to the nearest house and immediately set out all the way to Pittstown for Dr. Rockhill, whose fame, mainly through the agency of the Indians, extended far beyond the confines of his county.

It is an impossible effort for the imagination to picture the difficulties of the journey that Samuel Wedge, without a moment's hesitation and with no more preparation than saddling a horse and stuffing some rye bread into his pockets, set out upon in the hope of saving his little daughter's life. Even now, with roads at least of some kind for wheeled traffic, a horseback ride over the same ground is no slight undertaking.

What then must it have been, when the best available highways were mere blazed paths through almost con-

tinuous forests, with considerable risk of at any time meeting a scalping party of Indians or skulking wolves? But from the Northern part of what is now Morris County almost to the Delaware River, through tangled forests underwood, across unbridged rivers and over or around mountains, for forty tortuous miles, went Samuel Wedge, with probably as little thought of difficulty as most people nowadays think it to go half a dozen blocks over paved streets, hopefully pressing on for the doctor by whose skill his little Elsie might live. Surgery alone could save her; for the cruel lead that had pierced her back about the fifth rib had not gone all the way through but lodged somewhere in the little body, and of course meant death unless extracted.

In less time than would perhaps be credited, Dr. Rockhill was there and performed the delicate operation, which involved the difficult problem of probing and locating the bullet without X-rays or any of the other helpful improvements of modern times. But the marked success of Dr. Rockhill's surgery through the troublous times covered by his practise would almost justify the thought that the increase of novel appliances may not increase the cunning of the hand; for an undeniable historical fact it certainly is that his success in the treatment of, for example, gunshot wounds, was so remarkable as to win him wide distinction.

In little Elsie's case the bullet was found to have passed through the left lobe of the lungs and embedded itself in the breastbone near the diaphragm. From this vitally difficult position the doctor extracted the leaden ball, declaring his confident belief that the child would

recover. The little patient lay for weeks, part of the time just hovering between life and death. In time the high fever began to abate and Elsie got stronger and stronger and at last was quite well. Before the age of twenty she was married and in time became the mother of a large family. Moreover, she married into a well-known family, for her husband was Edward Marshall, the son of the man who made that historic walk along the bank of the Delaware for William Penn, whereby was measured the extent of land to be included in one of the great Quaker's purchases from the Indians. Elsie lived and reared a family of twelve children on the comfortable estate won by the stout day's walk of her father-in-law. It was her daughter who told Mrs. Swallow, the grandmother of Mrs. George Kinney, now living in Three Bridges, the story about the elder Marshall's famous walk. Mrs. Swallow used to do spinning for Elsie's daughter.

Dr. Rockhill married a Miss Robeson, who was grand-aunt to the late Secretary Robeson of the United States Navy. Miss Rockhill, sister of Dr. Rockhill, married his wife's brother, who was Secretary Robeson's grandfather, making Dr. Rockhill double great-uncle to the Secretary.

Dr. Rockhill died April 7, 1798, and was buried in the Friends' burial ground at Quakertown.

THE "MAYOR OF PLUCKEMIN."

A FAMOUS HUNT THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEWARK IN WHICH TUNIS MELICK WON ALL HEARTS.

Some years ago, when the writer lived in Newark and was all unconscious of the existence of the classic Pluckemin, something from that village caused quite a lot of excitement at the famous "Four Corners." I was walking up Market, from Broad street, when there suddenly developed a peculiar commotion among pedestrains, which shifted its centre curiously, now to the sidewalk, now on the street, while men plunged wildly and grabbed at something on the ground that seemed to elude all their attempts to catch it. And in the wake of the excited people, whichever way they surged, tripped up men sprawled on the street amid peals of laughter.

Many like myself halted, wondering what the unusual stir was about. A loud squeal solved the mystery; nobody could mistake the sound; a pig was running loose, and a young fellow just then caught it. Scores had tried it and come to grief, for a pig is an awkward, naked kind of thing to catch, having neither horns like the cow, nor the mane-forelock of the horse, nor any tail to speak of by which to grasp it. But the young man had found a handle somewhere about the vociferous porker, which he marched off with as if he knew well where to take it. This I later learned was one of a dozen or more young pigs which "Mayor" Melick, of Pluckemin, had carted all the way to the Newark market.

Being a well-known figure and a great favorite in Newark, the jovial Mayor has often had to pay the price of popularity by succumbing to the good-natured adulation of his city admirers. And it so happened that day when he came with his pigs to market that just as he turned out of Broad street, past the end of Military Park, he was recognized and immediately pounced upon by three old friends. In utter defiance, it appears, of his pleading business first and pleasure after, and though he tried his best to push ahead past them with his famous "Later on, boys! later on! later on!" it was no use. They insisted, seizing his horses' heads and actually compelling him to descend from his wagon, so that they might treat him, after his long drive.

No sooner, however, had he entered a convenient hostelry with two of the friends than the other, a regular mad wag, opened the rear fastening of the wagon, and, tipping up the huge crate, poured out as it were an avalanche of squealing pigs on the street. The Mayor, hearing the deafening chorus, rushed out to find his whole stock of porkers running away, helter skelter in all directions.

Pigs and perversity being inseparable, and every one of the swine race being bound to take his own course, in this case with all that could be done, escaping porkers were chased for hours through Newark toward every point of the compass. In their terrified career they dashed into stores, dwellings, offices, restaurants, etc., upsetting tables, chairs and stools, throwing men to the floor and sending women into hysterics. The pursuit and catching of those Pluckemin pigs was said to be a

great hunt; a chase that for exhilaration of numbers and multiplicity of exciting espisodes, has been claimed to rival if not completely eclipse the very best Black Forest boar hunt ever enjoyed by his imperial highness, the Emperor of Germany.

To have missed the sight of Mayor Melick acting as whipper-in in his famous Newark pig hunt was, they say, the loss of a lifetime. In his shirtsleeves, his hat in one hand, a coil of rope in the other, his broad and amiable features fired with eagerness in the chase and dripping perspiration, the devoted man led his cohorts of small boys with such shouts as never before awoke the echoes of old Newark town. If nothing else had ever occurred whereby to estimate the man, assuredly this trying ordeal, through which he displayed such boyish hopefulness and even the keenest enjoyment of the fun, would have stamped the "Mayor of Pluckemin" as far removed above the common mediocrity of mankind.

People who saw it said it was truly inspiring to see the panting owner, when he and his followers managed to surround one of the runaway pigs in some blind alley or corner, where they seemed sure of catching it. Standing at bay, with head lowered facing his pursuers, the pig watched with the eyes of the basilisk, for an opening to make another dash, while its distinguished owner, with intense anxiety, approached, a la professional wrestler, with hands spread and stooping low, ready to seize him. Then, when with running squeal, the animal made a plunge and the Mayor of Pluckemin, intending to fling himself bodily upon the pig, missed it and rolled in the dust, there were frantic cheers and

tipping up the crate, poured out as it were, an avalanche of squealing pigs on the street.

laughter from his valiant henchmen and from hundreds of onlookers. This, which would have covered any other man with confusion, seemed meat and drink to the Mayor. For, rising, he bowed his acknowledgment of the plaudits, and again rallying his ranks like an unhorsed general, he renewed the chase with redoubled enthusiasm. Tunis Melick was pretty well known long before that in Newark. But since the spilling of his pigs on the street and the memorable hunt for them, his place is among the immortals.

Experiences like those are merely incidentals to Mr. Melick's business as an agriculturalist. Thousands of other farmers can drive into town and do the same things, unnoticed and unknown. The great public makes its own estimate and for inscrutable reasons fixes its particular attention upon certain personalities and makes them famous. The rule seems to be that he who seeks it findeth it not; while he who does things in utter disregard of what any one but himself may think, and flavors his actions with a strong individuality, as Mr. Melick does, shall have good measure, pressed down and running over of notoriety wherever he turns.

But Tunis Melick's fame far oversteps the great city of Newark, Morristown and other large centres of New Jersey, reaching out beyond even the confines of the State. Take, for instance, the great exposition at Jamestown, Va., of late. He went there, I have been told, by special invitation of the most influential people, and was practically the guest of the city. His acceptance of the invitation, as well as his subsequent progress thither, was noted and heralded by every newspaper of importance

in Virginia under flaming headlines. On his arrival he was met by an immense concourse of people and was wined and dined and generally lionized throughout his entire stay.

In argument Mr. Melick is invincible. Yet he acknowledges complete defeat on one occasion. His opponent in this memorable bout was an Englishman. Just for argument's sake he was laying out the Britisher for coming over here to America to share in its blessings, instead of being born to that right as he, Mr. Melick, was.

"But I claim a better right," the Englishman said, "to prosper here than you have, and that for the reason that I started on better terms."

"I defy you to give us one scintilla of proof of that!" Mr. Melick shouted, and the audience were all attention to hear the answer.

"That's easy enough," said the Englishman, with a wink to the bystanders. "When I came to this country I had at least a shirt on my back and that's more than you had when you arrived." A salvo not unlike a gatling gun broadside, which people have become used to as the Melickian laugh, greeted the answer, and "You've bested me, my boy; here is my hat! Take it, take it! take it!" he cried, offering his opponent his sombrero. Which action as symbolical of surrender I confess to having been heretofore ignorant of. I never saw it before nor heard the expression. "Take my hat!" To me it is purely Pluckeminese, but of course, it may be widely used for all that.

In his lighter moods Tunis Melick has been known to be wonderfully facetious, even to the point of playful-

ness. Most people hereabouts are well aware that Pluckemin is peculiarly subject to high speeding automobiles. The "mayor" is on bowing terms with all either fast or slow machines, and, indeed, with every person of high or low degree that passes through the village.

"Watch me stop this racer!" he said one day, throwing up his arms and waving frantically to a machine coming at reckless speed. Pulling up with heavy jerks and jars, the begoggled driver demanded:

"What's the matter?" with great impatience and importance.

"Why, you've not got your linen duster on!" the "mayor" megaphoned at him; and, as the man muttered and turned on the power:

"That'll do; that's all," Mr. Melick said; "go ahead!"

Another time, while walking with a friend along the road, as the result of a wager, Mr. Melick pulled a rail from the fence and carried it along so awkwardly that a speeding auto coming behind set up a perfect howl of honking for him to get out of the way. He kept on his devious way with the rail, however, until the machine was close upon him. At the last moment he flung the rail down right across the road and ran for his life up the bank. This brought the automobile to a dead stop, with a volley of anathemas. But Mr. Melick won his wager, and furthermore parted with all in the machine on the most amicable, not to say hilarious, terms. All that was needed to bring that about was for the travelers to learn, as they did from the other man, that they were confronted by the "Mayor of Pluckemin."

To any one who has ever heard Tunis Melick talk, it

must seem astonishing and altogether incredible, to be told that his resounding voice "is nothing to what his father's was." The father, Peter W. Melick, who lived at Barnet Hall, was the leading spirit in having the old Rockaway Railroad opened up between Whitehouse and New Germantown.

It was a single track, with practically no grading. So the old engine used to go walloping up hill and down dale, lugging two or three ancient cars behind it and emitting unearthly howls and screeches as if it were some hideous wild animal. It spoke volumes as to Peter W. Melick's vocal powers, that the Rockaway engine was named after him.

"Here comes old 'Peter W.,'" people would say, when they heard the loud blast of the engine miles away. There was no particular schedule as to old "Peter W's" movements, it is said. If it happened to be a fine morning the train hands might have to get in several loads of hay that had been cut the day previous, before starting. Then, again, they say that when some farmer's cows had broken into a neighbor's cornfield, or the like, the train would stop and both train hands and passengers would get out and help for a half-hour or so to put things to rights, before they got aboard and started again.

One amusing illustration of the railroad's reputation for speed is told in connection with a resident alongside the line who had set out on foot on day to go to a funeral at Whitehouse. Old "Peter W." coming up in the same direction with a tremendous snorting, made a special stop where there was no vestige of a station.

"Hello, John," the engineer shouted, hailing the pedes-

train, whom he knew, "going to town? Come on, jump in. You may as well ride as walk."

"Not this time, Bill, thank'ee all the same," the man afoot answered. "I'm on my way to my mother-in-law's funeral at Mechanicsville (the old name of Whitehouse), and I'm bound to be there on time. I know I can do it afoot, but if I let old 'Peter W.' steer me, the Lord only knows when I'd git there."

When Peter W. Melick was comparatively young, a man named Ezekiel Wooley was sexton of Zion Church, at New Germantown. Contrary to what is possibly a reputed somberness of sextons generally, Ezekiel was a jovial man for a gravedigger and delighted in playing practical jokes on people. One of these had reference to rat-catching, and is claimed, though on doubtful grounds, to have originated a very widely used and well-known saying.

Henry Miller, who kept the village store, finding his place infested with rats, offered a reward of ten cents a head for every rat any one caught on the premises. Ezekiel set a trap, caught one and, presenting it, got his ten cents. After receiving pay he threw the rat outside. Later, on going home, he saw it lying on the ground and immediately detected the chance for a good joke. Picking up the rat, he took it along with him and next day exhibited it as a second catch and got paid another ten cents for it. He repeated this process day after day with the same identical rodent he had caught at first, until Mr. Miller growing suspicious, hesitated, and smelt the rat. Then the game was up, and Ezekiel's laugh came in; and it is seriously claimed that there and then

was created that figure of speech denoting aroused suspicion—"smelling a rat."

A new family, man and wife, came to live next door to the Wooleys. Ezekiel called in and made their acquaintance. He told the lady of the house that his wife would shortly make a friendly call, but the pity was, he said, that his wife was almost stone deaf. Then going home he told his wife that he had dropped in to see their new neighbors. They seemed very nice people, he explained, but said the worst of it was that the new neighbor's wife was so very hard of hearing that it was painful to talk to her. Notwithstanding this serious drawback, Mrs. Wooley soon called and she began shouting to the woman and the woman bawled at her so dreadfully, that when the host came home both women were almost exhausted and as hoarse as crows. From the loudness of their voices he really feared they were quarreling and hurried into the room.

"This is my husband!" the hostess yelled to her caller and then in her natural voice, "John," she said, "this is Mrs. Wooley, from next door," and a moment later continued: "Lord! John, how deaf she is! And she must think I'm as deaf as she is herself, for she's been shouting at me till I'm most crazy."

"Mercy sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Wooley, who, of course, heard what the wife told her husband; "I'm not the least bit deaf! What on earth made you think I was?" The new neighbor stared at her in astonishment.

"Why," they both cried, "your husband told us you were as deaf as a stone!"

"Oh, may heaven forgive my poor, foolish 'Zekiel, with

his jokes! He's just too bad," Mrs. Wooley exclaimed impatiently. "Why," she said to the wife, "that's exactly what he told me you were!" And thereupon while both mopped the perspiration induced by their great vocal exertions from their faces, the two women laughed themselves into a lasting friendship.

The irrepressible Ezekiel was once employed to dig a well for Dr. Hazelius. When the digging was about finished and the well, a pretty deep one, the doctor who was said to be unusually close-fisted, having expressed a wish to descend the shaft, was accommodated. But when he wished to come up again, Ezekiel turned quite deaf, nor would he heed requests, entreaties or even threats as to getting his prisoner out again. Not till the doctor had faithfully promised him a brimming bumper of his best apple whiskey did the inveterate joker comply and bring him to the surface again.

Many of the world's great minds even at the zenith of their powers, have delighted, in moments of relaxation, to slip their collars, so to speak, and play the boy again and have, at such times, perpetrated jokes and frolicsome tricks, just to recall their happy memories of exploits and fireside tales of their merry youth. And it may be safely conjectured that some such tales as above mentioned and many others, about the facetious sexton and so forth, related by Tunis Melick's father, must have made a lasting impression upon his son. For multitudinous are the stories told about little playful lapses in such off moments or hours of ease in the mature life of Tunis Melick, the renowned, of Pluckemin.

But talking of voices, as this article commenced, it

must surely be that time's distance lends some wonderful enchantment to the memory of Peter W.'s voice, when any one can dream of its having eclipsed that of Tunis, his son's, in sonorous power. For he that hath ears to hear, let him hear, if only once, Tunis Melick, when he mounts his chariot, and as a pleasant valedictory, throws out his broad chest and spouts a verse or two, or all of a poem of his, as follows:

Stand up, my boys! Stand up, boys!
  Help bear the heavy load;
Toiling along the river side
  And up the mountain road.

We cannot all have millions;
  We cannot all be IT;
But courage, boys, and steady!
  We all can show our grit.

When something's to be boosted
  Heave, O boys! heave away!
All shout and pull together,
  Then sure we'll win the day.

Pluck fortune by the forelock,
  Pluck hard, boys, and we'll win;
That'll pluck from all the truth, boys,
  There's pluck in Pluckemin.

Let any man hear that declamation, as the writer has in part, with a few genuine Melickian oratorical flour-

ishes, before he makes the rash asseveration that there ever was, or ever will be, another voice, enunciato—perfecto, to compare with that of Tunis Melick.

Whenever a traveler, whose eyes are open, for the first time mounts the good old Peapack stage at Somerville and winds pleasantly along by what is called the mountain road to Pluckemin, before the journey is much more than half finished, he is pretty sure to ask:

"Whose house is that over there on our left, so ideally situated?" and is duly informed by Mr. Layton, the polite coach driver-proprietor, that it is the old Duchess homestead, the residence of Tunis Melick, "Mayor of Pluckemin." A prettier pastoral vale it would be hard to find than that which slopes gracefully down to the south from the Duchess, hedged on the east by the Watchung Mountains and rolling in pleasant undulations southwestward to meet the Cushetunk and a long borderland of Hunterdon Hills.

As one approaches Pluckemin, Mr. Melick's house is a prominent feature of the landscape, as he is himself of one or two townships, if not of the whole county and even beyond it. The name of Melick, or Moelich, Mellick, Meelick, Melegh, Melich or Malick, as it has been variously spelled in this country, has been closely associated with the early history of

"Peapack on to Pluckemin,
Somerville and back ag'in,"

as the old ballad had it; but it was so in the first instance through another family, or another branch of the

same family, which settled in the Peapack glen. Descendants of that line seem to have either died out or migrated to other regions. The facetious and famous Tunis Melick came here from New Germantown in Hunterdon County. His great-great-grandfather, Johann Peter, came over from Germany early in the eighteenth century and settled there, probably at the same time that his uncle or cousin, Johannes Melick, settled in the Peapack Valley and built the old stone house.

The original Melick homestead, at New Germantown, was built by Ralph Smith in 1700. Smith owned at one time nearly all the land around this village, which hamlet he determined should be called Smithville or Smithfield, but in that was disappointed. The old Smith-house, which became the Melick homestead, was sold to Dr. Oliver Barnet, but after the doctor's death and a short occupancy of his nephew, the property again reverted to the Melicks and has remained in the family.

When Dr. Barnet bought the place in 1765, he made it a beautiful residence, which was known as Barnet Hall. After the doctor's death, Dr. Oliver Wayne Ogden, who married Miss Wisner, Dr. Barnet's niece, secured possession of Barnet Hall by litigation, as his lawful inheritance. He practised only a short time there and became disastrously involved in real estate speculations at Perth Amboy, where he died. After being rented to several tenants and after standing vacant, eventually the hall came back to the Melicks and Tunis Melick's father, Peter Melick, died there not so many years ago.

Barnet Hall was therefore the birth-place and boyhood home of Tunis Melick, who was destined to add

luster to the name of Pluckemin. From the earliest records of New Germantown, the hall was a noted place and became the repository of immense stores of interesting old historic records and relics, most of which have been unfortunately lost in the turmoil of the many changes of ownership and tenancy the property has passed through. One document, picked up from a lot of old papers in the attic, reads as follows:

"Morris Town, May 6th, 1777.

"The General will esteem it a singular favour if you can apprehend a Mulatto Girl servant and slave to Mrs. Washington, who eloped from this place yesterday, with what design cannot be conjectured, though as she may intend to the enemy and pass your way I trouble you with her description; her name is Charlotte, but in all probability will change it, yet may be discovered by questioning. She is light complected, about 13 years of age, Pert and amorous, dressed in brown cloth westcoat and petticoat: Your falling upon some method of recovering her should she be near you will accommodate Mrs. Washington and lay her under great obligations to you, being the only female servant she brought from home, and intending to be off to-day had she not been missing. A gentle reward will be given to any soldier or other who may take her up.

"I am with Respect, Your most Obedt. Servant.

"Richard Everid Meade,

"a. d. c.

"Col. Spencer at Eliz. Town."

When Dr. Barnet came to New Germantown he was

a poor young man, having nothing in the world but his slender medical skill and a little Maryland pony. Soon after he started practise he had a tilt with Dr. Viesselius, the "red cheeked doctor" of the Old Stone House in East Amwell, at Three Bridges. As the story is told, a man living at Fox Hill had a very painful and much swollen gum. His neighbors told him he had cancer, and that he must consult the "red cheeked doctor," who was very clever and of wide renown. He went to do so, but having been unable to find him, and meeting Dr. Barnet, he showed his gum to him. The young doctor honestly told him it was nothing but a gum-boil, and that it would be all right in a few days.

On returning and telling this to his neighbors, the sufferer was told that Barnet was only a boy and knew nothing, and that he must hie away back and find the "red cheeked doctor," which he did. Dr. Viesselius was informed that people said it was cancer and, looking into his patient's mouth, the doctor shook his head ominously and said it was a bad case, but he thought he could cure it. He prescribed, and at once the man was cured. When he came and delightedly paid his bill he told Dr. Viesselius what Dr. Barnet had said, that it was only a gum-boil, etc.

"Will you be so kind as to call on Dr. Barnet on your way home and tell him that he is a fool?" the physician asked. This the man did, and it so roused the young man to wrath that he declared he would thrash the "red cheeked doctor" for such an impertinence. They happened to meet shortly afterward.

"Did you send a man to tell me I was a fool?" the young man hotly demanded.

"Yes," Viesselius said, "I did. You told a man he had a gum-boil and got nothing for it. The man told me he had a cancer. I said I could cure his mouth, and did so, and I got a guinea for it. You," said the "red cheeked doctor," laughing, "were a fool because you did not take the man's guinea." Dr. Barnet, who loved money, saw the point and never forgot the lesson.

Ever since Dr. Barnet's death Barnet Hall has been said to be haunted, and the house, the old mill and the family cemetery, according to tradition, have been the scenes of many supernatural appearances, wonderful sounds and mysterious demonstrations. When the doctor died he was supposed to have left more than $80,000 in gold behind him, and as the money was understood not to have been found by his successors, people got talking about its being buried in the ground somewhere about the premises, and many stories have been told about nocturnal search parties and how many a deep hole has been dug by them, here, there and everywhere in the vain hunt for the hidden treasure.

The delvings were all or mostly conducted, it is said, under superstitious guidance. A sprig of witch-hazel was borne in a certain way in the hands of one of the company who was versed in divination. Absolute silence of the company was an imperative requisite and as the little twig inclined to left or right the searchers followed; when it dipped toward the ground that was taken to be the infallible proof of the spot where the treasure was buried. And there, after drawing a fairy circle around

the place, they began digging. But the utterance of one word would break the charm and the hole, no matter how deep it was, would fill up in a moment.

It is told that one party was so successful that they actually discovered and bared the top of the iron chest containing the gold, when one of the company, happening to look up, saw a little black goblin on the limb of a tree right over their heads sawing away with a red-hot knife at a rope, which suspended an enormous millstone. Next moment the great mass of rock would fall and crush them; the man gasped a warning, when, instantly, out went their lights, the hole filled up and the company was scattered hither and thither in terror, and in total darkness, groping their way, not one having the remotest idea where the spot was that the hole had been.

Whatever practical-minded people of to-day may think about this manner of search, it is unquestionable that as late as the last decade of the nineteenth century it was firmly believed in and put in practise at Barnet Hall, as can be attested by a living witness, who was let into the secret, and was privileged to watch the movements of such a party one night only a few years ago, which expedition, needless to tell the initiated, was barren of any successful result, as, of necessity, it was bound to be in presence of such oversight of unbelievers.

JUDGE AARON ROBERTSON, OF WARREN.

A FAMOUS FIGURE OF OLDEN TIMES, WHO EXERTED A MIGHTY INFLUENCE.

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft' interred with their bones."

It is the lot of few men to leave behind them the record of so useful and altogether benevolent a life as did Judge Aaron Robertson of Warren County, who at the ripe age of eighty died at his Beattystown home about thirty years ago. When it was said that his loss was mourned by all who knew him, it was not a careless, conventional use of the phrase, but the earnest, sorrowful truth. He was a man of unusual stature, standing six feet three inches in his stockings and of proportionate build. He had a strong face and fine athletic figure, both being sufficiently rounded for physical grace. Altogether he was a large, erect and handsome man; a fitting tabernacle for the big sympathetic heart and wonderful, master-mind that dwelt in it.

In several ways Judge Robertson was unquestionably a very remarkable man. Though he never systematically studied law nor graduated as others do to become lawyers, he became, as it were, by intuition, such an expert on all nice legal points and intricacies, that, as an oracle or living manual of cut and dry jurisprudence, he was consulted by practically every practising lawyer in the county. It is also a well-known fact that he wrote more

wills for people than all the county lawyers combined; and further, though many a time the wills he drew were contested in court, not one with a single flaw, technical or otherwise, was ever found by which it could be broken. Judge Beasley, commenting once upon an action brought for such purpose, said to the assembled counsel:

"Any four of you may just as easily go, one to each corner of this courthouse, put your shoulders to it and move the whole structure a hundred feet from where it now stands, as you can break a will drawn by Aaron Robertson."

His advice was sought and freely given to multitudes, and as a fact whatever construction he put upon a legal point invariably stood in court. He never took a fee, of course, for he neither was nor wanted to be a member of the bar. Yet those who know it declare that as many as a dozen vehicles would frequently be seen waiting at the judge's gate for his coveted advice—advice that generally tended to steer its recipients away from rather than into litigation. It is said that if he had charged even fifty cents apiece to all who consulted him, he could have made a fortune.

Yet, strange and incongruous as it must seem, very often his importunate callers would find him with his sleeves rolled up, out in his yard among his pigs. He rarely had fewer than a hundred of them and it was his particular hobby to feed them with his own hands. He had two capacious butter-tubs bound with iron hoops and fitted with strong handles. With one of these in each hand, filled with milk, he delighted to regale his splendid hogs. When the first corn came in from the field in

autumn he would make his men back a whole wagon load of ears into the yard at a feed for them. He also had many cows and churned for his own use; so there was plenty of milk and butter for the house, with oceans of skim and butter milk for the pigs. There were also fat beeves of mighty bulk in stalls, which, with the hogs, went to fill many huge provision barrels in the judge's cellars and joined in a plenteous decoration of his kitchen's ceilings with the toothsome shoulders, flitches and hams of his porkers.

There was nothing small, mean or contemptible about him. He was big and ample-looking himself and everything he had in hand shared in the same large and liberal solidarity and breadth of beam, as it were, of his person. All his life he wore an old-fashioned stovepipe hat, in the top of which were always stowed away a fistful of cigars which rested on a bulkhead made of his big bandanna handkerchief. Late in life he gave up cigars and took to a clay pipe, the stem of which he bandaged at the mouthpiece with a piece of linen to save his teeth.

When any one came to buy suckling pigs as "keepovers," the judge would bring out the New York Tribune and look up the price per 100 pounds of live hogs in New York. At the same price per pound he would then weigh out and sell the little bits of pigs, receiving a mere trifle apiece for them; whereas, usually such pigs brought about $5 a pair. He owned a fine stable of horses which he never drove. When he went, as he did frequently, to Hackettstown, three miles distant, he invariably walked both ways, using a walking stick which was as long above as below his hand.

He got a complete surfeit of driving in an amusing experience he had with a friend's horse—that is to say, amusing to others, but to himself so annoying that he never got over it. Thomas Shields, a friend of his, wanted the judge to try his favorite roadster for a drive to Hackettstown. At last the offer was accepted. All went well on the outward journey, but returning, the horse, being impatient to get home, quickened the pace a little beyond the judge's liking. Following the usual plan he drew the reins to restrain the animal, whereupon it decidedly increased its speed. He pulled harder, but only faster went the horse. He hated to be seen dashing along at such speed, and, getting a good grip, pulled till he feared the reins would break, but to his great disgust the brute, which seemed to have a mouth of iron, put on a sprint faster still, and they came tearing into Beattystown at a rate that to the judge's mind was utterly disgraceful and even dangerous. People rubbed their eyes and looking again:

"Was that really and truly the judge?" they asked one another between amazement and doubt, gazing after the flying vehicle. They could hardly credit the evidence of their own eyes.

That was enough. The judge, who was highly incensed and scandalized, thereupon took a rooted dislike to the whole equine race and vowed he would never drive a horse again in his life; and it is a fact that though he always had good horses, he kept his word.

"After this I'll walk," he said, and he did. Mr. Shields, who had trained this particular horse to do exactly as it had done, forgot, he declared, to mention

that peculiarity to the judge and expressed his deep regret at the occurrence. And no man doubted his sincerity, nor has any one ever harbored the slightest suspicion that he or any other man drawing the breath of life could have been so inhuman as to think of playing off a practical joke on a man so universally beloved and revered as was Judge Robertson. He was so regarded by rich and poor alike and never wearied in helping all and singular, the poor especially, by his counsel and guidance; and many he saved from expensive and barren lawsuits. So marked was his goodness that a gifted preacher, Rev. Thomas McCauley, drew pointed public attention to it in a pulpit illustration, urging his hearers to bring their spiritual cares to the great Shepherd of Souls.

"You know," he said, "how you all go with your troubles to the good Judge Robertson and how kindly he listens to your tales and helps you out of your temporal difficulties." Then he called upon his hearers, as to those infinitely more important burdens of the soul, to go and do likewise and thus find peace and rest eternal.

The judge, who, as is averred, could any time have been Governor of the State, but would not allow such a thing mentioned in his hearing, was a man of far-reaching and supreme influence. When, for instance, the Morris and Essex Railroad first came through Warren County their survey called for a continuation of the line alongside the Musconetcong River from Washington to Hackettstown. This would have brought it close to Judge Robertson's residence, a thing he utterly disapproved of; for he hated the howling and hurly-burly of railroads with a great hatred. This, coupled, per-

haps with a little pardonable pique, at the high-handed methods that railroad companies have always displayed in doing about as they please, fired the judge to oppose their plans. That meant abandonment of their chosen route, though at first they did not think it would; nor would the judge's opposition have been so uncompromising, but for their want of tact, possibly.

The result was that the company was defeated and was compelled to lay its track from Washington by way of Rockport. This cut off the Musconetcong River Valley, from Washington to Hackettstown, along which there were eleven mills in as many miles, all in active operation, leaving them about two miles distant from the railroad, to which they soon found they had to cart the bulk of their products.

JOHN DAVENPORT.

WORK OF JOHN DAVENPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE TOWN OF PLUCKEMIN.

With the advance of refined civilization every nation sooner or later develops a strong interest in the incipient stages of its growth in which, standing out in bold relief, are the names and deeds of leading pioneer progenitors of the race. Here in America more and more attention is being devoted to this study, which is gradually asserting itself as a right which every one not only owes to himself and his descendants, but is also demanded as a filial mark of respect to his ancestors.

No country in the world was ever populated as America has been; no nation was ever formed of such composite elements, and no other country can compare with it—in the interesting revelations to be found as to the ancestry of multitudes of its people. And, although attempts have been made to promulgate baseless claims through the mistaken ambition of vain persons to gain prominence through misrepresentation of the importance and station of their progenitors, and although such things will doubtless occur again, yet that should not be allowed to stand in the way of people honestly desirous of satisfying themselves as far as may be as to who, what and whence were their forefathers.

One hundred and eight years ago John Davenport came from Manchester, England, where he was born in 1777, and in the year 1800 settled in the thriving little

village of Pluckemin, a place made famous by General Washington having encamped there in 1777. This John Davenport was the progenitor of probably all the families of that name to be found in Somerset County, if not of all those of that name throughout the State. Unlike a great many other imported names, that of Davenport has never apparently been changed in a single letter. And while it is unwise to be too much elated over such matters, it is unquestionably true that so far as a legitimate pride in an intellectual and practical as well as ancient ancestry is concerned, the descendants of this long and distinguished line have every reason to be satisfied.

The family name of Davenport originated in the county of Cheshire, in England, where the township, and the little river Dave running through it, have taken their names from the family. The manorial history of the seat of the Davenports presents what is almost unique even in the United Kingdom, an uninterrupted descent in the direct male line for very nearly eight and one-half centuries, or from the year 1066, the first of the reign of William the Conqueror, down to the present day. The family archives contain a complete series of original title documents which prove the possession of its old feudal powers and manorial estates with which they were invested.

In 1086 the crest of the Davenports was conferred by the sovereign and ordered inscribed upon the helmets, shields and regalia of that house as a talismanic warrant against the roving robber bands which then infested the country. The family coat of arms, among the most ancient in England, is a shield with sable, crossets, crest, a

falcon's head coupled at the neck, signifying magisterial "sergeantcy." The feudal service exacted was that of ridding the district of all nefarious highwaymen and marauders of every kind, with vested and absolute powers of jurisdiction. In the old manor house of the ancient family seat is still to be seen the long parchment scroll on which is quaintly inscribed the portentous list of names of "master robbers," who were hunted, taken and beheaded under this charter.

Through connections by marriage the Davenports have at times been brought into close relationship with the English crown. Edward Hyde, Lord High Chancellor, married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Davenport, ancestor of Mary, the wife of James II. and mother of Mary, the consort of William of Orange, who, together, sat on the British throne, and also of Queen Anne, successive sovereigns of the kingdom.

The Davenports have been constantly represented in the English Church and frequently in the peerage. But as has been said of this, "no boastful claims are put forth as to aristocratic distinction." The family, here at all events, have no higher ambition than that of belonging to the great middle class—that of merchants, artists, artisans and scholars—always loyal to the ruling powers, yet ever stanch advocates and defenders of free and equal human rights.

Close intermarriage relations between the Wedgewoods, of ancient Staffordshire pottery fame, and the Davenports have existed from remote days, the Davenport works there being, perhaps, still the largest in the world. The firm of Davenport Brothers, of New York

—fathers and sons—have represented their Staffordshire house here for more than sixty-five years.

The first of the name that came to this country was Rev. John Davenport, the distinguished minister of that celebrated company of Christian heroes who landed in New England in 1637, "to whom," says an authority, "may be well and truthfully accorded the fame of being the fathers of the American commonwealth." This eminent divine was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1597, of wealthy parentage, graduated at Oxford and occupied the pulpit of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in London. His fervent piety, eloquence and profound learning, together with his fearless advocacy of puritanical doctrines, aroused the enmity of Archbishop Laud, of London. Persecution soon followed. Davenport, with many of his adherents, fled to Holland and in that renowned asylum of religious liberty, was met with open arms. After a brief stay they returned to England, where, after collecting their scattered band and holding frequent conferences, they resolved on emigration to America.

At this time the leader was subjected to a renewal of persecution and had a narrow escape from arrest, even when they had all packed their belongings ready for sailing the next day. A few friends were chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Davenport that afternoon, when suddenly a lady friend rushed into the house.

"Oh, Mr. Davenport! fly!" she cried in great excitement and in a tragic whisper. "The officers are coming to arrest you; they are already in the garden walk."

"Let them come!" said the reverend gentleman, calmly; "I'll not attempt to elude them."

"No, no!" cried two or three of his adherents, who were all ready to sail with him on the morrow. "For our sakes, for the sake of the cause, fly or hide—anything but be arrested!"

"I have it!" cried Mrs. Davenport. "Come, sister, help me!" And in a twinkling an immense packing-box which as yet only contained a few things, was overturned and emptied. "Now, John, dear, we mustn't lose you at the eleventh hour. All is lost if we do. For my sake, do you sit down on the floor and allow us to cover you with this box and take tea over your head, and we'll defy them."

Down the great man sat and the large box was quickly turned over him, a tablecloth spread over it and tea things set, in half the time it takes to tell it. When the emissaries of his persecutors were admitted, the company were seated around this improvised table, apparently enjoying their afternoon tea. When the officers asked for her husband Mrs. Davenport truthfully informed them:

"Mr. Davenport left the house immediately after our midday dinner." But she did not feel called upon to add that he had returned again.

"Well, our orders are to search the house, madam," the leader said.

"Search the house by all means," said the lady, "if it is your duty. Mary!" she called to her maid, "show these persons into every room, please."

They searched every place in the house but the right one, of which they did not have the least suspicion, and went away as they came. As soon as they had gone, Mr. Davenport lost no time in getting aboard their chartered

ship, where in the bay he safely rode at anchor until all joined him before dawn the next day. That packing-box in the fair hands of Mrs. Davenport was a maker of history. If her husband had been taken, possibly neither he nor any of his illustrious companions would ever have seen America. As it was, they hoisted sail for the New World early that morning in the spring of 1637, and after a tempestuous voyage of three months landed at Boston.

As these immigrants were known to be highly connected, of great learning and rich, strong inducements were offered to persuade them to settle within the confines of the Plymouth colony, but after full discussion it was deemed best to form a new colony. This they did on the Connecticut seaboard, founding New Haven. All authentic records fully accord to Mr. Davenport the honor and credit of leadership in the great movements toward civil and religious freedom, which resulted in establishing and developing that important colony.

A continuous line of ministers have succeeded in the family, and others have met success as members of colleges and other institutions of learning. They have also served their country in the army, navy and legislative halls, both in national and State government. They were whole-hearted supporters of the colonial cause in the Revolution as well by pen as sword, and fought in the Continental army as officers and private soldiers. Two of the name were in Congress in the administrations of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. The Rev. James Davenport (grandson of the Connecticut pioneer), stationed at Southold, Long Island, was a preacher of great

power. His fame it was that attracted Whitefield hither from England, in 1739. Shortly after his arrival on this side the latter wrote home:

"I am comforted exceedingly and encouraged by meeting my dear Brother Davenport, by whose hands the Lord hath already done such mighty things here."

They organized a great missionary tour, and for a while together held immense meetings in the leading cities of New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. After the end of the tour, Davenport preached to a congregation of over three thousand in connection with the church of Mr. Cross at Basking Ridge. Here Whitefield again joined him and aided in the work with wonderful success. In the fall of 1739 these two evangelists passed along the Old York road here, through Reaville and Three Bridges, on their way to New York. Their coming had been anticipated, evidently, for at the Presbyterian church at Reaville, then the only church of the denomination in the Amwell Valley, they preached in the open air to a great concourse of worshipers. In Whitefield's diary it was noted that "some thousands of people" awaited them "at the small village of Reaville." In after years Davenport preached for a time in Connecticut, and finally was stationed at Hopewell, just below here in Mercer, near the border of Somerset, where he died in 1753.

Another celebrated member of the family was John I. Davenport, a direct lineal descendant of the founder of New Haven, who distinguished himself for fearless fidelity and honesty as chief supervisor of elections in New York, toward the end of the eighteenth century. As an

honest man, he naturally met tremendous difficulty and opposition in that office. But in the end he triumphed by causing his worst enemies, as well as committees of Congress, to fully acknowledge that, although he had been strictly right in law, justice and honesty in his great fight for an honest and free ballot, in and through all of which he fully exemplified the true, sterling qualities he had inherited from his righteous ancestors.

To Jersey people, however, the chief interest in the past of the distinguished family must centre on John Davenport, of the same lineal stock as the great Connecticut Puritan, but who came among his many relatives in that State half a century after their first American progenitor had landed there. The newly arrived John first lived at Danbury, in the same State, but after a short stay there he decided to look further afield for a more favorable locality for trade. Being young and adventurous and of shrewd observation, he soon perceived the superior advantages of New Jersey in her milder climate and prolific soil, but particularly in her geopraphical position between the two great cities—New York and Philadelphia. He traveled considerably in Jersey, exploring toward the centre of the State. On arriving at Pluckemin, already a thriving little village, he judged it to be full of promise of becoming in time a good business centre. After fully studying the situation, he settled there in 1800 and engaged in general merchandise.

After three years, noticing the rapid rise of Somerville, the county seat having just removed there, he concluded to branch out in that town, with a view to possibly permanent removal to it as a more promising centre. He

bought a fine farm facing on Main street and running north a full mile. The next year he built and occupied a house on the farm. Then entering into partnership with George Vannest (one of that numerous family mentioned in my last article, and whose son afterward married Mr. Davenport's daughter Margaret), he expended much capital in establishing a hat manufactory in Somerville, while still conducting the Pluckemin business, traveling to and fro in the arduous work of attending to both. After a few years' experience, he found many and great difficulties in managing two plants thus separated. Without severing in the least their warm friendship, Mr. Davenport wound up his business affairs with Vannest, sold his Somerville farm, moved back to Pluckemin and permanently concentrated his energies there.

He purchased an extensive farm adjoining the village and commenced its improvement. There were tanneries and currying works on the place, and these he had thorough repaired and enlarged. He also built a flouring and grist mill, also a cider mill and distillery, and erected as well a new and extensive hat factory, putting into it the most improved machinery, with buildings properly adjusted to every department. Over and above all these, he embarked in a perfectly new and separate trade, that of chemically treating sumac to meet the requirements of morocco factories in Philadelphia. This itself grew into a large and profitable trade.

Operating all these branches of business at the same time, Mr. Davenport employed a great many hands, and by his industries alone made Pluckemin a place of con-

siderable importance at that time. Splendid as was his constitution, the strain of constant application necessary to successfully conduct so many distinct enterprises brought on a sudden calamity. While in apparently full vigor of health and strength, he was stricken with apoplexy and died at his homestead at Pluckemin on September 18, 1830, in the fifty-second year of his age.

John Davenport was twice married, first in 1804, to Margaret Traphagen; she died in 1811, leaving two children, Ralph and Sarah Ann. The latter died in 1829, unmarried. Ralph, born in 1805, married Phoebe A. Voorhies, in 1827; in two years she died, without issue. Ralph married again, in 1838, Sarah Drake; they had two children, Ralph and Mary; the former married Ellen Vannest; Mary became the wife of William Jeroloman. The father, Ralph, born in 1805, lived twenty years in New York, after which he spent the rest of his life farming at Pluckemin.

John Davenport's second wife was Mary Boylan whom he married in 1813; she was the daughter of John Boylan, of Pluckemin, and according to tradition was a most estimable woman. She died in 1848, leaving six children, namely, Margaret, born 1814, who married George Vannest in 1839. He died in 1864, leaving six children, most of whom made their homes in Somerset county. John married Hester Voorhees in 1838; he died in 1848, leaving five children. Of these James proved himself a brave and patriotic youth. He enlisted when scarcely eighteen years of age for service in the Civil War; was captured and shut up in Andersonville prison, where he died in delirium from inhuman treatment in cap-

tivity. Thomas married Frances Smith in 1851 and had six children; Eleanor married William L. Jones in 1836, lived in Plainfield and had two children, one of whom died in infancy; the other, Eliza, married Lieutenant-Colonel Janeway, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, who fell bravely leading a charge at the battle of Jettersville, Va., the last battle of the War of the Rebellion. James S. married Maria Remsen in 1845, lived in Raritan and had three children; Samuel W., born in 1822, married Amelia Besteda in 1846 and lived in Somerville. They had seven children, four daughters and three sons.

These are the first branches from the New Jersey stem of the Davenport family tree. The aged lady who kindly furnished this information and who is herself a Davenport, says that it was impossible for her to keep track of the multitude of younger generations. She also says that so far as her knowledge goes the members of the family of Davenport in this country waste but little if any time thinking about their ancient lineage. But they do take sincere pride, she says, in the fine representation of the name among those who, in the hour of their country's greatest need, responded with heart and hand to the call of Abraham Lincoln.

OLD DAYS AND WAYS IN PATRIOTIC PLUCKEMIN.

HOW THE SOLDIERS WERE FED AND CLOTHED IN THE WINTER OF 1776—THE CAPTORS OF ANDRE.

Emerging from exceptional winter scenes in Pluckemin, where for a number of days lately neither bread, meat, potatoes nor oil could be had for love or money, and when no roads were opened through the snow to enable people to help themselves, one is strongly prompted to hark back to that other and historical January, 133 years ago, and wonder whether, in this section at least, the world has really advanced along the path of progress.

There are probably more houses than when Washington sent a commissary in advance asking the people to prepare food for his victorious soldiers coming hither from Princeton; but if such a demand were made to-day, would it or could it be as liberally responded to as it was then? In those days few country people did not have well-filled beef and pork barrels. Mrs. Sarah Connover, late of Pluckemin—a daughter of Ida V. Gaston, of the historic Van Arsdale family—used to repeat what her mother often related of those stirring days in Pluckemin.

When word came about the coming of the troops, she used to tell, all the farmers and villagers filled their great ovens with bread and pies and hung huge pots, measuring about two and one-half feet in diameter, filled with meat over their open hearths. But the half-clad and starving soldiers came before the meat was sufficiently cooked,

and, as famishing men might be expected to do, unable to wait, they fished out great collops of beef from the pots with their bayonets and devoured it raw.

If such a call had come in our late weather siege, everybody would have had to wait for Williams, the butcher, to come from North Branch and wait in vain; then run to the grocery store for a few little cans of trust corned beef and find, as villagers did even for their own supply the other day, that it was all sold out. Is it not wonderful to think how substantial and self-contained country people were in those old days, when hundreds of soldiers were not only well fed upon short notice, but clothed as well?

Robert Little was a big Scotchman in the ranks that came that time to Pluckemin. Although "of powerful build and a lion in courage," big Bob was handy with the needle. (It is a queer thing that in such companies it always happens to be a Scot that can do a bit of sewing at a pinch.) Long after the war was over Little used to tell his children and friends many a tale about the shifts of the patriot army. He lived all his later life in Branchburg Township, just below here, where descendants of his live still.

"When we got to Pluckemin," he used to tell, "our company was as ragged as beggars. How could we help it? Our pay was poor; our clothes worn out, with nothing to replace them. At last the colonel issued an order that our men were to be sewed up a bit. I was then the tailor of the company. It was easy to issue the command; to carry it out was a different matter. We could easily sew and patch, but cloth was required and where was it to come from? We hunted around and

gathered what we could from families and friends, who gave wonderfully of their stout homespuns and linen, and with my assistants I went to work.

"We overhauled, patched and mended until we got the clothes so far decent that no rags were seen. A grand dress parade was then ordered. Our boys marched with heads erect and proud step. For once in a long time they had clothes without any bad holes in them. The light-horse saw them and were envious. Then came a second order, 'Private Little must fit up the light-horse in as good shape as the infantry.' This was harder to fulfil than the first order. We ransacked all the houses a second time and again found cloth enough; so we patched up the light-horse. But something more was here wanting. The cavalry wore helmets, in which were intended to be worn tufts of horsehair. We had no more horses' tails to borrow from; but I hit on a plan. Selecting twenty of the smartest men, I woke them up at midnight. Together we scoured the country 'round for miles, looking for cows. Every cow we could find lost about eight inches of her tail end that night, and the light-horse were turned out with plumes that looked fine." Where could cows enough be found now by which to do such a thing?"

Stewart Brown, who came here from Ireland about the middle of the nineteenth century, as a lad eleven years old, tells me that even as late as that, Pluckemin had three large, well stocked general stores, a hat manufactory, a first-class millinery store, two shoe shops, two tailor shops, a slaughter-house and butcher shop, two wheelwrights, two blacksmith shops, a cooper shop, a

paint mill and brickyard. All that remains of these today is one slenderly stocked grocery and blacksmith shop. Even as late as 1863 this village made and supplied large quantities of clothes and shoes for the army in the Civil War, Mr. Brown says.

In Revolutionary days the two storekeepers, John Boylan and William McEowen, one at each end of the village, were merchants carrying immense stocks and doing very extensive businesses. John Boylan's was for many years the only store of any account between Somerville and Newton. He had everything "from a needle to an anchor" in his capacious store, at the same time operating a large granary and an extensive potash manufactory.

Mrs. Paul Van De Vort, of Burnt Mills, is the oldest living descendant of John Boylan, who was her grandfather, and acted as a commissary for Washington's army. General and Mrs. Washington were several times entertained at Mr. Boylan's house, and Mrs. Van De Vort's grandmother had the distinguished honor of dancing with the general. The white satin slippers, with square silver buckles, which she wore in these dances are still preserved in the family. The china, a beautiful blue and gold set, together with the silver service, used in entertaining General Washington, are or were in the home of Horace Bannard, of Long Branch. The old secretaire used by John Boylan throughout his business career and many of his account books Mrs. Van De Vort has at Burnt Mills.

When the British raided Pluckemin Mrs. Boylan had been baking, Mrs. Van De Vort tells me, and had just withdrawn a lot of bread and pies from the oven. She

hurriedly hid all she could of these in the window seat, and, taking her knitting, sat over her hoard, hoping it would not be found. But when the Hessians came their scent was too keen to miss the freshly baked food. They made her get up and cleaned out not only her baking, but everything else eatable in the house. They also helped themselves to a favorite and very valuable horse from the stable.

I am told that social life in Pluckemin in those days was at its most refined stage, and that the Boylans were its acknowledged leaders. There were sixteen children in the family. One daughter married Mr. Parker, a clothier, of New York. Their daughter, Eliza, was sent to an academy at Litchfield, Conn., at the same time that Harriet Beecher Stowe attended there. Eliza used to talk a great deal about the afterward famous Harriet, long before her celebrity, and often related how exceedingly smart and bright she was, and that she never came to school with an imperfect lesson. Miss Parker, who was an accomplished musician, inherited the old Boylan piano, upon which she used to play most exquisitely at the age of ninety. She died at ninety-six.

Mr. Van De Vort has the powder horn that belonged to and was used by his uncle, John Pauling, and which hung at his side when he and two others captured Major Andre. History gives the three men's name who did this as "John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wert." The correct spelling of the three names is John Pauling, David Williams and Isaac Van De Vort; the latter also being an ancestor of my informants.

On the powder horn is inscribed "Daniel Hay, his

horn, ——— 14th, 1758. Gift by John Pery." The rest of the horn is covered with rude figures of animals and hieroglyphs, which might have been done by Indians.

Mr. Van De Vort has also a musket with bayonet, which was hidden by the British in a haymow. It has the letters T. H. roughly cut on the stock. The barrel alone measures six feet.

DOMINE FRELINGHUYSEN

OLD TIME SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS IN AND NEAR READINGTON—THE DEATH OF ONE INSTRUCTOR.

Readington School, whose known history dates from 1805, had been taught for the first seventy years almost exclusively by male teachers. That is to say, out of forty-five instructors employed in that period only four were women.

The record of the school as to its product of scholars over that time, seems well worthy of mention. Twenty-seven of them became successful teachers, nine of them clergyman, three lawyers, two judges and two physicians, while many others rose to an enviable place in the business world.

From these statistics it seems that Myron T. Scudder's statement as to the desirability of employing male teachers in country schools might be well worthy of earnest consideration. For certain it is that during the long male administration of Readington School its record is one that much larger educational establishments might well be proud of. Perhaps, too, there is something in the uneventful monotony of the real country village life that helps boys in the absorption of learning, in the same way that the dim serenity of the sequestered cloister was considered an indispensable aid to the studies of the monks of old. There is at all events even to this day an earnest and reverent belief in the serious things of life in this village which, whatever may be said or thought of it in

other places more "careful and troubled about the many things" of rushing modern civilization, has at least turned out many men of the true sterling stamp, men who have left or will leave behind them splendid records, who were as certain to rise in whatsoever spheres their lots were cast as sparks are to fly upward.

It is always interesting to trace back to their origin such useful institutions as Readington School has been. I stated lately that prior to 1806, little or nothing was known about school matters there. On further research, however, I find that unquestionably the first schoolmaster who taught the people's children of what is now Readington Township, was Jacobus Schureman, who came here from Holland in company with Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen early in the year 1720. They were married to sisters. Schureman was a finely educated and pious man. It was an arrangement between the brothers-in-law that wherever the one preached the other opened and taught school. So Mr. Schureman's labors were not confined to one place, but distributed wherever Dr. Frelinghuysen preached.

History says: "Before 1717, about which time the Readington church was organized, the people of that township had to go to Raritan church (Somerville) for public worship." The first church organized was the Reformed Dutch Church. It was started perhaps two years before there was any place of worship for the regular use of the inhabitants. Their first church edifice was begun in 1718 and was a log building; it was completed the following year. It stood near the junction of the North and South branches of the Raritan River,

about two and one-half miles distant from the present village of Readington, in what is now Branchburg Township.

The first sermon preached in the original Readington log church was delivered by the celebrated Dominie Frelinghuysen, who was its first settled minister. That building, under the name of the North Branch Church, was used for about twenty years, on Sundays as a church, and on certain week days as a school, which was taught by Jacobus Schureman. He was indubitably the very worthy and accomplished pioneer schoolmaster of Readington.

In the olden time or beginning of things, many communities had to make great efforts in order that their children might receive instruction. For instance, in the district covering what is now known as New Centre District, Flagtown Station and part of Bloomingdale, in Somerset, it was determined in 1790 to build a school for the benefit of the large numbers of children there. A building about twenty-four feet square, with a thatched roof, was put up, having an immense wide fireplace on one side and desks around the others. It was painted red, with white casings to the door and windows. It was known as the Red Schoolhouse, and in later times as the Old Red Schoolhouse.

Old "Master John Warburton" was the first teacher. He was English by birth and had served in the British army in the Revolution. He had taught school there in a barn before the schoolhouse was built, and was a well-known and respected man everywhere. While generally kind as a teacher, he was something of a martinet

on discipline and believed thoroughly in the efficacy of the birch. Tradition says that some of the boys after a caning, when they got well clear of the school, used to shout back loud enough for "Master Warburton" to hear, something like this:

Old crazy British Wabberton
Licks little boys for spite;
Because their dads and Washington
Licked England out of sight.

In those days the Revolutionary struggle was not quite so far off as now, and we can easily imagine that young America would be susceptible to strongly indignant feelings at being basted by a former wearer of the red coat. The English primer, Dilworthy spelling-books and arithmetic and the Bible were the only books that Mr. Warburton used, and he was wonderfully successful with his pupils. Their writing books were patterns of neatness, every line being fixed by scale and dividers. He made the children proud of themselves and their work. He did not "board around," as was the usual custom with teachers of the old time, but lived in the schoolhouse. Each family supplied him with food for a week. On Sunday morning he would breakfast with the family whose turn it was to supply him for the coming week, and he would then carry away his basket of provisions, He slept in a little garret over the schoolroom.

Later, as he began to lose his hearing poor "Master Warburton" had to give up teaching. He bought a few acres of ground on the Second Mountain, near Somerville,

and there he built himself a small house and also dug a cave and lived in one or the other as the whim took him. At last he was missed from his daily walks in his garden, and his nearest neighbors, about half a mile away, having gone to inquire if he was sick and whether they might not do something for him, found the white-haired old schoolmaster sitting in a natural position on an old wooden settle in his cave, with the Bible open upon his knees. His visitors spoke to him but he made no answer. They thought he was asleep and touched him; but he did not move. The old man was dead.

At Three Bridges the first record of a school is that left as a reminiscence by a pupil who afterward taught school at Readington and later became a widely known and quite distinguished man, the late Judge Joseph Thompson. He said that in 1813, when he first attended the school there, the building was 16x16 feet with eight feet posts.

"The walls," he said, "were lined with boards to the height of four feet, with writing tables fastened to them on three sides. The seats were slabs from the saw mill, supported by legs of hickory, two feet in height. All the seats were destitute of backs. The ceiling was of unplaned oak boards, laid on beams eight inches thick. The teachers of that time were men—generally English, Scotch or Irish, with a few stray Yankees. The former were good penmen and the Irish good arithmeticians. Grammar and geography were not taught except in a few instances and for extra pay. The teacher collected his own bills for tuition, which were from $1 to $1.25 per scholar for a term of thirteen weeks. Every alternate

Saturday was a holiday. The teachers boarded with their employers pro rata."

The first written record of any kind found bearing on the subject of school in another district, now known as Washington Valley, between First and Second Mountains, is a receipt as follows:

"Rece'd, Mar. 15, 1771, from Jeromes Van Nest, by the hands of George Fisher, schoolmaster, the full sum of four pounds, Jersey Light Money, in full for my demands from said Jeromes Van Nest.

"£4. os. od. Folkert Tunison."

The minutes of a monthly meeting held in Quakertown, Franklin Township, Somerset, in 1752, have an entry which seems the first reference to school matters there. It is as folows:

"We have likewise considered the proposal for settling a School, But, being few of us and so remote from each other and Some of us under Low Circumstances, so that it seems unlikely to us that we shall be able to raise sufficient salary to Support Such School, otherwise we should be Very free and Heartily join with the Proposal, believing it would in some good degree answer the Good Purpose intended."

In an old account book of Dr. Samuel Wilson, of Alexandria Township, there are two charges set down, one against "William Rennels," and another item to the debit of "Rennels, the schoolmaster," in the year 1752. These are the only documentary evidence that a school existed in Alexandria Township as early as the date named.

The earliest record of a school in Bedminster is given in a description of a road laid out January 6, 1759, "be-

ginning at the westerly side of the river that divides Bedminster and Bridgewater Township at the schoolhouse."

From an account of an entertainment and ball given at Pluckemin in the year 1779, as published in the New Jersey Gazette of that year, it appears that pyrotechnics were in vogue a long while ago as well as schools. The report states that "The entertainment and ball were held in the academy of the park;" and with many details it is stated: "After fireworks in the park in the evening the company returned to the schoolhouse and concluded the celebration by a very splendid ball."

Among the teachers at this "academy" was an old stickler for order and discipline named "Master Welsh." He wore a black gown during school hours, and when he deemed it necessary, vigorously wielded the birch.

At Little York in 1809, and at Minchel's Grove about the same date, the first schoolhouses were "roofed with straw"—that is, thatched.

Sixty years ago Rev. Hugh Frazer, minister of a Presbyterian church in the Schooley Mountain, feeling aggrieved at the lack of proper instruction for the many children in the vicinity of his church, decided to start a school himself. He went to New York and raised $300 among his friends, with which he set up a school near his church and himself taught there for many years. Mrs. Davis, of this village, who went to this school says it was well conducted and well attended. She says Mr. Frazer's scholars almost idolized their pastor-teacher, and that many of them, to her knowledge, carried into their subsequent lives a respect and affection for his teaching, preaching an exemplary life that never left them. She

emphatically believes, she says, that the adoption of Mr. Frazer's method—that of having teacher and preacher combined in one person—would be the true solution of bringing up the children of to-day more like they ought to be brought up.

TALES OF THE PAST.

TOLD BY MRS. ASHER KELLY, AN AGED RESIDENT OF WERTSVILLE VALLEY.

In the Wertsville Valley, at the Hunterdon base of Sourland Mountain, not far from the farm where she was born a little over eighty-one years ago, resides Mrs. Asher Kelly, formerly Jane Quick. Having a wonderfully retentive memory and a great facility of expression, she has long been looked upon as the local authority par excellence upon all matters of antiquarian and general interest in her pleasant green valley.

Among the earlier things impressed upon Mrs. Kelly's memory is the tremendous snowstorm of 1836, which, she says, was far greater than the later and much more discussed blizzard of 1888. In the storm of 1836 it commenced snowing one Friday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and continued, she says, without cessation until the following Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. All this time it was impossible for any one to see even a few feet ahead. The snow covered up all the fences entirely, and when afterward it crusted over the people rode their horses and drove wagons across them as if crossing a trackless desert.

At that time Mrs. Kelly lived with her father, Charles Quick. One of their men, John Mitchell, who lived in a cottage up the mountain slope, was rather an elderly man, and on the day the storm began her father gave him a bag of flour and sent him home much earlier than

usual. But poor John never reached his cot. His wife thought he had been stormbound at the farm, and his master thought the next day, when the man did not turn up, that he had wisely stayed at home. When the truth was known it was useless to search for him. It was only when the snow thawed away in the spring that John's body was found. He had perished quite close to another house, in the opposite direction from his own cottage, and had been buried many feet deep in the snow. It was supposed that he had seen a light in the house that he had almost reached, but that he had been too exhausted to cover the last few yards and save his life.

Mrs. Kelly came from a quite distinguished ancestry. John Manners, one of her forefathers, the first of that name to come to this country, belonged to an aristocratic and titled family of Yorkshire, England. He was probably a great-uncle of Lord John Manners of that ilk, who was, if I remember rightly, closely associated with Mr. Gladstone in the latter's palmiest days. John Manners came to America in 1679 and first settled in Monmouth. In October, 1718, he came to Wertsville, bought an estate, built a fine homestead and married Rebecka Stout, the daughter of David Stout, who was the seventh son of Richard Stout, the pioneer of the Stouts in America, and Penelope Von Princes, his heroic and famous wife. Captain David Manners, son of John Manners and Rebecka Stout, married Mary Schenck, the daughter of that highly distinguished officer and patriot, Colonel John Schenck, of Monmouth and Princeton fame. Adah, the daughter of Captain David Manners, married Charles Quick and had five children,

two sons, David, only recently deceased, and Horace, and three daughters, Mary, Mrs. James Wyckoff; Ann Eliza, and Jane, Mrs. Asher Kelly, the eldest of the family.

Captain David Manners, who married Miss Schenck, was a surveyor, and being a very devout and highly respected man, was often called upon to wind up and settle estates. His wife, who came of a rich and proud family, had never been taught to do housework. When she went to live at the Manner's homestead, as the captain's wife, it was deemed necessary that she sould begin to learn household work. She found her very practical mother-in-law, Rebecca (Stout) Manners, aghast at her ignorance and very exacting as her tutor. The young wife would try her hand at turning griddle cakes like the others did, by tossing them up without fingering them, but they inevitably landed among the ashes. When given a tub of clothes to wash, and after she had toiled heroically with them, the mother-in-law would throw them all back and make her wash them again.

When, in the fulness of time, she became mistress of her house, however, she kept many slaves and seldom went downstairs into her kitchen. In the course of years she had ten children, and as they grew up, she in her turn became "the old lady." All of her boys and girls were given the finest education obtainable at college and seminary. The youngest daughter, Jane (Aunt Jane, as Mrs. Kelly spoke of her), seemed to have been a mischievous miss and, unlike her mother, dearly liked to make visits to the kitchen. One of the colored girls, named Kate, who was about Jane's own age, and who

lived to be a great age, delighted to the last of her days to tell of the tricks she and "Missy Jane" used to play on the "old lady."

Making candy was a favorite and frequent diversion of theirs, and great diplomacy had to be used by them in secreting it and drawing from their sweet store in the old Dutch cupboard. Then they would bake a big cake on the sly, and if they heard the mistress approaching would hide it under a chair and sit down, covering the contraband goods with their dresses.

One day when Jane's father and mother went away, she and her faithful Kate had a grand play at having a party. They killed a chicken, made a cake and put the best linen and silver on the table. They also adorned themselves in their very finest clothes. Then, just as the feast was spread and the two were preparing to sit down to it, they glanced up the road and saw Jane's parents. The latter had returned much sooner than they were expected. Jane and Kate made a lightning-like clearing of the table and escaped the reprimand they feared. Kate used to tell how she hated to scrape and wash the big bell-metal kettle in which the mighty messes of mush were made. Once she hid the kettle in the swill barrel. The humorous old darkey, after every tale about her misbehavings, would laugh heartily and ask:

"Now, shouldn't I have been whipped; now shouldn't I?"

There being such a houseful of young people at the house, it was a lively place, and there were continual rounds of parties and entertainments in the old lavish style. The young folk used to go sleigh riding all togeth-

er in a large sleigh, and nearly always wound up by returning by way of Larison's hotel, at Pleasant Corners, about three miles from home, where they frequently danced all night.

Adah, one of these girls, afterward mother of Mrs. Kelly, when fifteen was sent to the Moravian Boarding School, at Bethlehem, Pa. The following letter of hers to her parents, written in a beautiful hand, almost equal to copperplate, Mrs. Kelly has preserved, and was kind enough to allow me to copy:

"My dear Parents,

"Not having heard from you since your return home I take this opportunity to inform you of my health; I have been informed since you left Bethlehem that Mrs. Stronge intends bringing her daughter here to school very soon, and if you can make it convenient please to send me two pair of shoes, my worsted cape and something for pocket handkerchiefs. I have begun drawing, which I am very fond of. I would thank you, my dear Parents, to inform me whether I am to begin embroidery, and how soon. Ann Kershow desires me to give her love to you and all the family; also give my love to my Brothers, Sisters and all enquiring friends and accept the same yourselves

"from your ever affectionate

"and dutiful daughter

"Adah Manners."

This was addressed on the back of the double sheet in the same hand, which any one at first sight would think lithograph, "Mr. David Manners, Amwell, Hunterdon County, New Jersey." To compare the writing with that of our day almost makes one think that penmanship must

be a lost art. The Moravian teachers wore white caps, Mrs. Kelly says, and their pupils had blue caps.

Before Adah was married she had spun and woven all her linen and bed quilts. Many of the latter are still in use. A little slave boy, a cripple, born on the estate—of whom every care was taken up to his death and burial, at the age of thirty—used to creep on his hands and knees to the wagon shed to wind the yarn for Miss Adah.

Mrs. Kelly had her father's and mother's wedding clothes until quite recently. Her mother wore a white crepe dress, white silk stockings, white kid slippers and gloves, white satin and lace shoulder cape and white crepe shawl. Her father wore white broadcloth knee breeches, a blue coat of the high neck and swallow tail cut, with brass buttons, and a long, white, figured vest. His shirt had ruffles down the front and around the wrists and he wore broad silver knee and shoe buckles. The metal of these is still in the family, but in the less ornamental if more useful shape of spoons.

All the Quick family were great dancers. Often Mrs. Kelly's parents would send for an old colored fiddler to come from Ringoes to play at their parties, where dancing was the principal pastime. But they often had the old darky for a dance among themselves. At their gatherings they had also games, of which Mrs. Kelly remembers "hurly-burly," "hunt the button" and another in which it was asked, "How far from here to Barnegat?" This was answered by "Three score miles and ten." Then came the question, "Any big owls on the way?" An impersonator of the bird of night would then burst in and chase the company. Those who were caught would have to

pay fines. Parties and gaiety of all kinds had begun to die out even in my informant's very young days and nothing in that way in her time ever equaled the generation before hers, she says.

Charles Quick, Mrs. Kelly's father, bought the Kershow farm in the Wertsville Valley—nearer to the church and store or village than she lives now—in the year 1839. The house was then considered haunted. In it is a dark closet, or room as it might be called, which opens out of a bedroom off the kitchen. This room has never been opened in years. Three generations of the family have lived there, but that room has never been inspected. What it contains no one knows, but are all afraid to open it.

Mrs. Ezekiel Quick, of a younger generation than Mrs. Kelly, who now lives in the house, when asked whether there is such a room in the place, said, pointing to the door of it:

"Yes, that is the room. I have never seen the inside of it; and I never want to!"

One can hardly help thinking that a sealed room of that kind in the house of any daughter of Eve would inevitably play almost as strongly upon her curiosity as did the one forbidden tree in the midst of Eden. But there the locked and barred room is, intact, as it has been for generations, and there the people are of this generation, on the spot, and ready to answer about it for themselves.

A man named Jerry Van Pelt lived there many years ago with his wife and family. One day a child of theirs was taken sick and they sent for Mrs. Quick, Mrs. Kelly's mother, who then lived near by. She responded as promptly as she could, but when she arrived they had the

child nailed up in a common box and were carrying it out of doors for interment. She asked to be allowed to see the child, but they refused this and hurried away with the box, which they buried in the corner of the upper cornfield, near Higgins's. Mrs. Quick thought there was a nervous haste and mystery about the way they disposed of the child. It sickened her with horrible suspicion that they had knowingly buried the little one alive. She, however, was helpless and nothing was ever done about the matter.

The pretty Wertsville Valley where this happened is even to-day a sequestered scene, far distant from doctors, coroners and other city resources, and hemmed in by the most terrific hills and perhaps the worst roads in all Hunterdon County, where roads are proverbially bad. What, then, must have been the state of isolation of that Vale nearly a hundred years ago, when these things happened? At all events nothing official was done in the case, although a lot was thought by several others as well as by Mrs. Quick, about the probability that the hasty burial of that child had been a foul business.

Soon after that event it was that the house acquired the reputation of being haunted. At the dead of night, it began to be said, the voice of a sick child was heard, wailing and crying. When at length the mother of the child was on her deathbed, she sent for Captain Manners, well and widely known as a kind, fatherly and Christian man, and asked him to pray for her. After this had been done the dying woman said:

"Oh, Mr. Manners, there is a dreadful secret—I want to tell you something before I die—"

"Now, Becky," harshly interrupted her husband, "you're just gettin' out o' yer head and ram'lin.' Keep thee tongue quiet!"

"No, no, Jerry!" the sick woman wailed; "I am in my right mind. Oh, Mr. Manners, I must, I must tell you before I'm taken away. My time has come to die, and—"

"Hold yer tongue, woman, can't you!" Van Pelt shouted, and he went on talking so loud and at such a rate that the poor wife's expiring words could not be heard. She passed away with her secret untold.

This man, Jerry Van Pelt, seemed to have been an odd character in many ways. It is said, for instance that when the peddlers of fish came in his place, he would call them into the house to have a drink and keep them talking, while one or two of his negroes were sent by him to steal supplies from the wagon.

A man named John Servis once had this farm. Just as a large field of wheat of his became ripe, a hail storm entirely destroyed it. This preyed on his mind, for he depended almost wholly upon the wheat for ways and means of livelihood. The following week his father-in-law, Colonel Bishop, of Ringoes, who held a mortgage on the farm, died. This meant ruin. Servis took a rope, saying he was going to catch a horse. He was so long gone that a boy was sent to look for him and found him hanging by the neck in the hogpen. The boy fled and gave the alarm, but when help came Servis was found to be dead.

Mrs. Kelly, who, after these events, lived a number of years in this house—that is to say, from her twelfth

year until she was married and went to live at Pennington—says that for her part she was always more afraid to go near the hogpen that she was of the sealed closet in the house.

Charles Quick, Mrs. Kelly's father, long a widower, after his children had all married and left him, got a tenant farmer to carry on the place. This man and his family lived in a part of the house, and he and his folk declared often that they heard peculiar and unnatural sounds there.

Like most very old houses, this one was built into the side of a low hill. The kitchen and one or two other rooms were entered from a basement door, while the other or upper rooms had an entrance from the higher ground. The room which was nailed up is one of three such basement rooms. In recent years a new kitchen has been built as an extension to the upper part of the house, the original kitchen being now deserted by the family and used as a kind of workroom by the men, with the adjoining bedroom as a storeroom. Off this storeroom is the dark and mysterious closet, which, for more than seventy years, no one has dared to open.

LOVE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HOW JERSEY SWAINS WENT A-WOOING IN THE LONG AGO. A BOYS' PLOT AND ELOPEMENT.

Garret Dougherty, well known as the Sourland Mountain sleuth, has seen in his time some of the lights as well as many of the shadows of country life. The tragedies necessarily connected with his constableship and his work routing criminals from his native mountain were preceded by pleasant youthful experiences that were lit up at times by light comedy and romance.

His mother having died when he was two years old, at Post Town, now known as Planeville, he was taken and brought up by his grandmother, who lived on the mountain. They attended the Mt. Zion Church there. Little Dougherty received his education at the Mt. Zion school, which was near the church. His great-grandfather, who was what long ago was known as a Methodist exhorter, came here from Dublin, Ireland, at an early date and settled on the mountain.

At the age of twenty-one, Garret, or "Gat," as he was known from childhood, went to live at Sergeantsville, where he took an active part in all the youthful amusements and gayeties of that neighborhood. These he declares were incessant and simply wonderful as compared with anything of the kind in the country in these days. Young fellows thought nothing then of walking four or five or even ten miles to see their girls. Then they would escort them to church and afterward walk with

them along the shady lanes and green fields. Eventually "Gat" got a horse, the better to keep up with the social engagements, and often on his rides his girl sat behind him on the saddle. There were parties practically every night at one place or another. Music was furnished by violinists. No pianos were ever seen out there in those days.

One frosty moonlight night a sleighride to the Dunker Church was determined upon. But as there were not enough sleighs and horses to go round an enormous home-made sled was rigged up and hitched to a big team of oxen. This was unanimously voted to be the very acme of good, solid, sociability, and all went well and smoothly until the church was reached; then there was trouble. A hymn was being sung with great vigor. The volume of human voices evidently proved something quite novel and startling to the bovine ear, for with heads thrown up, distended nostrils and very staring eyes, the animals approached the building with fear and trembling, until some one opened the church door. This produced a sudden burst of increased sound and cast a flash of light on the road, which quite demoralized the big bullocks. Swinging round with an irresistible rush, they made for the woods. Amid general shouting and terrified screams from the girls, some of the riders jumping out and others clinging to one another, the cumbrous vehicle crashed into the church railing, reducing a lot of it to matchwood. Then colliding with a tree, it overturned, flinging its occupants out in a heap on the snow.

Attracted by the alarming sounds, Deacon Hoffman ran out to see what the trouble was. After strongly pro-

testing at such a disturbance he took down all the sled-riders' names, assessed them in damages and made them pay sweetly for it.

The young men thoroughly resented this high-handed treatment and made up their minds to be avenged. This they decided to compass in a peculiar way, namely, by fooling the deacon about his daughter. It seems his only daughter, Eliza, though of distinctly mature years and as "homely as a hedge fence," as "Gat" put it, was extremely susceptible to the thought that every young fellow that looked at her was in love with her. As her father was even more gullible on that score than she was the boys made up their minds that this harmless little vanity was a vulnerable point of the deacon's and that through it they would wound his pride by having a laugh at him.

Their plan was for all six of them to pretend they had fallen victims of Eliza's attractions and to call nightly upon her, each to press his suit. Pursuant to this they cast lots as to the order of their calls, and it fell to "Gat" to go first. He went and was well received. Next night No. 2 called with a like result, and next No. 3. When No. 4 came the deacon and his daughter began to smell a rat, and without ceremony he was ordered about his business. But according to contract they had all to call on the deacon's daughter in their turns.

When No. 5 knocked at the door he was admitted. Almost immediately he was bundled out. Then, knowing full well there was wrath in store for No. 6, "Gat" and another of the boys crept up before-hand and hid in a big empty flax box near the door to see what would happen. The sixth and last young fellow to call, though

rather fat, was supple. He declared that he would run before the fiery deacon could get at him. On his arrival and when his inevitable ejection came, he dashed wildly down the stoop, pursued, not only by the deacon, but by the old lady with a broom. But as bad luck had it, the little gate would not open. Then with the fair enemy close at his heels he made a desperate vault and bravely cleared the obstruction—all but part of his pants, which caught on one of the pickets.

In this critical position, a perfectly helpless mark for the old lady's broom, which she wielded with surprising vigor, the young fellow hung and took his basting. The stout cloth at length gave way and he dropped to terra firma again. Then he took to his heels homeward. The suppression of laughter in the flax box was meanwhile painful in the extreme, until "Gat" and his companion heard the last wallop and saw their friend escape. Then they emptied the box of themselves by tipping it over and fled, with farewell love messages shouted back for Eliza. They considered themselves thus fully revenged on the wrathful deacon, who stood in his door flourishing a stout stick at the practical jokers.

Very early in life "Gat" acted a minor part in a romantic affair. That is to say, at the tender age of about ten or twelve he became an unconscious accessory before the fact in a case of elopement. Among the verdant hills and valleys that buttress Sourland Mountain on its northeastern side dwelt Marjory, a maiden about ten years "Gat's" senior. Her mother died when Marjory was only ten years of age, leaving her to become a little mother to her four younger brothers and sisters. This pathetic duty

she discharged so well for ten or more years, and she looked so wisely also after the whole household, that her widowed father prized her as the very apple of his eye. Perhaps he treasured his eldest rather selfishly, for like many parents he seemed to forget the flight of years and that new conditions grew up demanding new considerations at his hands.

Among other things that he might have known and made reasonable allowance for was the fact that Marjory was naturally of an extremely sociable and sentimental nature, which, for her happiness, called for the society of young people like herself. But anything in that way never occurred to him as at all necessary. He had a good home and every comfort that Marjory or any of his children could possibly need. Such a home was all he cared for himself. How, therefore, could any of his family require anything more than he did himself? When friends, especially young men, came home from church with Marjory, and tried to edge into further acquaintance, they found anything but encouragement at her father's hands. In fact they were so coldly received that the visits were rarely repeated.

The possible consequences of this unreasonable line of conduct on a father's part are proverbial. Her would-be suitors, whom Marjory ought to have been allowed to entertain openly at her home, saw her clandestinely. When the right man came along—"Rory," we'll call him, for he is living yet and so is Marjory, and they might not like their names given in full—he proved to be a stalwart, rosy-cheeked son of Erin, proved to be as brimful of romance and sentiment as the girl herself. When two

hearts so sympathetically attuned as these meet, events are bound soon to develop. And so it was in this case. There was only one way out of the difficulty—they decided to cut such a Gordian knot by elopement.

Marjory's second-story window was not a very dizzy height, but it was too high to take at a leap. For, though his beloved was the nearest approach "Rory" knew to a real angel, he also knew from several test balances he had made of her good, solid avoirdupois on his knee, that for her to attempt actual flight would only be to tempt Providence. So he either made or borrowed a rope ladder, which Marjory secreted in her room, and the following Thursday at midnight was set as the time for their flight.

It was here that "Gat" became an innocent agent in the plot. He had been often sent down the mountain by his grandmother to Marjory's house on messages, and was quite a little favorite of hers. His appearance there on the Wednesday morning, the day before her intended flight with "Rory," she hailed as truly providential, for her uncle was coming to visit her father, and was expected the very night that she and "Rory" had set for their elopement. It occurred to her that their great project would have to be postponed, or it would be discovered, for her father and uncle always sat up till long past midnight when they first met.

So "Gat" was entrusted with a letter to be delivered to "Rory," informing him of the rock ahead, and saying that if the following night would do she would be ready at the appointed hour. Little "Gat" was solemnly bound over as a good boy and true to serve this personally on "Rory," and on none other, under the most awful pains

and penalties, and further, to bring back from the said "Rory" an answer signed and sealed under his own hand. Thus was "Gat," even as early as his tenth year initiated into the serving of processes heavily laden with human destinies. The momentous Friday came, and hardly had the tall old hall clock chimed the witching hour of midnight, when Marjory heard a low whistle beneath her window, the preconcerted signal that her lover was there awaiting her. With heart going pit-a-pat, she first inquired in a whisper:

"Who's there?"

"Faith, and it's all that's left of your own "Rory," "Marjory Mavaurneen!" came the reassuring answer.

Having nervously secured one end of the rope-ladder, the young woman lost no time, but scrambled out and commenced the descent, "Rory" standing beneath with outstretched arms ready to receive her. When less than half way down the girl gave a sharp scream. The rope had broken and she fell, not, however, to her death, but safe and sound, though somewhat forcibly, into her lover's waiting arms.

Suddenly sounds of a man's bare feet were heard stumping on the adjoining room floor. Then came the sound of steps on the stairs.

Away, hand in hand, like two children, the lovers scampered, with all their speed, down the long lane to the road, where Rory's fastest horse stood saddled and ready.

With one bound he was in the saddle; with another of equal dexterity, Marjory was on behind him, and away they went.

"Hallo! Stop thief! Help, neighbors, help!" cried the enraged father, who, half-clad and cudgel in hand, came tearing down the lane in pursuit, but his only answer was the clatter and ring of the fast-moving horse's hoofs on the frequent stones of the Pennington road over the Sourland Mountain.

The lovers were married and lived in Pennington for many a year. And, contrary to all assumed, sombre precedents as to the unallowed nature of such unions—more especially one made on a Friday—theirs was a happy and prosperous married life. It is still so; and, as hale and wonderfully well preserved octogenarians, they look with complacent delight on their offspring, even unto the third generation.

IN THE "RED COATS'" POWER.

HOW FIVE JERSEYMEN, DRILLING NEAR THE PRESENT TOWN OF SOUTH BRANCH, WERE CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.

One day in June, 1777, five men were drilling and practising target shooting in a wood, near the South Branch River. It was at a place a little above the village then called Branchville and now known as South Branch. They had met there every day for some time and were very earnest in their work, first learning the military steps and turnings for marching and afterward firing with long-barreled muskets and the round, leaden balls of those days, at a barked spot on a tree.

On the day in question, which, to be accurate, was the 16th of June, having finished their drill evolutions, four of the men grounded their muskets and began loading them. First they measured the charges of powder in the palms of their hands and poured them into the capacious barrels; then they rammed them down with pieces of paper doubled up into wads, and next they hammered the charges home with their ramrods, until the latter bounced back clear out of the barrels. The balls being put in and driven down beneath more paper wads, the guns were loaded. After that the flint-mailed hammers were raised and some extra powder poured into the flash pans. This was called priming. Having finished loading, the four men, under instructions of the fifth, formed in firing line.

One of the four, a tall, lanky youth called Hank, was exceedingly awkward at drill but a "dead shot" and proud of it. He was about to shoot when right in the line of the target and not much beyond it, he saw something.

"Tom, do you see that 'redcoat'?" he asked in an excited whisper. "That's my target! I'm going to shoot him!"

"No, don't!" ordered Tom, who was the instructor. "That's one of our men in disguise, most likely. Hold on a bit till I see."

Hank frowned. He wanted to show his marksmanship on the real thing, and again he leveled his gun, declaring that he would shoot the man.

"Don't do it, I tell you!" Tom commanded, and again Hank was restrained. But as Tom shifted his ground for a better view, "Lanky Hanky," as they called him, covered his man with his gun and was on the point of firing when one of his mates interfered. It was lucky he did, for at that moment a crackling of many feet over the twigs behind them was heard and they found themselves surrounded and taken prisoners by a strong company of British soldiers. If Hank had shot the man the five of them would have been shot or hanged on the spot and this story would never have been told.

"Tom," the instructor of Hank and the others, was Thomas Van Camp, who had served in the Continental army from the first skirmish down to the glorious actions of Trenton and Princeton. His time having then expired he had repaired to his ancestral homestead, which is now the home of his grandson, Peter Van Camp, to whom I am largely indebted for this story.

Thomas Van Camp's activity in collecting and drilling men for the army he had fought with, showed that he was a true patriot. But for the time his lamp was extinguished; for he and his recruits were in the hands of the enemy. And, as he used many a time to tell his grandson, who now retells it, the worst of their capture was that, being all big fellows, they were subjected to far more indignities than if they had been of smaller stature. For instance, they were made to run the gauntlet, one at a time, between two facing lines of their enemies, every one of whom administered the best kick he was capable of to each runner as he passed down the line. The redcoats seemed to hugely enjoy the work, too; for with every kick they would shout some taunt.

"Why don't you fight, you lumbering rebels," they cried. "You're big and ugly enough," etc.

But the captives soon had the satisfaction of seeing their enemies themselves cowed. For they had only proceeded a short distance further up stream when suddenly, like a clap of thunder, a cannon belched from the hills to their left and a ball came whistling over their heads and tore up the earth only a few yards beyond them. Simultaneous musketry fire from a wood ahead of them seemed to fill the invaders with terror, for sheltering themselves in a convenient wood, they beat a double-quick retreat along the river, taking good care, however, that their prisoners were well surrounded and made to scamper away along with them. For some time that well-planted cannon kept guessing their whereabouts, by shot after shot. Just opposite the Van Camp homestead, where the river is now crossed by a fine bridge, a

ball went crashing among the trees right over their heads. This brought down a heavy limb which pinned several Britishers under it, hurting one or two badly, and narrowly missing Thomas Van Camp.

The men thus sent back the way they came were a force some seventy strong. They had been sent on a reconnoitering and foraging expedition by General Cornwallis, who, with Colonel De Heister, was posted with two divisions of their army at Middlebush and Somerset Courthouse. They had marched there from New Brunswick in the hope of drawing Washington from his stronghold at Middlebrook, which event they awaited with impatience but in vain. At the same time General Sullivan, by order of Washington, having come from Princeton, had left small corps of observation on Haunts Rock, on the Sourland Mountain, and encamped with his main body at Clover Hill. It was from there that the gun was sent by Sullivan, and it, with a few sharpshooters, successfully defeated the purpose of the foragers.

Nearly a hundred years after this occurrence, two cannon balls were unearthed on the Van Camp farm. They are still in the possession of Peter Van Camp, the grandson of that same patriot soldier, Thomas, at whose captors while he was among them, these very balls were fired. As there is no record of any other engagement ever having taken place in the vicinity, there seems to be no doubt as to the origin of these balls.

When Cornwallis saw that Washington was not to be enticed from Middlebrook he marched back to New Brunswick, determining to move on Philadelphia by way

of the sea. Thomas Van Camp and his fellow-prisoners were shipped under hatches in a vessel and taken to Long Island. There Hank and three of his mates received bad treatment in prison for five months; but Van Camp, who was wonderfully good natured, did whatever was required of him, and knew so well how to humor his jailors that he got off after two months of imprisonment. He was paroled on leave to go and see an aunt, and needless to say the moment his feet touched the Jersey shore he took to his heels through swamps, rivers and woods, till he got back to his home.

Peter Van Camp tells me that his grandfather lost his gun and other equipment at the time of his capture, but the musket used in the Revolution by his great uncle, John Van Kampen, as well as the latter's sword, after he was made an officer, is still preserved at the old homestead. Mr. Van Camp has also a very old French gun, supposed to have been among the first firearms ever used in Jersey. It was brought here by his great-great-grandfather early in the seventeenth century, and is said to be at least 250 years old.

It does not appear that Thomas Van Camp re-entered the army. Subsequent to his capture and release from the British lines, tradition and history seem to conflict a good deal as to his movements. In the second series of New Jersey Archives (as pointed out to me by Arthur S. Kimball, a relative of the Van Camps, through the Halls) there appears a letter, dated at Newark, February 7, 1778, which says:

"A correspondent informs us that one William Pace, of Schoolie's Mountain, and Thomas Van Camp, of Som-

erset County, both bound for Staten Island, the latter with a quantity of flour, and the former with four quarters of beef which had been stall-fed two years, and was intended for a British general, were apprehended and brought before the President and Council of Safety the twenty-eighth of January last. It not fully appearing to the board that their respective cargoes were to have been carried into the enemy's lines, which would have been high treason. Van Camp was adjudged to forfeit his flour and to pay the fine prescribed by law for asking more than the regulated price, and also the fine for asking a higher price in continental currency than in specie and Pace to forfeit his fat beef and to pay the fine for asking for it more than the regulated price, and both being bound over they were dismissed.

"Evidence being produced the day after that one Jacob Fitz-Randolph, who lives at the Blazing Star, had met them (Van Camp and Pace) at Spanktown (now Rahway) and engaged to take their cargoes if they would bring them to his house, and to convey them to Staten Island so soon as the ice would permit; the said Pace and Fitz-Randolph have since been committed to gaol for procuring provisions for the enemy, and as dangerous to the present government; and a warrant is issued to apprehend the said Van Camp."

History failing to note any further penalty as inflicted upon Thomas Van Camp, we may fairly assume that his actions were satisfactorily explained to the authorities.

Tradition here enters and informs us that Thomas Van Camp conveyed Martha Washington in a supply wagon from Princeton to Morristown in the month of Decem-

ber, 1779. Although there is no official record of this, it had undoubtedly as good a chance of being authentic as most other family traditions have. And as to Thomas's attempted contraband transaction, perhaps he was not the first loyal citizen up to that time or since then who has been tempted into making large profits at the expense of an enemy of his country—if he really did attempt that. But the natural inference seems to be that he was ultimately exonerated from everything, except, perhaps a little pardonable venality in those hard times.

The present Peter Van Camp, Thomas's grandson, is the oldest surviving descendant of two very old and important families, the Halls and Van Camps, or Van Kampens. He lives at the original Hall homestead, one of the first places of the kind established in Somerset County. The Halls of this line especially have an ancient and decidedly interesting lineage.

I have on several occasions noticed how remarkably old people in these regions seem to carry their weight of years. But wonderful as former instances have appeared to me, I am bound to admit that they are surpassed in the person of Peter Van Camp. He is eighty-three years of age, or as he humorously puts it:

"Yes, next year I'll have come of age four times."

And yet he is so alert in mind and body, and so very far from looking his great age, that no man could honestly guess him to be over sixty. Though he does not now do the heaviest work on his farm, he takes full care of his own horse, cows and chickens, does his own gardening and raises what are admitted to be the finest pigs to be seen for miles around.

A HAUNTED MEADOW.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS WHICH ARE SAID TO HAVE OCCURRED NEAR THE GRAVE OF AN ECCENTRIC JERSEYMAN.

Across the South Branch River, opposite the place where Peter Van Camp lives, there once resided an eccentric character, named Joseph S. Pittenger. He was a harness maker, and at one time had a good business; but sometime in his career he became so odd in his behavior that he was afterward best known as "Crazy Joe." When he died he was buried in the peaceful little graveyard on Mr. Van Camp's place, which, with the adjoining meadow, has long been regarded as haunted.

"Crazy Joe," or his restless spirit, is said to be largely responsible for the reputation of the place. It has been declared by most reputable persons of the vicinity that ever since his interment some person or thing has risen from the grave or come forth from the darkness in such questionable shape, and has disported itself in so extraordinary a manner as to be easily recognizable as the veritable, dead Joseph Pittenger—himself or his ghost.

Pittenger's sobriquet of "Crazy" was largely acquired through several exceedingly strong and unaccountable antipathies which he developed and seemed to have carried to his grave. Perhaps the full intensity of his objection was leveled against three very dissimilar things; namely cows, widows and geese. While living his abjuration of these was shown in his intense dislike of butter from the

first, of the "weeds" of the second and the feathers of the geese.

If, while eating at a friend's house, butter were unthinkingly brought on the table, Pittenger would hold up his hands to hide it from his sight, at the same time making exclamations almost as tragic as Macbeth's at sight of Banquo's ghost. As to widows, tradition has it that meeting a buxon young widow once on the highway, and, in sight of several witnesses, he literally carried out what had long been currently reported as his practice under such circumstances. That is, on seeing her, suddenly stopping, he spread out his hands as he was wont to do at butter; then removing his hat, he deliberately took up handful after handful of dust from the road and strewed it thickly on his bare pate. After that he vaulted the fence as if mad dogs were after him and disappeared in a cornfield.

His antipathy in this direction has been said to have had its beginning in his rejection by a rich widow whom he was courting by characteristic methods. They were in the habit of walking a good deal together in the country lanes, at which times, whatever might be the state of the weather, Pittenger very frequently walked along in silence, with his hat in his hand instead of upon his head. Being asked by his fair companion why he did so, he answered that he would be candid with her. Then he declared that at all such times he was petitioning the fairies, in which he truly believed, that they would influence her to love him instead of Jacob, his hated rival. At this, it is said, she turned on her heel, saying that she considered him more fit for a madhouse

than to be her husband, and straightway she married the said Jacob. This was such a heavy blow to Joseph that many neighbors declared their belief that that and nothing else was the cause of all his subsequent vagaries.

What turned him against geese has never had any plausible explanation. But his virulence against the feathers of those harmless birds is authenticated in several quarters. It is well known that in olden times feather beds were much more common than they are nowadays. And on sundry occasions when Joseph slept at friends' houses he was given a room with a good goose-feather bed to rest upon. But just as soon as the eccentric mortal discovered the nature of his bed he took out his jack-knife, ripped open the ticking and dumped the contents, worth probably a dollar a pound, out of the window.

Another oddity of his was to hitch up his horse to a sulky of a summer evening and drive for hours together around one or other of the fields, with sleighbells jingling on his horse, as if he was in his sleigh in midwinter.

Now, there is nothing more certain than is the fact that in a field adjoining the little graveyard, which field has long been called the "haunted meadow," some such freaks as these are still enacted at the dead, witching hour of night.

"Have you ever seen anything of this kind?" Peter Van Camp was asked recently.

"Well—I—" he was saying hesitatingly when his wife broke in.

"Now, Peter," she exclaimed, "you saw it. You know you did!"

"Well, anyway," he said, "I'm not going to say anything about that. I'm not going to stand for any ghosts."

Most men in these times, like Mr. Van Camp, hesitate about admitting any acquaintance with demonstrations of the supernatural. But there need be nothing of the kind, for, after a generation of ridicule heaped upon occult matters generally the very vanguard of science has arrived at the turning of the ways, and already freely admits certain evidences of powers and existence which are not accounted for in our recognized code of natural laws. Although Mr. Van Camp declined to tell something which it was plain enough to be seen that he knew, he was far from denying such knowledge. Some neighbors were, however, more communicative, and explained as nearly as they could what others, as well as themselves, had seen. I say as nearly as they could, for in observing such matters people are usually under a high strain of nervous excitement, not so much, perhaps, from actual fear as from a feeling of awe, which undoubtedly possesses every mind in presence of plain evidences of another existence than that in which we live.

What has been seen in the haunted meadow was explained by one witness as some kind of combination of matter and rapid motion, which they say is fairly well presented to the mind by newspaper cartoonists' representation of the wheeling scrimmage that takes place when a bulldog gets a hold of a man's leg—something like wheels of dust spinning around, with parts of the combatants occasionally visible in the mixup.

This peculiar whizzing thing has been seen to come from the little graveyard and to go round and round the meadow at great speed. It is said to appear with certainty if cows are permitted to graze in the meadow at night. In such a case great is the effect among the herd, for they bellow and run hither and thither like wild steers on the plains of Texas, breaking all bounds and scattering in every direction. All the time the thing continues whirling and buzzing round and round the meadow like a gigantic hornet on wheels.

One man who seemed to have had a better view of it than others, said that it looked like a man riding on a rig without horses or shafts to it, just as if he sat perched about four feet above the bare axel, on which the two wheels turned almost like lightning. In fact, he declares, that there was a kind of blue light, as if from long sparks which seemed to fly continuously from the hubs outward along the spokes. On reaching home this man, looking very white, told his wife that he had seen either "Crazy Joe" or the devil—he didn't know which—on wheels in the haunted meadow.

The general consensus of opinion is that it is none other than "Crazy Joe," and that he rises from his grave and takes these nocturnal rides, just as he used to do in the flesh with his sulky and sleigh bells. That theory is strengthened, too, they say, by the certainty of his appearance and the awful terror and stampede of the cows, if by any chance the herd is left in that particular meadow over night.

"Crazy Joe" Pittenger must have been an extraordinary man in more ways than one. Another thing that

happened when he was alive, according to local tradition, was that on going one day into the graveyard where later he was buried, he looked at the gravestone of one of his fore-fathers, and it immediately fell down in many pieces.

There were many peculiar people and strange happenings in this neighborhood. For instance, Samuel Hall, an uncle of Mrs. Peter Van Camp, was a decided exception to the ordinary run of men. He never married. He was an estimable man in every way. But he never behaved as other men do. He used to visit the Van Camps before the old homstead was torn down in 1851. Here and everywhere else that he visited he always had his knitting with him, and while he sat chatting with the ladies, his needles were kept busy knitting. As a general thing he made stockings, mittens and such articles. He was quite at home and happy with the womenfolk; would drink tea with them and join heartily in their little harmless gossipings, just as if he were himself a woman. He never seemed to have any great interest in common with men.

Peter Van Camp's grandfather, like every one else in those days, had slaves. One of his darkies, named "Spike" was one day engaged in splitting rails in a wood, near which was a field of buckwheat. He repeatedly begged his master for a gun, so that he might shoot some of the wild pigeons that came after the buckwheat. At last he was given the gun—that very long and ancient French musket, which, as mentioned in a recent article in this series, the present Van Camp has still in his keeping. The gun was several inches longer than the negro himself, but

with a bundle of straw and the loaded weapon, "Spike" went back to his work a happy darkey.

Then he waited until the field was blue with the birds. Carrying the innocent straw bundle in front of his body he advanced and was able to approach near to his game. Then taking deliberate aim he fired. The gun kicked so violently that "Spike" was knocked heels over head. But nothing daunted, he was quickly on his feet and proceeded to pick up the slain. It is solemnly declared that when all of them had been gathered he had 103 pigeons. This seems almost fabulous; but it has come down in the family as an absolute fact that that was the exact number of birds killed by darkey "Spike" with one shot of the old French gun. He came home, it is said, with all he could string in couples on the gun barrel, from end to end of it, and all he could possibly carry in his hands besides. The old man was angry.

"Take the birds off that gun barrel, you villain!" he cried. "You'll bend and ruin my gun. Where did you get them all?" "Spike" told him. He also told him how the gun had "kicked." His master could hardly believe his own eyes. He had purposely overloaded the gun so as to cure "Spike" of asking for it in the future. But his plan did not have the desired effect, for the same negro afterward borrowed the gun and with it shot an immense otter. That was probably the last otter ever seen in this region.

THE CASTNER FAMILY MASSACRE

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY THAT OCCURRED IN WARREN THREE SCORE YEARS AGO.

Half a century ago the gathering and publishing of news was a very different business to what it is to-day. Only the large cities had anything worth calling newspapers in those days, and they only very imperfectly reported their own city events, with little items of foreign news, usually three weeks or a month old, brought by primative paddle-wheeled steampackets. The most thrilling things might, and as a matter of fact did, occur a hundred or even fifty miles inland in their own country, and these old-time newspapers never had an inkling of it, much less their readers.

Such an event doubtless was the atrocious Changewater murder, which occurred near the town of Changewater, on the Musconetcong River, in Warren County, just over the Hunterdon border. Probably not many outside those two counties ever read a single line, or even heard tell of this crime, which, though committed just sixty-six years ago, no doubt, through the recital of the tale by parents to their children, still continues to thrill the present generation over wide areas around where the deed was done. Not long since, after many a time and oft hearing in a disjointed way about the tragedy, I found two venerable Hunterdon County men, Mr. McPherson, of Ringoes, ninety years of age, and W. C. Ball, of Larrison's Corners, seventy-three, both of whom have still a

vivid recollection of seeing the murderers, and who naturally knew a good deal at first-hand about the case.

As they remember the circumstances, John Castner, the principal victim, a most estimable man, lived with his wife and only son and a man and maid servant on a small farm about a mile out of Changewater. He was formerly in business in the town, but had sold out and retired, a comparatively rich man, intending to take things easy at his prettily shaded and well watered homestead for the remainder of his life. It would have been difficult to find another family perhaps in all Warren County, that had better reason to be happy, or that really more nearly approached that desirable condition, than did the Castners. They had all the wealth they cared for, and their boy, already arrived almost at man's estate, was a good son, a great comfort to them and a credit to their careful bringing up.

Leisure and rest to Mr. Castner meant anything but idleness; he was always busy at something. One day in the spring of the year he and John had done a hard day's work helping the hired man in opening up the various drains and water-courses, so that the heavy rains could flow off instead of lodging and spoiling the land. It was about 9 that night when John, feeling particularly tired and sleepy, bade his parents good night and went to bed. The hired man had gone to his rest earlier still. The husband and wife sat chatting by the cheerful open grate log fire perhaps half an hour after John left them; and Jenny, Mrs. Castner's helper, was lighting her candle to retire, when a knock sounded on the door. Jenny answered it and came back saying that two

neighboring farmers, Ed Carter and Jim Parks, who were Mr. Castner's nephews, had come to tell him that the rain which had been falling heavily, was washing out a "sink hole" on his land and that it would soon be undermining the public road.

"No, we'll not come in just now," they answered both Mr. and Mrs. Castner's invitation; "we've got to hurry, but if you'll come on down right away, Uncle John, we'll help you a bit."

"All right, boys; it's very kind of you. I'll follow you in a minute," Mr. Castner said, hastening to pull on his high boots.

"Hadn't I better call John to go with you?" the wife asked. "I don't like you going down there this dark night without him."

"Oh, no; don't disturb him, poor lad; he worked hard all day and is tired out. Let him have his good sleep. I'll manage all right and will be back shortly." With which, lighting the candle in the old perforated tin lantern, he hurried down the road in the pelting rain after his nephews to the "sink hole."

When the winter's frost is in a fair way of thawing out, the rush of surface water sometimes washes underground through passages made by the frost having raised several feet deep of the surface soil in a solid mass. If this under current breaks its way through to the surface again lower down, it boils up with great force like a small geyser. Naturally this underground flood washes away considerable soil, and as the thaw proceeds, certain parts of the surface will sag or sink sometimes much below its normal level, thus leaving more or less deep hol-

She threw down the bellows, ran to the door to meet her husband, and,

lows or holes. These are what in Warren County they call "sink holes;" and it was to prevent such an undermining of the public road opposite his land that Mr. Castner followed his nephews down the road that dark, wet night.

There is dire reason why we cannot know for certain how long the interval really was; but through cross-questioning of those who were deeply involved in that night's proceedings and through their talk with outside friends of theirs, we are able to state that Mrs. Castner must have sat alone for more than an hour waiting for her husband's return, and still he did not come. Often, it is said, she went to the door and peered down the road in the darkness and saw the weird glimmer of the lanterns, but could hear no sound but the rising wind moaning through the leafless trees and the dismal swish of the heavy rain.

At last one light came bobbing along up and down and in and out toward her, in that strange, Will-o'-Wisp kind of way that a light appears when carried in the hand. But though a cold, goose-flesh shiver came over her, she made no doubt that the light was from the horn bullseye of her husband's lantern, on his way back to her. Hastening in, she heaped fresh logs on the fire; pulled the crane round so that the hanging tea kettle would catch the flames which, with the bellows, she soon sent leaping up around it, making it sing. Then at the sound of the gate and the expected foot-step, knowing that her husband would be wet through and through, she threw down the bellows, ran and opened the door to meet him, and,

without a word from any one or sound was struck down dead with an axe.

Next morning Peter Petty, who happened to be passing along the road, was shocked to find what he first thought was a negro lying dead in the "sink hole." On nearer view, however, he was horrified to find that the lifeless body was that of his universally respected and beloved friend, John Castner. The poor dead face was terribly begrimed with mud and had been so pounded with some blunt instrument as to be almost past identification. But Petty, who had known him from childhood, as soon as he had a good look, knew him at once. Later, when on oath, Petty said that "the sun was half an hour high" when he made the fearful discovery.

Immediately summoning two passersby to help, Petty made all the haste he could to bring the dead man to his late dwelling. There he expected the distressful duty of breaking the awful news to Mrs. Castner and their son, John. But his horror is easier imagined than described when, on going to the house, he found Mrs. Castner also dead lying prostrate in a ghastly pool of gore, evidently foully murdered, just inside her own door.

Alarmed almost to frenzy at this awful sight, Petty hardly knew what to do next and shouted:

"Is any one in here?"

Receiving no answer he turned and fled in terror to summon more help. Loosing his horse from the wagon that held Mr. Castner's body, he left his two helpers in charge of it and went at a gallop to alarm the neighborhood. The first house he came to was that of Jim Parks, the dead man's nephew.

"Hullo! Jim Parks! For God's sake, where are you?" he yelled even before he reached the house. "Help, help! Parks! Come quick! Your uncle and aunt are both dead —killed, murdered by somebody! Do you hear?" But no one answered a word. He got down from his horse and pounded frantically on the door; to which uproar the only response was the growling bark of a dog. Evidently there was no one at home. Delaying not a moment, Petty mounted and was off again full speed, this time to the next farm, owned by Carter, also a nephew. The very people, as Petty felt, who ought to be first to render assistance in such dreadful circumstances. But arriving at the house, after the same shouting and hammering as at Parks's, there was no answer, not even the bark of a dog.

"Well, if this doesn't beat everything I ever knew! Is everybody dead, or what?" the desperate man exclaimed in an agony of excited perplexity.

"They must have heard of it and gone through the fields. But, stars! it do look queer. Ed! Ed-d!! Hullo, Ed. Carter!" he yelled once more and pounded again on the door, but all in vain. So he jumped on his horse and whipped him up to his best pace to the next farm again— no relations of the murdered people. Here he found the whole family and two hired men in, and they were tremendously shocked and horrified at what was told them. all rushing to assist in any or every way they could. Petty therefore soon arrived at the Castner house with many neighbors from several other farms.

When a few of the assembled company entered the house to explore, horror crowded on horror. Young John

Castner, brained with an axe like his mother, lay dead on the floor by his bed. The hired girl had evidently been chopped to death while asleep, as she seemed to have died without a struggle. The hired man also had his head gashed open, but he was the only one not killed outright. His pulse beat feebly and he still breathed.

As the shuddering explorers bent over the man they suddenly gasped:

"My God, what's that?" one asked in a hoarse voice, holding up his hands and turning a shade paler than even the dead had made him. It was the merry laugh of a child in the attic from over their heads, which was followed by the familiar sound of little bare feet running across the floor.

Creeping nervously up the stairs, the four men opened the door, peered in and saw two little fair-haired tots hilariously pillowing one another. At sight of the men's strange, white faces the baby girl clung to her big brother, of perhaps four years, and two pairs of pretty blue eyes grew very wide open and round.

"Dranma tome d'ess us," the little curly-wig cupid said, looking disparagingly down at his long nightgown.

It was Friday morning sixty-six years ago, a black Friday indeed, when the people of Changewater, in Warren County, ran breathlessly from house to house spreading the astounding intelligence that, almost in their midst the night before, five persons had been ruthlessly murdered; all but one savagely brained with an axe; the one exception being their well-known and universally popular townsman, John Castner, who had been barbarously beaten and mauled to death in a sink hole. It was so

" Dranma tome d'ess us," the little curly-wig cupid said.

monstrous, so utterly revolting, that it came upon every one like a stunning blow.

But to be correct, only four were killed outright, Mr. Castner, Mrs. Castner, their son John, and the servant maid, Jenny, were dead. The murderer's axe had crashed into the skull of the hired man, too, but by a miracle he still hovered on the very brink of death. He was assiduously attended by physicians and nursed with the utmost care in the hope of bringing him back to consciousness, so that if possible something might be learned from him throwing light on the case. For at first the whole affair was shrouded in utter mystery. The five mute victims were there, but not a thing as the least clue to throw suspicion on any one.

At last, however, there was a faint glimmer of consciousness shown by the maimed man. He was understood to whisper, "Water, water."

"Ask him! Ask him who tried to murder him!" cried every one. But the medical man said, "No, not yet. Come to-morrow. We must by no means press questions on him at once."

The morrow came with the patient decidedly stronger and more lucid. But, alas, "No," he whispered; he did not see any one strike him, nor even know that he had been attacked, he answered in monosyllables. Evidently he had been struck the terrible blow while he slept. But the next question brought light.

"What," the physician asked, "is the last thing you can recall? Do you remember going to bed that night?"

"Yes," the sick man answered audibly, "I went to bed early and was nearly asleep when I heard a knock on the

kitchen door right below my window." (It seemed as if the patient realized the dire importance of his speech, for he visibly braced himself and spoke almost in his natural voice). "I heard Jenny going to the door," he went on, "and they told her about a sink hole."

"Who told her?" the doctor asked earnestly.

"The boss's nephews, Jim Parks and Ed Carter," answered the sick man and his hearers caught their breath and looked at each other. The man went on to tell that he heard Mr. and Mrs. Carter call to their nephews to come in, that they declined, and he then heard his master getting on his boots and going out to meet them at the sink hole. That was the last thing he remembered "I think I then fell fast asleep," he muttered, now quite exhausted. It had been a great effort for him and he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The minister who was present, when he heard about Parks and Carter, two members of his church, calling that night for their uncle, almost dropped to the floor.

"This is truly terrible," he said. "Of course, they could not be guilty of the awful murders that succeeded. But how will they ever to be able to clear themselves of such a horrible suspicion?"

This important information was gained on the Saturday evening. It came like a bolt from the blue sky. The few hearers of it agreed not to breathe a word of it to any one until the proper authority should be brought to hear it as the probably dying man's deposition. But secretly a strict watch was kept on the two men implicated.

Next morning the minister preached a powerful ser-

mon on the murders to a large congregation. As he closed, looking sternly down the church:

"My brethren," he said, suddenly changing his voice and attitude with dramatic effect, "it is quite possible that, here with bold and hardened effrontry in our midst in the house of God, may now be sitting the cruel, cowardly fiends that did this foul deed. If so I hope they will join me in the prayer, may God have mercy on their guilty souls!"

The preacher, still regarding the dense rows of upturned faces, stopped speaking. The silence was painful, until broken by the footsteps, audible all over the church, of two men who rose and left the building. Immediately everybody was craning around to see who they were.

"It's Jim Parks and his cousin Carter," was whispered from one to another, and they all wondered why these men should go out after such an eloquent tribute as the clergyman had paid to their late uncle and so scathing an arraignment of his murderers. To people outside, the two said that the dominie had insulted the whole congregation and that they, at all events, would not stay to hear any more from such a man. They would never again enter the church door, they declared, and walked away together homeward. They little knew how well they would keep their word; but they were not long left in the dark. In half an hour they were both arrested and lodged in jail.

When searched both had large sums of money hidden in their clothes. This they accounted for by saying it was the price of stock they had sold the day before. Asked for the purchaser's name, they gave a name and number in New York which proved fictitious. It was a private

house, and no such person as they named lived there. Brought before a magistrate they were formally committed for trial on the charge of willful murder.

At the trial it was proved that John Castner had sold a property the day before he was killed and was paid the whole price in cash, and further, that the prisoners, Carter and Parks, his nephews, had signed the deed as witnesses, and saw Mr. Castner receive the money, after which the uncle and his nephews drove home together. As their farms adjoined, and they often came and went, the prisoners knew that Mr. Castner and his son were home all the next day and that consequently the money was still in Mr. Castner's house when they called that night and enticed him down the road to the sink hole. Still, after all this was plainly brought out in evidence, what proof was there that could convict them? "Hardly sufficient," some said; "none!" said others.

But one morning the prosecuting counsel came to court with a much more confident look and manner, which produced a corresponding look of trouble in the prisoners. There was a new witness. Peter Petty, who had found John Castner's body and gave the first alarm of the murders, was recalled to the witness stand.

"Was it already daylight that Friday morning when you found Mr. Castner's body in the sink hole?" he was asked.

"Yes, broad daylight," Petty answered. "I remember perfectly that when I got down from my wagon and went to see the body that my shadow lay right across the hole, where I was looking."

"You have already deposed that you judged the sun to be about half an hour high at the time?"

"Yes; that's correct. I know it, because the sun was up before I got started from my yard; that was a good half hour or more before I found the body." Mr. Petty was then excused.

"Smith Cougle!" the prosecutor called loudly; and he and many others saw both prisoners give a start and turn pale. They looked at one another significantly. The new witness, who took the stand in a perfectly easy-going manner, said his name was Smith Cougle, although without his special permission most people called him "Smitty." He was a hard working and hardly used huckster by trade, he said. Asked if he remembered that eventful Friday morning, he had no difficulty in doing so, he said, and that on account of the pleasant and unusual circumstance that an acquaintance had stood him a drink that morning. He went on to explain that he had left home early on his way to Easton, Pa.; and that, arriving at Washington while it was yet quite dark and noticing a light in Fechter's roadhouse, as he felt the cold, he stopped there for a drink. When he gave his order:

" 'Have one with me, Smitty!' some one said that I didn't quite see plain enough to know. Going nearer:

"Hullo Jim!" I says. "Who'd a thought o' meetin' you here. For sure I didn't know who had me. What say? Oh, who was Jim? Why it was Jim Parks, there (pointing at the prisoner of that name). I've known Jim ever so long. So we had a drink together and as we come out, says he:

" 'Is you goin' on to Easton, Smitty?'

" 'That's where I'm a goin',' says I.

"Then he asked me to see Squire Shrope for him. (It's right, Jim, and you s'uddent look so black fer me to tell de trut'. I didn't come here of me own accord no how; but bein' here I'm not goin' to lie for nobody.) Well, I was to see the Squire and tell him that Jim couldn't possible get to Easton that day because his uncle John had got killed. But he would come sure in a day or two and would then pay the judgment the squire hed again' him."

"Now, when you left Jim Parks and resumed your journey to Easton, was it then daylight?" the witness was further asked.

"No, sir," Cougle answered, "it was still a good hour and a half before sunrise."

"That's all, you can go, Mr. Cougle," the prosecutor said, and shortly afterward in his address to the jury he pointed out that here was a man who had been sued for money and a judgment entered against him. He and Carter had driven home with Castner, to whom the same day they had seen a large sum of money paid. They must have known that money was in their uncle's house the night they called him out to the sink hole where, I am bound to claim, they murdered him. The motive of the crime was money; but to get it safely, as they thought they had to do away with, not only Mr. Castner, but his whole household. It has been shown in evidence that since the murder these men could not do their ordinary work, but sat on the fences continually talking together. They rose and left the church when the minister said that the murderers might be there with decent people at wor-

ship. When arrested they had large sums of money in their pockets, each about the same amount; both amounts added together amounting almost exactly to the sum that Mr. Castner brought home with him. And none of that money, not more than $5, can be found in Mr. Castner's late home. For the people I say that these prisoners committed the crime of murdering these people to get that money and having secured it they divided it equally between them.

"And lastly," said the counsel, "I have brought here a witness who was told by Parks himself that John Castner, his uncle, had been killed two hours before Peter Petty found the body, that is to say, before any other man but himself and his accomplice could possibly know of the deed."

The judge, in summing up, said the testimony in the case was the strongest and most convincing circumstantial evidence that ever came before him, probably the strongest of which there was any record. To him, he declared, it was a more complete and unimpeachable fastening of the heinous crime upon these two prisoners than could be even the testimony of an eye-witness.

Yet the first trial ended in a disagreement of the jury. But undue pressure and influence upon the jury was more than suspected. The people went wild with indignation and insisted on a new trial. This time the jury returned in a remarkably short time with a unanimous verdict of guilty. The two were hanged side by side on a gallows specially made for them at Belvidere. The double gibbet was finished and erected even before the first trial ended in a disagreement.

Mr. McPherson, of Ringoes, saw the prisoners being conveyed back in the old stage coach through Quaker City, after their mistrial. He says the excitement was terrible to behold. It seemed as if the people would have torn the prisoners limb from limb could they have laid hands on them. Mr. Ball, of Larison's Corners, who saw them hanged, says that never in his life before nor since did he see so many people gathered together as were there to have the satisfaction of seeing the hanging of Carter and Parks.

Strange and unusual taste had a monument erected over the graves of the murderers. It is a heavy stone arch like a small bridge and is visible from the railroad going from Hampton to Washington.

Em Osborn and her two faithful cats.

EM OSBORN'S CHRISTMAS.

A STORY OF A QUEER OLD WOMAN WHO HATED CHILDREN AND HER MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

In an old, tumble-down house in the heart of the woods about a mile from Pluckemin, up in the Watchung Mountainside, a woman lives all alone. She is known as Em Osborn, the "Em" being a contraction of Emma or Emily; it is not certainly known which. How she manages to live nobody knows, and if you ask Em herself you're not much wiser, for she frankly tells you she doesn't know either. She is said to have no bed to sleep on, no chair to sit on nor a table on which to eat a meal. Neither has she any fire to cook with or wherewithal to keep warm.

It is, however, a hopeless task to enumerate the things that Em has not got, seeing that they include pretty nearly everything else on earth. It is far easier to name one or two of the things she is known to have. First, then, she has two pitchforks, one for action and one as reserve, as weapons of defense when any one knocks at her door for admittance. For, while Em will speak to any one fair enough in the open, it is a law like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, that no man, woman or child, of whatsoever creed or kin or color, shall ever cross her threshold.

Up to about a year ago there was the further deplorable peculiarity in Em's character that of all things on earth or in the waters under the earth that she hated and

detested, it was children. In the summer she used to pick a few baskets of blackberries and blueberries and sell them from house to house in Pluckemin.

"But drat them kids," she would tell you, "they can't let me alone, for every now and again a clod or stone will hit me from behind a bush or fence from them little devils."

The summer before last, however, and the following Christmas she had a queer experience which completely turned the cat in the pan. That is to say, one very warm evening when picking berries, in a beautiful grove of cedars on the opposite slope of the mountain from where she lives, when she came to the path called Petticoat Lane, near where six mountain paths meet, feeling tired and setting her large empty basket down, she sat in the shade to rest a while and fell asleep. When she awoke it was bright moonlight and she found two children, a boy and a girl, beautiful flaxed-haired little things, tugging at her hands and begging her to come with them. They looked so lovely and pressed her so hard that she could not refuse; so, giving them a hand a piece, she went along with them. She soon saw there were many other children, scores of them, there, skipping about among the little tent-like cedars in light tissues and tinseled dresses that shimmered like butterflies' wings.

At an open space they came upon a large company of the little things dancing in a circle, in the manner of the grand chain in the lancers dance. Em stood looking on in amazement, until at a sound as if some one clapped hands, the gay circle broke up and the dancers all filed

past her in single file, each curtseying and emptying a coltsfoot leaf full of blueberries into the woman's basket and singing together:

We've picked you the berries, there's nothing to pay;
And we'll all come and see you on Christmas Day.

Em was a strong woman, but she had all the berries she wanted to carry home that night. She also found the fruit to be of the finest and sold it all readily; whereas her own gatherings were usually inferior and hard to dispose of. Such kindness at the hands of children quite bewildered Em. She was much puzzled to know whether they had been her old enemies, the Pluckemin children, and narrowly she scrutinized every child's face she met when selling the fine berries there. But she could not seem to find one that she thought was among her beautiful little mountain benefactors.

As the fall and bad weather came on Em was less and less seen in the village; but the juvenile Pluckeminites did not forget her. There was always a strong fascination about her and her mountain hovel to them. So much so that during recess they concocted and regularly acted a burlesque, which they called "Em Osborn."

Dramatis personae: A girl having her head tied up fantastically and wearing an old rag of a shawl; in her hand a forked stick, to represent a pitchfork, would barricade herself in the school woodshed. This was Em Osborn. A little boy hopping about on one foot, was a one-legged duck of Em's. A small girl limping badly and having her arm in a sling was a lame, broken-winged fowl

which Em nurtured; and two more boys with strings tied to their coat-tails impersonated Em's two faithful cats which had no hair on their tails, the latter being like tapering whiplashes or rats' tails. The rest of the boys and girls represented the Pluckemin children going to visit the sibyl in her mountain fastness, the woodshed.

The acts of the play followed one another in quick succession; several children would advance and knock loudly on Em's door.

"Who are you, and what's your business here?" she would demand from within, not attempting to open the door.

"We want to come in and see your nice house, Em," they would cry, knocking again. "Let us in; let us in; we've got something nice for you." Here the rattailed cats would slip out and run purring and meowing among the callers and rubbing against them, like cats will do. Also the one-legged duck comes up quacking and the broken-winged hen busied herself picking up crumbs from the crackers the children are eating. After more knocking:

"Let us in; let us in, Em. Look what a lot of nice things we've brought you," the visitors call persistently, knocking louder and louder. Then the door would partly open and the prongs of the pitchfork coming out first.

"I tell you to begone from here!" Em would scream. "I don't want none of you bad Pluckemin childer 'round here! Be off with you before I let the blood out of you!" and the door shuts again with a bang.

"All right for you, Em," they answer. "You're a wild old hag; that's what you are. You're always mad.

So we'll take these nice things back and eat them ourselves."

"What's that?" the besieged would say. "Something to eat, have you got? I haven't broken bread in three days! Are you fooling me again?" And now, without pitchfork, she comes out, looking eagerly from one to another, one of her hands tightly grasping her chin, as if to keep it from chewing even before she got anything to chew.

"Gi' me it! Gi' me it!" she craves. "Gi me a bite to eat!" Then they hand her an empty package of old papers and run. Em makes a dive for her pitchfork and gives chase, the two cats following with their rat-tails in the air, the broken-winged fowl fluttering and cackling and the one-legged duck bringing up the rear squawking furiously. The mad chase continues till the pursued by rounding the end of the schoolhouse are supposed to be out of the wood, and they barely save themselves. Then when safe they turn and revile and jeer at Em and her half-rat cats, her lame hen and the hobbling, one-legged duck, as these go straggling back after their mistress to their den.

That was a favorite game of the Pluckemin school children, and it is said to have been a realistic staging of what often happened between them and Em Osborn, at her old "shanty," as they called her house in the woods high up on the Watchung Mountain. From this it is easy to infer that between the two factions there was little love lost, at all events, up to berry time last summer but one, when, as described, there occured that fairy-like bounty of filling her basket full and running over with blue berries, which almost stunned the poor hermit. She

could do little else but think of it, and really for once in her lonely life she longed like a child for Christmas to come—not so much for what she might get, as to see the proof of whether children ever could be so good and kind and lovely again in this world as they had been that one time to her—and further to find, as she was determined to do, whether her benefactors on that occasion were or were not Pluckemin children.

Em's way of keeping an account of the passage of time was by cutting a hack in a long stick for each day; but having been sick and sleeping irregularly she lost track of the sunrises and had to trudge all the way to Bedminster to find what day it was and how many more days it was to Christmas. She found that three more notches in the stick and that day would dawn.

When Christmas eve came the ground was sifted over with a deep coat of fresh fallen, dry snow; this with a full moon made the night almost as light as day. Em, as was her wont looked around to see that her family were all in their places for the night. The one-legged duck after its supper with the broken-winged hen had hopped away to its little straw bed in the parlor; the hen was perched on the back of a seatless chair in the kitchen, and the two cats lay close together for warmth on the log bench whereon their mistress took her nightly rest and where she wisely utilized the soft, warm fur of her two tabbies to keep her own feet from freezing.

Having mounted to her place with the cats on the log, although it was late, Em was reminiscent this night. How could she be otherwise, seeing that it was the anniversary of what ought to have and might have made

her the happiest of women, but for that one word of his —"Ah, yes; he tried hard to recall it and to come to me as before; but never!" she said aloud. "They tell me I'm queer now. But—but—they don't know! Ah, they don't know," she sighed. Then she thought of the happy days of her childhood and girlhood, happy as the day was long, with her dear parents; passing from one scene to another of their girlish and joyous frolics, when she had plenty good food to eat, fine fires to warm them and soft beds to sleep in.

"Ah! Christmas was a gay time then, but all gone, all gone!" she thought, gradually drowsing off into the land of dreams, and soon she was laughing again with her bright companions with "Merry Christmas" again ringing in her ears and snowballs flying and horns braying. She was back again among it all. It was very real; so real that she awoke with the excitement of it and, opening her eyes, she became conscious with a start of real sounds of that very kind outside her own door. There was the merriest laughter with the greatest braying of horns she ever heard all around her old hovel, while on the kitchen door dozens of hands seemed to be pounding and dozens of wishes of "Merry Christmas!" being shouted through the keyholes and cracks.

Like King Saul, she slept upon her spear, or pitchfork, and with this in hand she arose, forgetting all but the children's former annoyances and dashed to the door with her usual demand:

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

The only answer was peal after peal of children's laughter and invitations to—

"Come and see what we've brought you!"

Her cat's anxiety to have the door opened decided Em that something good was really outside. She hastily undid the bolts, expecting to see a crowd, but not a soul was there. The cats were scratching at a big basket on the step, however, which Em rescued from them and opening which she found within a beautiful fat goose, all ready roasted to a turn, cranberry sauce, potatoes, celery, plum pudding, mince pies, apple and pumpkin pies, with plates, bright knives and forks, all ready to sit down to a real feast. She clapped the basket into her cupboard, when her attention was arrested by similar cries "Merry Christmas," laughter and horn blowing at a window at the other end of the house. Em hastened thither and found the plug of old clothes pulled out and, dropped on the floor, she found bags of candy, rich cakes, nuts, apples, oranges, etc., and again not a vestige of a child to be seen. But sticking her head out at the hole in the window, at a few rods' distance she saw a sleigh and a prancing team of horses on the point of starting away.

"Now, children, all aboard!" Em heard from an adult voice, among the merry prattle and laughter of little ones. Then, with a tremendous blast from many horns and cheer upon cheer, away went Em Osborne's mysterious visitors, with jingling bells and musical bugles making glad the very woods and rocks, down the mountain side, with a dash and a swirl that was worthy of old Santa Claus himself in his palmiest days.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

THE SOURLAND MOUNTAIN HERMIT TELLS AN INDIAN FAIRY-TALE.

According to the Sourland hermit chief, the Indians drew on their imaginations in the way of fairy tales for the amusement of their children, much as we white people do in our Christmas story books.

One of these stories said to have been told by the cave-dweller chief was that in the olden time, when the Raritan Kings dwelt on the mountain and reigned over many tribes and multitudes of people, Noorwadchantunk, the greatest of the monarchs, had two very beautiful children whom he dearly loved. One was a boy and the other was a girl. The boy, named Wamba, he hoped would succeed himself as king and chief of chiefs. One day, however, the queen squaw, the children's mother, died when the little girl, Vashtee, was only three and the boy but five years old. Then the king took unto himself another wife to be his queen, and a mother to his children. She was good and kind to the children until one day when she had a little boy papoose of her own.

Then all was changed. One night an evil manitou whispered in the mother's ear that if she were only to get rid of little Wamba, her own son would, in the fulness of time, be king. When she was brooding day and night over this, the same bad spirit again came and told her of a certain beldam that lived alone on the other mountain. She could work marvelous changes and perform

wonders. To this very bad woman, the new queen-mother repaired, taking with her many presents and much wampum, which she laid on the shoulders of her women.

"See," she said to the witch-woman, after describing what it was she wanted, "make it that my son shall be king when his father dies and, behold, all these riches and more also shall be thine!"

Eagerly clutching the long strings of wampum and feasting her bleary eyes on the burdens of presents which the women took from their shoulders and spread out before her, the old hag gleefully gibbering, appeared to bring her hooked nose and chin in touch, in a hideous attempt to smack her puckered lips over such prizes.

"Oh, my sweet, honey queen, live forever!" she said, between a croak and squeak of voice. "Leave it to thy willing servant. Leave it all to her, sweet queen, and verily thine own son shall sit on his father's throne."

Then the queen squaw and her women servants left the sorceress munching her old jaws and jabbering her joy over the rich haul of presents, and returned across the Neshanic River again to the queen's home on the mountain. The next day when little Wamba and his sister Vashtee were playing by the brook, the boy shooting fish with the toy bow and arrow that his devoted father had made him, the old hag crept stealthily up behind them and touched each of them twice on the shoulders. Wings at once sprang out on their shoulders and their necks grew long and red and ugly, like turkeys.

The children's father, the great king and chief of chiefs, happening to come along just then, beheld the

hag of ill-omen, and being filled with fear at the sight of her, he ran to bring his beloved children away from such danger, when, to his dread astonishment, they spread out their newly acquired wings and flew away, high over his head. He ran after them looking up and calling to them to come down to him; but after the manner of such birds, when pursued, they soared high out of his sight.

Filled with great grief at this, the king went home and called his hunting braves together before him and commanded them that henceforward they should never shoot or in any way harm or disturb a turkey-buzzard, but must do everything in their power to catch those birds alive. After this edict, whenever the hunters essayed to catch them, the big birds would fly away far out of reach.

So the hunters soon gave up all hope of ever recovering the beloved children of the bereaved king-father.

Being in an agony of perplexity and distress over his loss, the king at last went to an old medicine man and inquired of him what should be done that his children might be restored to him. The magician answered:

"Thy servant, O king, can turn thee into an eagle and then thou shalt be enabled to outfly thy chidren and soar above them; then, behold, thou mayst bear them down beneath thee to the earth. And it shall come to pass that as soon as their feet shall touch the ground they shall be thy children again, even as they were aforetime. But thou thyself shalt always remain a bird, even an eagle as I shall make thee."

To this the distracted father assented, and immediately

he was transformed and flew up in the air and swooped down upon the bird that was his son; and the eagle being the stronger, bore him to the earth, whereupon the boy-buzzard turned at once into a fine young brave, the very picture of his father. This done, the eagle-father again flew up and likewise descending restored his little girl.

Then the boy told all his father's braves what his stepmother had done. Straightway they built a great quantity of fagots into a pyre. They put the bad stepmothter on it and fired the fagots, and she was burned to a cinder.

Wamba was then made king in his father's stead, and his guardian eagle always floated high over his head, ever watchful of his welfare, following after his son wheresoever he went; thus showing his fatherly love. Sometimes the eagle guardian threw down a feather, which the young man carefully fastened in his hair as a talisman. Thus in the course of time his head was covered with these beautiful plumes.

"And thus it was," the Sourland Mountain sage averred, "that the Indians first adopted and ever afterward followed the practise of decorating their heads with the feathers of what they looked upon as their fatherly protector and the king of birds."

"DO YOU WANT TO BE SHAVED?"

TALE OF A HAUNTED ROOM THAT PROVED PROFITABLE FOR A COURAGEOUS TRAVELER—"JIM" FISK'S GREAT MISTAKE.

It is probably true, as remarked by some unknown sage, long ago, that people's idiosyncrasies are largely influenced by topographical environments. Take, for instance, a country made up of flat land, a dead level, extending on every side as far as the eye can reach, with such sluggish rivers and streams that it is a puzzle to tell which way they are supposed to flow. Such a land is apt to produce a slow-blooded mediocrity of mental man, living in a drowsy monotony where nothing ever happens. On the other hand, rolling hills, towering mountains, beetling rocks and rushing torrents seem to stir men's pulses making them imagine and dream and think and do things.

Such a contrast, in a mild form, at all events, is met by the man who leaves the painfully prosaic steppes of Southern Long Island and betakes himself to almost any of the counties of the State of New Jersey; but, especially so if he happens to make the upper reaches of Hunterdon County his choice, and more so, still, if he crosses the county line into Morris and pitches his tent in some of the picturesque valleys of the Schooley Mountains. That is just what a man named Katz did about a century ago, according to unerring tradition, and the move was the making of him.

Christopher, or as he was famliarly known, Chris Katz, was born, and managed in spite of the mosquitoes, to live forty years on the skirts of a Sahara of sand and salt marsh swamp between Jamaica Bay and the Rockaways on Long Island. He grew some potatoes and dug the rest of his living out of the bogs in the shape of soft shell clams. His mouth, which was immense, and could not be made larger, his friends said, without displacing his ears, strikingly resembled that of a fish—a consequence, which, some naturalists claim, quite commonly succeeds an exclusively fish diet. Chris had lived entirely on fish and potatoes all his life. This mouth of his, with huge lantern jaws and very high cheek bones, together with big, round, watery gray eyes, really made his physiognomy almost the counterpart of that of the catfish. There could be no doubt at all that if Chris had met some of the popular strolling players of his day, or a little later, his face would easily have made his fortune before the footlights. As it was, he found, as they say in rural Hunterdon, that there was "money into it;" but he had to carry it away from the humdrum low level of his native Long Island plains, and show it on the mercurial heights of the Schooleys to realize it.

It is not of record what extraordinary circumstances they were that took Christopher Katz so far away and high above his native haunts; but there he turned up late in the fall of the year. With a huge carpetbag in one hand and what looked like the mother of umbrellas in the other, he walked into the "Travelers' Rest" roadhouse, a fine old-fashioned, roomy and solid looking inn, in the thriving little town of Chester, about 10 o'clock

one night. In answer to his inquiry, the smiling boniface replied:

"For supper, friend, I'm heartily at your service; if the best half of a venison pie, corn cake, hot waffles and a tankard of my best home brewed to wash it down, might like thee. But as to a room, I'm right sorry sir, to say it; but we're full up, and—eh? What say, Mirandy? Now hold hard a minute. Just wait half a jiffy till I see what the woman says."

"The woman" was his wife, who had called him. He hurried to her. Coming back shortly he drew a foaming mug of his prime October to Chris's order, and the latter took a long pull at it.

"Now, about a room," mine host said. "We have got an idle room, and the best bed in the house that room has into it, too; but it's so long since it has been let to any one that, by jiminy, I clean forgot it! Now, I'll tell you about that there room, and, as the woman says, "when you know all we know ourselves, why, you can suit yourself whether you'll take it or not."

The landlord then explained to Chris that some years before, an old barber had occupied the room in question, and that he was either murdered or had put an end to his own life in that room by cutting his throat from ear to ear.

"Whether is was murder or he killed himself was never proved, but anyway," said the innkeeper, "it makes little difference now which way it was; the man is dead and buried and there's an end o' the business so far as I am concerned. But, hark ye, now, I always act fair and square by every man. Every man Jack in this house but

myself, every customer that comes to it and every man, I do believe, in Chester town, will tell you that the old barber rises out of his grave and comes back to that room. Several people tried to sleep in the room since the tragedy, but they all quit before the night was half through, and they all said the same thing as to what drove them out, and that was that the barber himself or his ghost walked the room in his white winding sheet, asking in a hollow voice:

" 'Do you want to be shaved? Do you want to be shaved?'

"Now," continued the landlord, "between you and me and the bedpost, I don't give a continental cuss for all their white-livered yarns; nothin' but fool talk, tommyrot, I call it. Say, now, what do you think of it all, Mr.—I didn't quite catch your name?"

"Katz, Christopher Katz, is my name," Chris answered, "and as to what I think about the barber or his ghost, the best way to give my opinion of the tales is to say that I will sleep in the room to-night if you are agreeable and you don't want too much for that privilege."

"Good! good! Bully for you; now, Mr. Skat—Mr. Katz, I mean—excuse me, sir, but I do like to see a man as is a man, sir! Here, Mary Ann!" called the landlord to one of the hired girls, as he excitedly took down a couple of burnished copper warming pans from the tall mantelpiece. "See, Mary Ann, clap a lot of red hot coals into these and keep 'em going in the bed in No. 1 for a good hour, do you hear!"

"Oh, mercy on us!" ejaculated the girl, catching her

"¡Do you want to be shaved?"

breath, "in that room! All right, sir—but—but let Jenny come along with me."

"All right, all right; get away about it, the pair of you," grunted the good-natured host, "and I'll just have to get the gentleman's supper myself. Such a set of frightened babbies as I've to put up with, anyhow!"

"Now, you can see for youself," said he, turning to his guest, "one of them's as bad as another all through this house, and the whole town, I'll be sworn; which it damages my good wholesome house, sir, from the wine in my cellar to the topmost shingle on the roof."

"Talking of ghosts," Chris said, "I'm a true believer in what our old church sexton says and he's always mixing among coffins and graves. 'Believe me,' the sexton said one day I sounded him on the subject; 'believe me,' says he, 'there's no such thing as people coming back as ghosts. There's a good reason for it. For if a man goes to the good place when he dies he wouldn't leave it to come back to a worse place if he could; and if he goes to the bad spot, why, they wouldn't let him out to come back if he wanted to. Therefore,' says he, 'none of them ever does come back nohow.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed mine host; "that's about the closest reasoning I ever heard on! And now for your supper, friend; and it shall be worthy of the 'Traveler's Rest.'"

The innkeeper, who seemed to take quite a liking to his new guest, probably because he looked so simple and was generally silent and listened at any length, apparently with his mouth as well as his ears, told Chris that his house was the headquarters for practically all

the tin peddlers that came into the Schooley's, men who in those days drove their huge wagons piled up high with household necessities through every highway and byway of the country. Good substantial men of means they generally were, too, and respected everywhere. But, like all other kinds of tradesmen, they had their hard drinkers, brawlers and gamblers among them. And mine host, rightly judging Chris not to be of that stripe, expressed a hope that it would not greatly disturb him if some of those worthies were a bit late and noisy over their cards and cups, to which the guest replied that if the old barber would only let him alone he felt sure he would easily get along with the rest. At all events, he would try it, with which, taking his candle, he repaired to No. 1 and went to bed.

He had not gone asleep, however, before he heard a peculiar sound, such a sound as Chris had little doubt that nervous people might easily magnify into the dignity of a human voice; but it did not so appear to him, and, getting up, he determined to investigate. Locating the origin of the sound as being in one corner of the room, he went near and listened. It certainly was suggestive of a half-whine, half-moan of an old man, and not at all unlike a kind of mumbling of "Do you want to be shaved?" But that was not enough for the hard-headed "Long Island Yank," as Chris was sometimes called. He studied the thing as he might a mathematical problem. At last he opened the window nearest the apparent source of the disturbance, and, behold! sure enough, there he saw the perfectly natural cause of what had terrified a lot of people half out of their wits. It was noth-

ing more than the rubbing of a limb of a hickory tree against the corner of the house near the window. With a derisive sniff he shut down the window and went back to bed.

Perfectly satisfied and at his ease now and assured of enjoying the quiet rest he was greatly in need of, he was in the act of tucking himself in nice and snug for sleep, when, to his intense disgust two or three loud-voiced men came stamping into number two, next door, and began dragging chairs and tables about, evidently all unconscious of Chris's occupation of No. 1. He was not long left in doubt of their intention, for among clinking of bottles and glasses and big oaths he heard them settle upon high stakes to be played for at cards; and it was not long before the chinking of coin, periods of great quiet interspersed by excited wrangles and blasphemy, confirmed the suspicion that they were gamblers and plainly meant to make a night of it. Chris stood it for about two hours, then suddenly a great idea came to him.

Getting out of bed during one of the gambler's loud arguments, he slipped back the bolt of a communicating door with next room, and finding it open easily, peeped in and saw three men sitting close around a small table in one corner. The feeble yellow glare of two candles, one on each end of the table, showed the frenzied excitement of the men's dissolute faces, as their eyes strained nervously from the cards in their hands to the piles of gold and silver before them, which were about to be lost or won on the mere chance of a card. The pot was a big one; one man was to be made rich and the others as

good as ruined. For the time, their liquor stood untasted, the only sound being the flip of shuffling and dealing and ejaculated curses at the tardiness of the winning card's appearance. It was a supreme moment.

Withdrawing his head from the slightly opened door, Chris hastily whipped a sheet from the bed and hanging it over his head and in folds around his body, grasped the washbowl in one hand and then slowly advanced into the gamblers' room. When he had taken about three steps in,

"Do you want to be shaved?" he said as if out of the hollowest tomb.

For a second or so the three pairs of eyes almost bulged out of their sockets, as, forgetting the game, money and everything else in the world, their owners opening wide their mouths as well, stared at the awful white figure. It made another step forward, and:

"Do you want—?" but before the ghostly question was finished:

"It's the barber!" "It's the ghost!" "Let me out of here!" yelled the gamblers in abject terror as they fled and fell over each other in the doorway in their wild haste to escape from the room.

When Chris heard the last of the trio scampering away for his life along the passage, he held his wash bowl to the deserted table and swept the three piles of money into it. Then he went back into his own room, locked the door and went quietly to bed. All was silent next door the rest of the night. Evidently the gamblers did not dare enter the room again. If they did, Chris said, they were mighty quiet about it, for he never heard

a sound. Next morning, when he went down to a late breakfast, all the peddlers had long before departed on their business rounds. After a comfortable meal, Chris did the same, and his heart warmed at the very name of the Schooley Mountains ever afterward.

Talking of peddlers, it is wonderful, old people here say, how things have changed in the country. One of the old standing institutions used to be the visits all around of the tin peddler. Now he is never seen any more. His big lumbering and crowded wagon once upon a time would regularly heave in sight with all its shining tin goods—the latest patent egg-beaters, nutmeg graters, toasting forks, broilers and novelty helps of every kind for the housewife. And she, ever looking forward to his welcome visits, would be carefully saving up her white rags in one bag and her colored clippings in another, against the day for the pleasant banter of exchange and barter with the well-known tin peddler—not some jabbering and suspicious foreigner, but Mr. A. or Mr. B. of some good old native American family, on his time-honored and regular rounds.

Indeed, some of New York's richest men of the past had their first start in life in such a business. For instance, the well-known "Jim" Fisk, the millionaire, who met such an untimely end at the hands of Stokes, as a little boy traveled for years through, especially, Vermont and New Hampshire, on one of these wagons—just such wagons they were as used to creep along the Old York road here, through Hunterdon County in those days, as several aged persons here still delight to tell of. One woman now living near Reaville, who in her younger

days lived in Vermont, says the variety and quantity of things that Mr. Fisk senior used to carry on his immense bazar-like wagon was something wonderful.

Besides an endless selection of shining tinware he had such things as spectacles, ribbons of all kinds, a great variety of pretty dress goods, fancy work-baskets and notions of all kinds, as well as genuine jewelry. The above-mentioned lady's grandmother bought a string of prettily chased, real gold beads from Mr. Fisk senior, which she wore all her life, without ever once parting or losing a bead; and a grand-daughter wears them to this day.

At the famous old "Downer's Tavern," at Upper Falls, Vt. (now called Amsden), the same lady well remembers when Fisk used regularly to put up and make his headquarters there, from which he made numerous day journeys in the populous neighborhood. The present white-haired proprietor of that hostelry, who was only a little boy himself when the elder Fisk used to put up for long spells there, never tires of telling about "Jim" Fisk. It will be remembered that at the time of the great Chicago fire this same James Fisk was the first to dispatch a relief train, all at his own expense, to the sufferers there. The old innkeeper says that little Jim, who was a "bit of a runt" about his own age, was considered somewhat lazy, and being under-sized for his age, he often got out of work by complaining that he was too small to do it. The cleaning out of the stable was one of the jobs Jim used to shirk in this way.

But one day his father put him on his mettle by promising that if he cleaned the stable and would do the work well he should have $2. Being keen even then to make

an honest penny, Jim went at it with a will, finished the job in good workmanlike style and duly received his $2. But, alas for Jim! It was only a baited trap of his long-headed father. For ever after that his plea of being too little to do it was of no avail and he had the stable to clean without mention of any further bribes. Many and many were the times, the landlord says, that he heard Jim declare later in life, after he had become a rich man, that cleaning that stable that time for $2 was the greatest mistake he ever made in his life.

"DEVIL JOHN."

THE CELEBRATED HORSE-THIEF.

When William Penn treated with the Indians for a tract of land on one occasion, the extent of the purchase was agreed to be a given distance inland from the Delaware and as far along that river as a white man could travel in one day, from sunrise to sunset. In the choice of a man to do the walking or running, and in the elaborate provisions made for his refreshments at intervals all along the course, so that he might cover as much ground as possible, and further, through the tremendous length he thus measured off, it is said the great Quaker came nearer forfeiting the red men's confidence than in any other of his many transactions with them. The Indians did bitterly resent what they felt to be the unfair advantage thus taken of them; but their wrath was directed against the man and not his master.

This man, the Weston of his day, was John Marshall. He was said to be wonderfully nimble of foot and a prodigy in endurance. For his very effective service on that occasion, John Marshall was granted a fine estate; but for many a long day after entering into possession of it he was in jeopardy, for his life was zealously sought by the red men, not by open attack by numbers, but secretly by one or two who used to skulk in neighboring woods with the object of shooting their enemy from ambush and then escaping; so that the murder might be a mystery and not chargeable against them by their great friend, William

.... he secreted himself in the stable on the watch, weapon in hand, ...

Penn. Naturally under such circumstances Marshall took care to have a loaded musket and pistols handy at all times. For he had more than once surprised his prowling enemies; but as they had not actually attacked him he allowed them to slink away, as they always did when observed.

At last an opportunity came when the white man by a strategic movement quite overawed them. He was engaged with his axe one evening among some stumps in a clearing when he caught sight of three Indians stealthily approaching. He purposely avoided openly looking their way, so as to draw them on, and with great nerve kept in full view until actually within musket range. Then, as if by accident, he disappeared behind a stump and taking his musket ramrod put his hat on it and pushed it up in sight, as if his head were in it and he were watching over the top of the stump. As he anticipated, they let drive and riddled the hat with three bullets. Then when he knew their weapons were empty the wily Marshall jumped up, shot one dead with his musket and pistoled the other two. One of the savages who was badly wounded he allowed to crawl away, so that he might tell his tribe the tale. The result was that Marshall was not again troubled by the Indians.

According to tradition, two or three sons of this first John Marshall, James, John and Edward, settled at Rahway; but later James and John migrated with their families to Stony Hill valley, a very fertile hollow lying between the Second Mountain of the Watchungs and an offshoot known as Stony Hill. For reasons unknown these two families changed their names to Marsh, leav-

ing off the last syllable. James had a son, also named James, who grew up to be of exceptionally fine physique and who having married, became father of six children. As the young man looked upon his boys and girls growing up around him, he failed to see any proper future for them there, in the mountains, and moved to a little hamlet which afterward became Paterson, where he judged the outlook to be more favorable.

This family was said to be as beautiful in character as they were prepossessing in personal beauty. As time passed, the third son, John, developed into a singularly handsome young fellow, but one who as cordially hated any one kind of work as another and harked back with an overpowering longing for the free air of mountain and forest, the green hills and woods of his boyhood haunts. He was so good to look upon that it was easy to anticipate fame and glory of some sort as awaiting him. Of all things impossible to expect for him, however, what did come was the most surprising and unexepected, and that was infamy.

Taking to the wildwood with all the ardor of a young duck for water, through all the Watchung, Sourland, Hopatcong and Musconetcong mountains, no foot was fleeter, no eye more keen, no steadier hand in the daring hunt than John Marsh's, even while yet but a stripling. He loved to climb the dizziest steeps and delve through craggy gorges of the then unexplored mountains, and to outwit and capture whatever he set his heart upon as game. Every ancient red man's trail, every bridle path through the densest forest, young John knew far better than he did

any book. Afoot or in the saddle he was equally at home, the unapproachable Nimrod of the mountains.

To transplant such a spirit into the town was to cage the young eagle. His father expostulated, telling him he should imitate his excellent brothers and settle down to useful work; and John would acquiesce and try once more. But early as the parent rose of a morning, John was up before him; and once again "Bugler," the best saddle horse, would be gone from the stable and John gone with him—back, back again to his fascinating mountains! It seemed quite hopeless.

"Well, let him go," the father said at last, "till he finds that he can't live by it. He cannot always hang on his uncle John. He'll be wanting money to ride his hobby; then he'll come back and go to work."

As far as wanting money, that prophecy was correct, but otherwise it went amiss. The young fellow developed a taste for card playing with loose company at wayside taverns. Money was everything there and he must have it. He came and went as he pleased, his indulgent Uncle John asking no questions. When his nephew would disappear for a few days and nights Uncle John thought the boy had gone back home for a while. And the father felt all was perfectly right so long as his boy was at his Uncle John's. So after about a week's absence when John came back to his uncle's on foot, the latter had no idea in the world but that the young fellow had been home and had left his father's favorite saddle horse "Bugler" there. Nevertheless the sad fact was that John had sold the horse for a large sum—more money than he had ever

before handled—and like the proverbial fool, had already squandered every penny of it gambling.

That was the parting of the ways in John's life. He was afraid to go home now and felt more and more guiltily ashamed to meet his good old uncle's frank and honest greetings. The only people he could look in the face without flinching were those back-barroom loungers of ill omen at the wayside taverns.

"What! down on your luck, John? Ah, douse it and never say die, me hearty!" cried Slippery Dick, one of these choice spirits, clapping John with cheerful familiarity on the shoulder. "Come along in; cheer-up, old chap," said he; and then in John's ear: "Another strike, sweet innocent, and raise the wind; easiest thing in the world! Hasn't pop another Bucephalus of the Bugler type? I've a buyer, ripe and raging-ready with a good three hundred spot cash, for another like that. What say to it, John? It's dead easy money."

John shook his head, but only weakly, and Dick swaggered out to the bar to order drinks, trolling,

> "Gaily still my moments roll,
> While I quaff the flowing bowl;"

and as he came back with two humpers:

> "Care can never reach the soul
> Who deeply drinks of wine."

After several more drinks and much talk, every now and again punctuated by a few bars of some madrigal or

bachanal drivel from the elder toper, the two left the house together. Striking hands at parting:

"That's settled then;" Slippery Dick said in an undertone: "Tony Van Vechten's tavern, Lambertville, next Monday night at 12 o'clock. Deliver the goods and I'm there, safe as houses with my man and the sugar!"

"I'll be there;" John answered and they took their several ways.

As John some time later advanced toward his uncle's he stopped and looked at the peaceful homestead in the silent moonlight. "No!" he said, turning on his heel, "I cannot face Uncle John any more. I must pay my way now as I can. When I've money I'll eat well and sleep well; but till Monday night and my purse is replenished, the green grass for my bed and thou, starry heaven, for my canopy. O money, money! my only friend, thou art equally good howsoever we get thee; mine thou shalt be!" with which he struck into the woods.

Two days later there was complete consternation in Stony Hill, then known as Union village. Bill Parsons, the well-to-do store keeper found his stable door broken open and his best horse gone. Parsons was a breeder of fine saddlehorses. The very pick of his stud was stolen! Who was the theif? It was a generation since such a thing happened.

In the great hue and cry set up among the mountain dwellers everyone thought of strangers of course for the thief. A couple of tin peddlers who had passed through the day before were immediately pursued by Parsons,

down through Passaic to Newark, but to no purpose; the men having no difficulty in proving their long established good character. Another villager, Silas Huff, had followed a clue that led him to Paterson with similar result. The man he followed was a blacksmith's helper in search of work and honest as any man.

Huff was in the store telling Bill Parsons about his quest when Uncle John Marsh came in to learn what success they'd had. Having heard both men's stories of their fruitless rides:

"I'll tell you what, Bill," he said gleefully, "I'll send and ask my brother James at Paterson to send my nephew John up here with 'Bugler'! I'll wager that John will run down the thief if he's ———"

"That's strange, Uncle John," Huff broke in, "for I met James and he said John was up here with you; and he asked me to tell you that he was in need of Bugler and would like if you would send John home with the horse."

"How's that, Silas?" Uncle John said with a start. "Did brother James say that? There must be a wonderful mistake somewhere. Why," said he taking a long breath and looking hard at Huff; "Why Silas, my nephew hasn't been inside my door in the last ten days; and Bugler! Why, he took Bugler home long ago."

"Well, as you say, Uncle John," said Huff, putting a fresh chew in his mouth, "there's some mistake somewhere; for sartin sure it is that James said his boy was at your house and that he was stopping too long, for he hadn't been home for more two whole months."

At this Uncle John's eyes and even his mouth opened

wide; then he gave a shrill whistle of surprise and hurrying out, shouted from the door:

"I'll see James in two hours' time!" And ten minutes later, mounted on "Star", the swiftest horse in his stable, he was gone full gallop toward Paterson.

By this time the village was in a rumpus, with the store as a storm center.

"My stars! but Uncle John's gone off somewhere in a ter'ble hurry," Luther Dunn remarked, coming in like everyone else to give and get all the news possible. "Be he gone for a docther, think ye Bill?" he asked the proprietor in his usual, high falsetto twang. But Parsons in a brown study, stood scratching his head and did not answer till his hat fell off. Replacing it mechanically:

"What's that you said, Luther,—'for a doctor'? No, I guess not. He's gone to get his nephew. Oh, say, Luther, that reminds me; weren't you a tellin' something about seeing young John Marsh down in Crebbs' tavern one night last week and that he was talking with Slippery Dick?"

"Sure I was! and I know more'n I telt ye then, too!" Luther sung out, delighted to find the deep interest his words all of a sudden seemed to create, for usually nobody cared to listen to him. "Why," said he, "I heared tell that young John lost more'n three hundred dollars in one night down there at cards." He had not finished speaking when a boy stuck his head in at the door and shouted that there were six men on horseback gone up to Uncle John's house. Soon the astounding news was out that another valuable horse had been stolen, this time at Turkey village. (Afterward named New Providence.

so called as tradition has it, because at a very full church meeting the crowded gallery fell to the ground and not one hurt. "It is a providence," the minister declared. "Let us call this favored place the New Providence;" and that has been its name ever since). Young John Marsh had been seen loitering in the Turkey neighborhood on the night of the theft. It was in fact a posse of Turkey villagers the boy had seen going up to Uncle John's place, whither they went in the hope of nabbing Young John, who, they insisted, had stolen the horse.

Evil news travels fast; everywhere far and near, as if by magic, it was known that the handsome and jovial young John Marsh was wanted for horse stealing; and going to strengthen suspicion of him, he could nowhere be found. His uncle John came home terribly down upon his nephew and became one of the most actively determined, as he said, "to land the young cub in jail." Now that his eyes were opened he could recall many things in the young man's conduct of late that seemed to fit in with the worst that was said of him.

"A horse-thief! Ruination and damnation for the good name he disgraces! States prison for the scamp! That's where he'll be shortly or my name's not John Marsh!"

But either the uncle overestimated his capabilities or sadly miscalculated his nephew's cleverness. For days slipped away, weeks, months and even a whole year, and still young Marsh was at large. And to crown it all, horses kept on slipping away, also, until all the country, from the North River to the Delaware and from New York State on the north, to Staten Island and Long Island on the south, horse owners trembled at his name.

"He's the very devil is that boy, John;" the baffled uncle began in the store one night. And promptly everyone adopted the name of "Devil John" for the man that so neatly nipped up choice horses, here, there and everywhere, turned them into cash and disappeared into forest fastnesses, simply defying the law and all its emissaries. And for one so superhumanly crafty and nimble of wit and limb as he was in his nefarious and hazardous work, the name seemed not inappropriate and it clung to him to the last.

I am indebted to A. C. Townley of Newark, who is quite a lover of ancient lore, for most of these details in the short and somewhat spectacular career of this remarkable young scapegrace. On one occasion, my informant said, Devil John was sighted toward dusk on a road near the village then called Browsetown, now known as Watchung. Stiles, the miller and Peter Allen were talking together at the head of the Notch road, on the way to Plainfield, and suddenly noticed the notorious horse-thief crossing the road. They immediately gave chase and followed through a small wood dividing two clearings. When half through the wood they had to climb over a large fallen tree, after which, though they lost sight of their man, they rushed forward hoping to find him in the cleared ground ahead. In this they were disappointed, but while looking around and listening, they heard rustling in the wood behind them. Back they ran full tilt, when, to their amazement they saw in the gathering darkness what appeared to be a fiery figure moving away through the trees.

"Hold on, Stiles!" Allen whispered, "don't go any farther; that's no man but a ghost we're after!"

"Nonsense, Pete! Look ye here. Here's where my lad dodged us." And Stiles pointed to a mass of glowing phosphorescent pulp in the hollow old tree, where Devil John had hidden himself. He easily escaped and as usual left the neighborhood distracted by riding away in the dim of early morning on one of the farmers' best horses. With various superstitious trimmings this tale has regaled the imaginations of nursery prattlers in the mountains for generations.

A mountaineer farmer, Baltus Roll was dragged from his house one freezing night and murdered. His wife, who was left tied to the wood pile in her night-dress, also died from fright and exposure. Abner Smalley, who married the deceased woman's sister got the farm and among other things had an exceptionally fine saddle horse, one that was good for sixty miles a day over those hills with the proud Abner on his back. Naturally the owner of such an animal shared the general dread of a visit from Devil John, and he provided himself with a big savage dog which he kept in the stable to protect his horse. But one day he found the dog dead and before he could get another the horse disappeared. The coincidence pointed to poison, which the knowing thief undoubtedly used to effect his purpose.

Abner hunted high and low the whole county over for his horse, but in vain. Months after he had given up hope of ever seeing it again Noah Collins, a neighbor, happening to be over on Long Island, was astonished one day to see Abner's horse, which he knew in a moment, quietly grazing in a paddock there. He quickly sent word of his find and Abner as quickly responded by going to

Long Island and replevining his horse. He found to his amazement that Devil John, who got the horse of course, first sold it to another man; then after a few days he re-stole the animal one night and then sold it to the man from whom Abner replevened it.

Another time the famous horse thief stole a fine saddle horse and started by way of the Old York Road for Philadelphia. The theft having been discovered in better time than usual, the rightful owner promptly raised an outcry and with half a dozen mounted neighbors gave hot chase. Knowing the direction the thief took they pushed ahead that way haphazard until daylight broke. The first man they met was hailed:

"Have you seen a man on horseback going this way? It's Devil John, the horse thief!"

"Lans sakes alive! Yes; he's just ahead of ye."

Applying whip and spur, they dashed forward until, as they approached Ringoes, they had him in plain view and commenced yelling "Stop thief! Stop thief!" not more than two hundred yards behind, hoping the Ringoes villagers would stop the runaway. But Devil John had a ready wit; for seeing several men in the road ahead of him and making sure they heard his pursuers' yells, he took up the cry himself and shouted even louder than they did, "Stop thief! Stop thief!" pointing ahead and gesturing wildly to stop an imaginary fugitive; and while the villagers looked to see if anyone had previously passed the wily thief swept by in a cloud of dust. The truth dawned on the men when the panting pursurers came up, demanding:

"Why didn't you stop that man?" but they waited not

answers, only looking their disgust and laying whips harder than ever on their jaded horses. On went the chase with another near shave at Doylestown; but the thief being better mounted put a wider gap between them. On reaching Nice Town and the Black Horse tavern, and at the Germantown road corner, they had to enquire which way the thief had taken. Arriving at Gerard avenue and Second street, Philadelphia, they began a search of the stables; but for a long time could see nothing of the horse or man they sought. But while standing undecided where to go next they heard a horse's whinney from a cellar beneath the stables. Demanding admittance they found the stolen horse covered with foam but no trace of its rider. From the description given of him, however, the decamped jockey was easily recognized as the arch enemy of horse-owners, Devil John. He lost his horse this time but once more got clear away himself.

For several years the young horse-thief thus pursued his robberies, in defiance of all that could be done to stop or stay him; as if he were a hawk and pounced upon his prey from the clouds, striking, now here, now there, in this county or that, from Long Island to Warren, and disappearing with his booty as if by magic. After a long respite from his depredations Stony Hill was once more thrown into spasms by the report that he was again hovering on its skirts, in the woods. His uncle John being duly notified, at once jumped to the conclusion that his rascally nephew was going to steal his beautiful chestnut known as the finest saddle-horse in the section.

"Well, he may try his hand at it, but he'll get a few inches of steel into his ribs first," Uncle John declared,

His pursuers stopped. They dared not breast such a tumbling torrent.

brandishing a pitchfork. And he took the fork over to a neighbor's and had the prongs specially sharpened for the purpose. Then as night came on he secreted himself in the stable on the watch, weapon in hand, ready to impale his desperate nephew if he dared to show up. Three successive nights he watched without result. On the fourth night his vigilance, without excitement, beginning to slacken a little, he involuntarily dropped asleep in spite of himself.

Waking with a tremendous start, like Saul did his spear, he clutched the pitchfork and jumped to his feet; but the horse was gone! The nimble David, or Devil John, had come to his tent, helped himself and had gone in peace. As the old gentleman dashed for the door he felt something up his sleeve and drew from it a piece of paper. Rushing into the house, in the candlelight he read in the paper:

"My humble duty to you, Uncle John, and grateful thanks for the chestnut. I'll duly report to you what I get for him. John."

"Well he is the very devil himself, that boy, for sure!" Uncle John cried, dashing out and listening for any sound; but all was still as the grave. He rushed for help and several men rode in various directions without, however, finding the least trace of the clever thief. Knowing every wood path throughout the country Devil John easily escaped. And the young scapegrace kept his word with his uncle, for inside of a week, he wrote from Eas-

ton, Pennsylvania, that he had just sold the chestnut for a large sum.

But as such careers naturally invite, the desperate young man came to an inglorious end. Being hotly pursued on a stolen horse a little below Phillipsburg, Warren Co., he saw nothing for it but capture or to swim the swollen Delaware. Suddenly wheeling from the road he drove the spurs into the mettled horse's sides and plunged into the raging river. His pursuers stopped. They dared not breast such a tumbling torrent. He was more than man, they said, if he crossed alive.

But they soon saw horse and man roll over and over in the boiling flood and then sink out of sight. That was the end of Devil John. Both he and his last stolen horse were drowned and must have been swept out to sea; for neither was ever again seen or heard of.

THE LONG PASTORATE OF NORTH BRANCH.

REV. PHILIP MELANCHTHON DOOLITTLE, D. D., AND MANY OF HIS CLASSMATES SERVED LONG TERMS.

The Rev. Dr. Philip Melanchthon Doolittle was pastor of the North Branch Reformed Dutch Church for a little over half a century. On the 25th of July, 1906, there was a great festal gathering of clergy and laity in the village on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, at which the aged clergyman delivered an able and interesting historical account of his stewardship, and in several addresses of classmates and laymen, was made the recipient of well deserved felicitations.

The address on behalf of the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, class of 1856, by Rev. Dr. E. Tanjore Corwin, was particularly interesting in pleasant reminiscence, as well as disclosing the fact that Doctor Doolittle and he had been classmates of Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. The class, Dr. Corwin said, had been somewhat exceptional for long terms. One reached thirty-eight years of service in the ministry; three served from forty to forty-five years; one of forty-eight years still continued in the same field, "and," the speaker said, "your own honored pastor here at North Branch, of fifty years." Three of the class were in the ministry over forty years; Rev. Giles Vanderwall, deceased, a Hollander by birth; the second. Rev. John Ferguson Harris, deceased, served forty-two years.

"The third of this trio," Dr. Corwin said, "Rev. T.

DeWitt Talmage, was in the ministry for forty-six years. He held in all five pastorates, the one in Brooklyn reaching a term of twenty-five years. He was the genius of our class. Not remarkable as a student, he was, nevertheless, an omniverous reader. His thoughts came in glowing pictures, which he presented in most vivid colors to his astonished hearers. His style of preaching in the seminary had all the peculiarities of his subsequent years, only later on it became somewhat more chastened."

Dr. Corwin named four others of the same class as semi-centenarians; Rev. Dr. John H. Oerter, forty-eight years pastor of the Fourth German Church of New York. Well known as a scholar, Dr. Oerter was chosen by General Synod to deliver one of the courses of Vedder lectures in the New Brunswick Seminary, which course was published in volume in 1887. Rev. Dr. James Demarest was another of the class, who, after he had passed his seventieth year, was chosen pastor of the Claremont Avenue Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"It was my own privilege," said the speaker, "to serve the church of Millstone for twenty-five years. I have always been a little proud of so long a pastorate, but what is that compared with Dr. Doolittle's?"

Dr. Corwin's address was interspersed with entertaining anecdotes. One, illustrative of a proneness to dry wit and humor on the part of Dr. Doolittle in his college days, was given. Even the professors sometimes came in for a hit. It was customary for the students to preach on certain days, with the other students and a professor in the chair, as critics. After the sermon any one who had a criticism to make made it. This day, a very

hot day in June it was, when they had assembled half baked with the heat, the president came in with every evidence that he had dined heartily, perhaps a little too well for so hot a day. For not long after he had assumed the comfortable armchair, and the preacher had fairly well launched out on his subject, it was noticed that the presiding professor had dropped into a sound sleep.

Winks and smiles liberally passed among the young men, much to the annoyance and embarrassment of the preacher. Luckily the sleeper awoke just before the sermon ended, and, as if nothing unusual had happened, sedately called upon the students to make their criticisms of the discourse. After several young men had spoken, Dr. Doolittle rose and gravely commented on the sermon:

"But, professor," he said at the finish, "I noticed during the delivery of the sermon that some of the auditors were fast asleep. This is not showing due respect to the preacher, and is even embarrassing to him, and I hope that the professor when he sums up our criticisms will rebuke such conduct as it deserves."

After this somewhat bold move all waited breathlessly for the professor's way out of such a dilemma. He was a large man of truly majestic presence, but genial withal. Rising with his blandest smile and with his fingers inserted among his vest buttons:

"Young gentlemen," he said, "I have listened to your criticisms to-day with the greatest interest, and for once I think they are so unusually excellent and just that I do not feel that I can add anything to them. Good af-

ternoon." And through a convenient door he slid from the room.

Rev. George H. Stephens, of Philadelphia, who had attended the church as a little boy, coming in at the eleventh hour, gave an address sparkling with humorous pleasantry. Then, taking from the table a purse, which emitted an agreeable, chinking sound:

"But I have a special duty to perform," he said. "It is in the realm of finance, and there's no graft in it, either. * * * Good old Dr. Cuyler was present once at the annual New England dinner," Mr. Stephens explained, "and, being called upon to speak, as finance was then on the carpet, said he would propound them a conundrum:

" 'Why,' Dr. Cuyler queried, 'was Noah the greatest financier of his times?' He gave them a year for its solution. The following year, not being present at the banquet, he telegraphed the answer to his conundrum.

" 'Noah was the greatest financier of his time,' he said, 'because he was able to float a stock company at a time when all his contemporaries were forced into involuntary liquidation.' "

Mr. Stephens on behalf of the North Branch congregation then presented Dr. Doolittle with a purse of gold, along with which the doctor was to accept the affectionate wishes of his people that he might long be spared to minister to them.

It was no distant date, however, when the infirmities of advanced years forced the venerable pastor to retire. He felt that his work was done and resigned.

"Yet," said the earnest old man, "if you will allow

me, I'll preach just one more sermon next Sunday as my last word in our dear old church—the last sermon I shall ever preach."

But though his wish was gladly granted it was not to be consummated; for before the next Sunday came the doctor with his last sermon unpreached had passed to his reward. It is believed that he felt his resignation to be such a calamity that it practically killed him.

An account of a long village pastorate is usually a good history of the vicinity, and Dr. Doolittle's address made mention of many changes, which mostly marked the usuall falling off of business industries to be seen in rural communities. Nevertheless, it recorded a gain of fifty-three communicants more than were in the church at the beginning of his incumbency.

David Dumont, an old church member, now in his eighty-second year, says the church used to be the nucleus around which several industries nestled for many years. Now all these have either died out or moved over the bridge to the newer part of the village. Among these, the school, which at first was opposite the church across the road, afterward moved into the churchyard, and later was moved over the bridge into its present location. A wheelwright shop was also close by the church formerly and a large general store, kept by Peter Ten Eyck, a few yards distant at the corner of the roads.

When the school was near the church in the old days, it was kept by John Keys, an Irishman, and a first-class teacher, Mr. Dumont says, who opened school at 7.30 A. M. and made his pupils work till 5 and sometimes 6 P. M. If they got a half holiday on Saturday, once a

month, they were thankful. School was kept the whole year round—as a News correspondent has been advocating for the schools of to-day—and with splendid results. Mr. Dumont remembers another schoolmaster, before Mr. Keys's time, named Vanderbilt, who was the opposite of Keys as a teacher; for he used to get drunk and fall asleep in his chair, when the children left him to his nap and played ball.

For a good many years of Dr. Doolittle's later life his household included an interesting and rather noted character as general helper, named Harriet Ditmars, much better known as "Old Harriet." Many things she said and did are well worth telling; but that is another story and must wait.

MAR 20 193